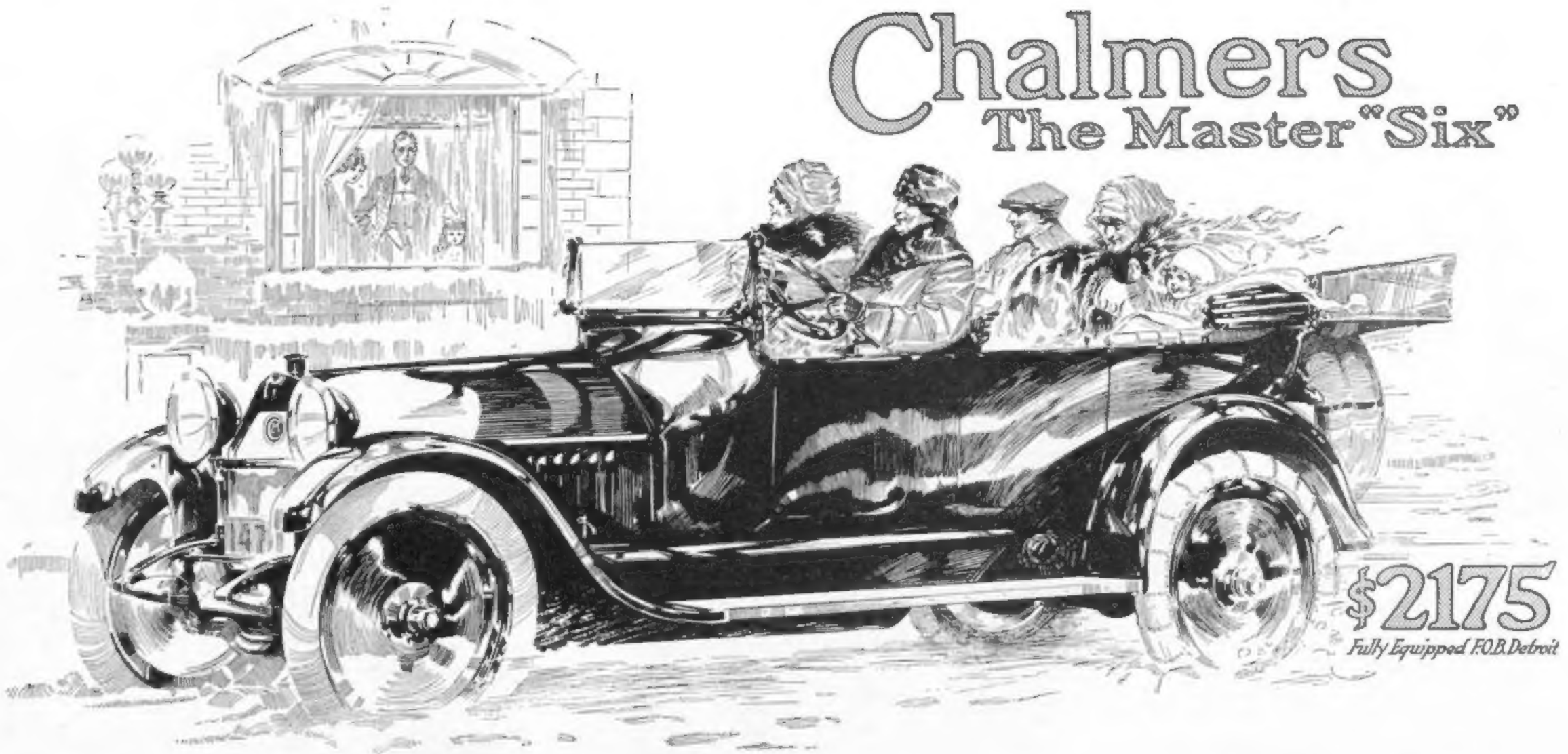
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]d Weekly
Founded A[illegible]by B[illegible] Franklin

JANUARY 24, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning
What Happened to Cécile—By Henry C. Rowland



The "Shut-In" Season is Out of Fashion

Nowadays it's the spin in the open that puts vim and vigor into the daily task. Though their snowball days are over, motorists no longer cheat themselves out of these months of glorious outdoor life.

So many men are buying and using Chalmers cars right through the winter that our big factory has been kept running at full force. What used to be a dull season with all makers has become a busy one with us. For motorists have learned that the Master "Six" is the greatest winter car of them all.

You "Stay-at-Homes"

One of these crisp, sparkling days come take a ride in the Master "Six." If you've ever held the reins over a 2:06 pacer on the snowy speedway, you know something of the joys of motoring in winter.

Push the switch and the motor starts on the instant. Cold cylinders make no difference to the Chalmers-Entz electric starter. It's always sure whether it is January or July.

Like Sliding on Runners

A purr of the motor and away we go. This car responds to the throttle like a thoroughbred when you loosen the reins. Forty miles an hour and yet no vibration, no conscious effort. The steady pull of the six cylinders gives an easy, gliding motion like sliding on runners.

Such velvety smoothness is possible only in a "Six." In any other type there's a gap between the impulses of the pistons. In the Master "Six" the impulses overlap; the push of the pistons is continuous.

So there's no vibration to shorten the life of the car. No weariness after the ride. You are conscious only of the comfort and exhilaration as you skim along, the tires singing over the frosty road.

See What You're Missing

Look down there at the river winding through the willows, black against the mantle of white. Never saw that scene in winter? Why, man, you're cheating yourself and your family. This is only one of a hundred such beauty spots of winter which a Chalmers "Six" will bring into your life. You'll go fifty miles from home where you used to go five. No hill is too steep for it—no road too heavy.

The persistent power of this Master Motor seems without limit. Up hill or down you are conscious of no strain, no labor. Its silence is amazing.

This silence and lack of effort mean far more than excess of power. They prove the absence of undue friction and wear. They mean low upkeep and years of added service.

Putting the "Six" on Its Mettle

We'll run home by the old valley turnpike. That's a road to try the mettle of the Master "Six." Brushing through the snowdrifts or up the long hills; idling down to a snail's pace and then away again like a rabbit without even shifting gears.

There's flexibility! And it's all in the motor itself. No need to weigh down the Master "Six" with auxiliary mechanism to help it out.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

The Car That Knows No Seasons

Its valves are over-size; they supply all cylinders equally with a flood of gas. This gas is heated in four ways so every atom is turned into power. This gives a suppleness of power unknown even in costlier cars.

There are many bright, balmy days in midwinter far more delightful for motoring than the dusty days of summer.

Even when the weather is bad the quickly adjustable Collins curtains and the rain-vision windshield of the Master "Six" enclose you completely. Full control of the car is within reach of your arm; there's no occasion to get out in the snow or mud or rain.

Think of the many days you've kept the kiddies out of school in winter on account of bad walking or rough weather.

If you had a Chalmers "Six"—but you know better than we can tell you what a world of usefulness it opens up. How much nearer it brings the concerts, the theaters and your friends.

The Master "Six" Has Captured the Country

The nation-wide success of the Chalmers "Six" is known to all. Its sales have eclipsed everything in our past history. October was the biggest single month we ever had. November sales far outstripped all records for that month.

And there's no let up even in the face of winter. Right through December our big factory has been running full force on orders for immediate delivery.

The reason is clear. Every claim we make for the Master "Six" is fully proved even in midwinter by the Chalmers Standard Road Test. This practical test under normal road conditions is convincing; under the extreme conditions of winter it becomes overwhelming.

So we urge you to make this test now, on frozen roads, on roads heavy with snow or mud. It will give you a new standard from which to judge all cars. It will give you a new conception of the delights of winter motoring.

Roadster . . .	**$2175**	**Six-Passenger . .**	**$2275**
Four-Passenger .	**2175**	**Coupé . . . .**	**2850**
Five-Passenger .	**2175**	**Limousine . . .**	**3600**

All bodies interchangeable. Five wire wheels, $80 extra

Fully equipped, f. o. b. Detroit

Mail This Coupon

Send me the New Chalmers Catalog. I wish to read the important facts it gives.

Name _____

Street _____

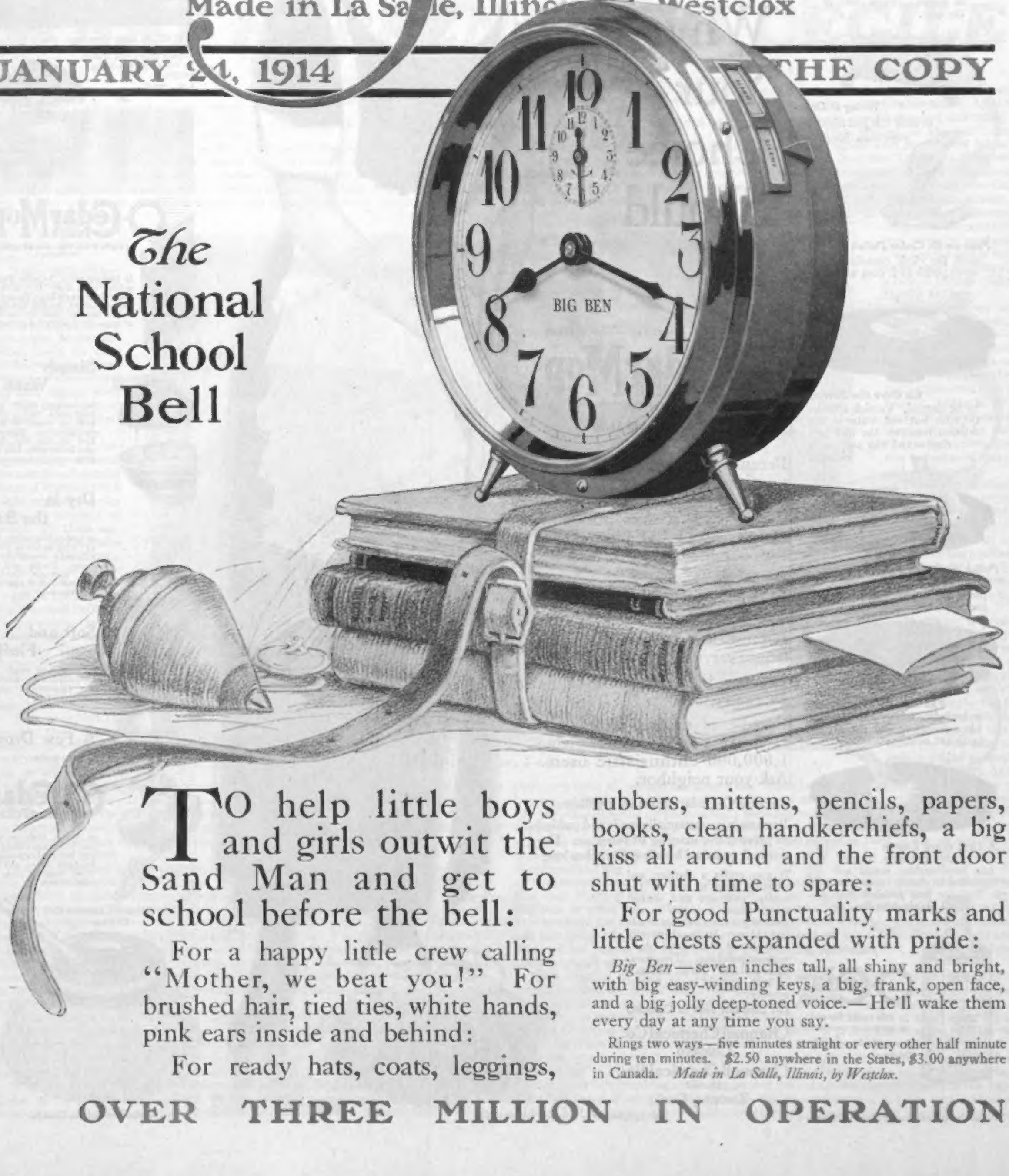
City _____ **State** _____

S. E. P. 1-24

Big Ben

Made in La Salle, Illinois Westclox

JANUARY 24, 1914 THE COPY



The National School Bell

TO help little boys and girls outwit the Sand Man and get to school before the bell:

For a happy little crew calling "Mother, we beat you!" For brushed hair, tied ties, white hands, pink ears inside and behind:

For ready hats, coats, leggings, rubbers, mittens, pencils, papers, books, clean handkerchiefs, a big kiss all around and the front door shut with time to spare:

For good Punctuality marks and little chests expanded with pride:

Big Ben—seven inches tall, all shiny and bright, with big easy-winding keys, a big, frank, open face, and a big jolly deep-toned voice.—He'll wake them every day at any time you say.

Rings two ways—five minutes straight or every other half minute during ten minutes. $2.50 anywhere in the States, $3.00 anywhere in Canada. *Made in La Salle, Illinois, by Westclox.*

OVER THREE MILLION IN OPERATION

Use O-Cedar Polish
The O-Cedar Polish Way

Wet a Piece of Cloth—
in water—cheese cloth is the best.

Wring It Dry—
or until it is just slightly more than damp.

Pour on O-Cedar Polish
until the cloth contains as much polish as it does water.

Go Over the Surface
to be cleaned. Varnish absorbs O-Cedar but not water — the friction removes the dirt and dust — and the surface is cleaned.

Polish with a Dry Cloth
Slight rubbing will quickly produce the desired lustre and finish.

The Beauty of the Grain
is brought out—seeming blemishes disappear and the article looks like new.

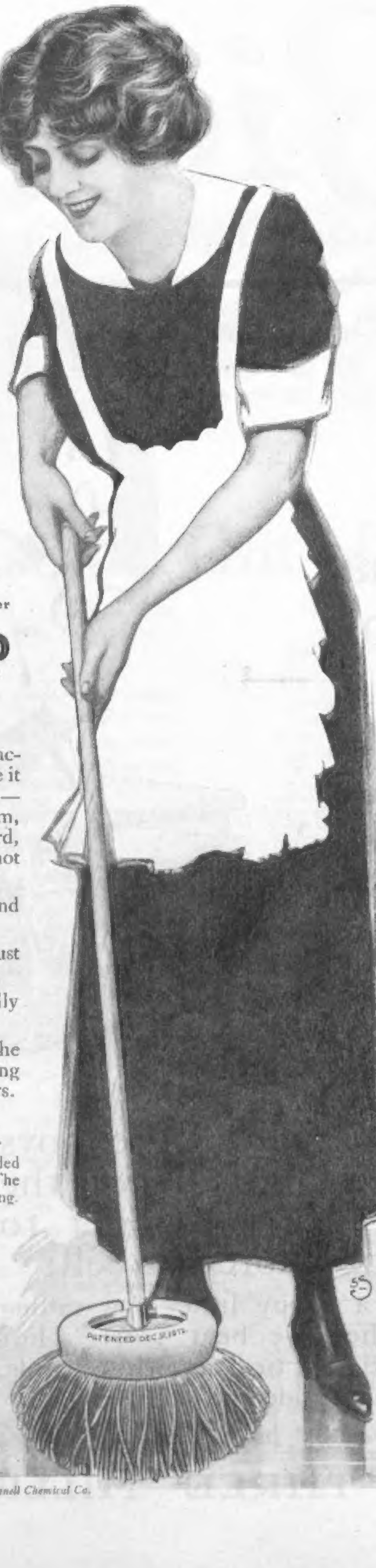
A Dry, Hard Lustre
not gummy or sticky. A cambric handkerchief would not be soiled if placed on any article polished the O-Cedar Polish Way.

Be sure you always get

O-Cedar Polish

25c to $3 Sizes
At All Dealers' Everywhere
Channell Chemical Co.,
Chicago

Why Your Choice Should Be



The New—The Improved—The Better

O-Cedar Mop
Polish
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office and all principal countries.)

Two Sizes—$1 and $1.50

Because of the all around satisfaction it will give you. Because it is treated with O-Cedar Polish—the polish that does not gum, stick or veneer but gives a hard, dry, durable lustre that does not collect dust.

Because it is easily washed and renewed.

Because it collects all the dust from everywhere and holds it.

Because it is unconditionally guaranteed.

Because of the satisfaction the O-Cedar Polish Mop is giving 1,000,000 enthusiastic users. Ask your neighbor.

Because O-Cedar cleans as it polishes.

Because it is substantially made and padded to prevent the marring of furniture. The finished, polished handle is 54 inches long.

If you prefer a dusting and cleaning mop to use on the walls, ceilings and waxed floors where a polish is not desired get the O-Cedar Dusting Mop. It is chemically treated and cleans and dusts without polishing. Two sizes, $1 and $1.50. At all dealers', or sent, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

($1 Size not sold in Canada)

Channell Chemical Co.,
Chicago

Channell Chemical Co.,
Limited
Toronto, Can.

Your
O-Cedar Mop
POLISH
And Its Care

Your investment of $1 or $1.50 in the O-Cedar Polish Mop is a permanent one. For the O-Cedar Mop will last for years. You can wash, clean and renew it.

It will do more than save you the hardest part of housekeeping—your floors will always be clean and sparkling bright

Like This ↘

O-Cedar Mop
Polish
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Office and all principal countries.)

Is treated with O-Cedar Polish when you buy it. A full month's supply. You can shake most of the dirt out daily as you use it. But by the end of a month it will need cleaning.

Simply Wash It

in boiling water and soap suds. Add a little soda or borax to help cut the dirt. You will find all the dirt, dust and grime gone and the mop as clean as new.

Dry in the Sun

or under the stove, until the mop is just slightly more than damp. Shake well so the threads become separated, and you will find the mop is

Soft and Fluffy

as new, and ready to be re-treated. Here is the important part. Then pour on

A Few Drops

of the genuine

O-Cedar Polish

or put a little in the can the mop comes in and let the mop stand in that over night. Your mop is then as good as ever.

Channell Chemical Co.,
Chicago

$1 size Not Sold in Canada

Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded

Copyrighted 1913 Channell Chemical Co.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 186 *PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 24, 1914* *Number 30*

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club was over, but the bulk of the glittering pleasure fleet still crowded Newport Harbor, putting daily to sea either to compete or to assist in the races off Brenton's Reef. Almost every type of yacht was here, from the latest class of diminutive Sound schooner to the squadron of majestic, full-powered ocean-going steamers, with the luxury of the Yildiz Kiosk—and occasionally some of its customs—the extravagance of those who do not fear God, and a strict observance of naval etiquette that brought smiles to the uniformed men whose business it was to protect the nation's flag upon the Seven Seas.

There were racers and raters; knockabouts and flopabouts; tough and slender marine greyhounds; power boats and houseboats which could do their ten knots under power; stanch cruisers whereof the bluff clipper bows of the more ancient seemed to lift their noses in disdain of these whirling, gyrating, spinning modernities as some substantial dame of Puritan stock might regard the pastimes of damsels of today. To these seafarers of past decades belonged the stately minuet and their songs—Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, or One Hundred Fathoms Deep; whereas to this gilded youth belonged the Gaby Glide and Turkey Trot, and such ribald refrains as What Yo' Tryin' to Do to Yo' Baby?

They were brilliant though, these cockleshells from which half-hourly rang silver bells and on which were to be seen many pretty maids all in a row. Of types of pleasure craft there may have been lacking the Venetian gondola, the caique of the Bosphorus, the dahabiyeh of the Nile, and the wherry of the Norfolk Broads; but their absence was not observed, for this was an American gathering—which is to say, an ultra modern assemblage—and interest was divided between that which moved the fastest and that which cost the most. And there was no lack of either.

"God Bless My Soul! It's a Baby, as I Live!"

Talk of brilliance in color and motion! The bright midsummer sun shone from snowy sails of silk and cotton, flashed from bright paint, glittered from polished brass and blazed from burnished copper, as some outgoing or incoming flier heeled to the clear, fresh breeze down Narragansett Bay, which brought with it, tremulously sweet, the pipes and bugle calls from the naval station. Against the glittering blue of the sky flashed and flickered multicolored burgees and pennants. The patriotic eye rejoiced in the absence of any range of vision not represented by the national emblem, while each half-hour the air was sweetly tuneful with chiming bells—first, the melodious but peremptory announcement from the flagship; then a resonantly tinkling diapason from all about the fleet—these sounds softened and sweetened as they mingled with the rippling of the waters.

Swift launches wove intersecting parabolas, in which danced little dingeys propelled by stalwart, white-clad figures. Flashes of color bloomed like beds of zinnias from the many pretty costumes of the many pretty girls plying their absolutely necessary vocations, fluttering like butterflies across a blue-green lawn as they went from yacht to yacht, exchanging calls with chatter and laughter that rivaled the tinkling bells.

In all this throng of gayly-hued ephemerids, however, destined to disappear at the first threat of frost, our interest centers for the moment on a single representative—the pretty little sixty-foot schooner, Eglantine, a débutante and latest triumph of the yacht-designer's skill in combining those three qualities so often incompatible in both men and boats—speed, comfort and safety. The Eglantine, or Egg, as she had been promptly christened by the facetious fleet, had covered herself with glory in the course of the cruise, particularly on the run round Point Judith from New London to Newport in a roaring southeaster, when her competitors had for the most part covered themselves with little else than seawater. It had been viciously remarked as she skittered over the waves like a grebe that the Egg must be rotten to float so high; but this was slander. Her excellent performances were the result of her sweetly perfect lines and the skill of her owner, that atavism of a race of vikings—Mr. Harold Applebo.

The Eglantine, as we find her, was resting upon her laurels—a sweetly perfumed though sometimes lonely bed; but the Eglantine was not lonely, though her decks at this moment were occupied by but two rather inconspicuous persons—a baby and a Finn.

The baby rejoiced uproariously under the name of Christian Bell Applebo. The Finn gloomed under that of Yan. If he had another name nobody knew it. The chances are that nobody ever had known it.

He was not a handsome Finn. His body, though strong, was warped, and he had a wry neck and large luminous eyes set at such an angle that, when standing with his back against the foremast, he was able to keep a bright lookout over both port and starboard bows at one and the same time. When in the course of his seafaring duties it became necessary for him to concentrate his gaze on a single object he did so with one eye, the other enjoying for the moment a period of repose. Yet, in spite of their divergent angles, there was something very beautiful about these eyes. Their color and quality suggested the eyes of a seal; and they held, when regarding their master or the baby, that expression of warm, affectionate devotion to be seen in the eyes of a faithful Newfoundland dog.

Sometimes, also, their gaze attained a fathomless profundity, and it was whispered that their range of vision was not limited to the confines of earth and sea and sky, like that of other men. Harold Applebo had stated that when lying stormbound in Provincetown the Finn had seen in a vision that ill-fated schooner, the Shark, dismasted and foundering off Cape Cod, and the two of them had put to sea in the little Daffodil and taken off her people, among whom was the beautiful Hermione Bell, now Mrs. Applebo and the mother of the rollicking babe, Christian.

This bringing us back to Christian, we find him oscillating about at the end of a manila lanyard, one end of which was fast to a ringbolt on the deck amidships and the other secured by a snaphook, which took a strong hand to open, caught into a ring in the back of a harness similar to that employed for the attachment of small dogs. Thus moored Christian was enabled to rotate in an orbit of which the axis was such as to forbid his reaching the main companionway, the binnacle or either rail.

It had once occurred that his mother had attached him a little out of the median line, when he had shortly been discovered hanging over the side like a fat little spider from its web, cheerfully grabbing at the ripples that flashed against the white shell of the Egg. But the manner of curtailing his activities was an excellent one, as there were a number of loose and stationary objects within reach round which Christian was able to get his

Christian Was in Earnest Conversation With the Finn

tether fouled, when his ingenuity was required to clear himself again, thus providing him constantly with interesting occupation.

Upon this particular bright day Christian was sitting in the sun in earnest conversation with the Finn, who was whittling him a boat, the seaworthy qualities of which both were discussing in a tongue that would have baffled a custom-house interpreter. Deep in their nautical argument, neither observed the return of the gig until the Finn, happening to look straight behind him without turning his head, caught the flash of oars and scrambled to his large flat feet, to stand for a moment swaying on his thick bowed legs. Giving the unfinished seine-boat to Christian, he shambled to the rail, took a boathook from its slings and stepped to the ladder.

The gig swashed alongside propelled by the vigorous strokes of two sturdy youths—the one a Swede, the other a Portuguese. Lounging in the sternsheets and directing her course was a blond young giant with a sleepy, leonine face, who yawned and blinked as he gave the order: "In bow!" Lolling against him, as though he were a rather uncomfortable cushion, was a very pretty young woman, with a Junoesque figure, dark, wavy hair and vivid eyes of violet; while on each side was a girl that any sportsman would have backed heavily as a first-class winner for a beauty show—unless he happened to catch a glimpse of the other. In this case he might have played both for place.

The dark lady was Hermione Applebo. The beauty to her right was Edna Gillespie, and the golden charmeuse to the left was Hermione's elder sister Cécile Bell. Both of these latter ladies were spinsters—though, like the lilies of the field, they toiled not, neither did they spin. Yet Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like either one of them. Had he been, his thousand wives would undoubtedly have become militants.

The Finn caught the bowshackle with his hook when Edna drew in her little feet as Applebo rose, caught the handlines and swung himself up the ladder with an easy, cat-footed grace surprising in one of his bulk. The light gig did not budge as he stepped out of her. It is yachting etiquette that the owner should be the first to board his vessel and the last to leave her. On deck, Applebo turned, held out his strong, well-shaped hands to Edna and swung her aboard as though she had been a plume instead of one hundred and thirty-five pounds of well-fed girl. Cécile was whisked aboard in similar fashion—and something ripped somewhere. Hermione politely declined the use of the conjugal muscles.

"Get out of the way, lummox!" said she.

Applebo turned to his progeny, who was filling the air with entreaties in Scandinavian of sorts, which tongue, through much association with Swedish and Norwegian sailormen, he preferred to English. It represented good times and many quaint and curious toys, for Christian was often a guest on the yacht of his grandfather, Captain Eliphalet Bell, U. S. N., retired. Applebo stooped down with a sweep of his long, lithe body, gripped the lanyard about half a fathom from its point of attachment to the babe, held him out at arm's length and gave him a spin. Christian's flaxen hair stood out straight and he blatted joyously. Hermione sprang forward and rescued her son, then turned indignantly to her husband.

"How many times have I got to tell you not to do that?" she demanded. "Do you want to whirl the milk all out of him? Lollop!"

"No," said Applebo sleepily. "I wished only to see the divine fires of militant motherhood kindle in your purple ——"

Smack! Hermione's calloused little palm went home. Applebo caught and kissed her. She did not struggle very hard. The Swedish sailorboy grinned. The Portuguese sailorboy grinned. Cécile's small, retroussé nose crinkled. Edna drew down the corners of her pretty mouth. The Finn was hauling down the small blue owner's signal, and to him Christian gleefully announced in Finno-Danish-Scando-American that mother had swatted father in the jib.

"Domestic incidents of this sort almost reconcile me to spinsterhood," Edna observed to Cécile.

"And to think that I once was enamored of the creature!" replied Cécile, and followed Edna aft.

Aside from their mutual admiration and sympathy of tastes, these two girls were united by bonds of similar experience. Both, after a finished though conservative sentimental education, had ended by falling in love with men who subsequently married their younger sisters. Both had been secretly ashamed of the parts they themselves had played in those affairs, and honestly admitted that they had got no more than they deserved. Beneath a certain selfishness that was rather thoughtless than unkind both were warm-hearted, affectionate, and thoroughbred in all that the word implies. And both had honestly recovered from their maladies of sentiment, loved their sisters devotedly, and wondered how they could ever have wished to marry the gentlemen in question—or, for that matter, wanted to marry at all. They had, in fact, entered tacitly into a sort of offensive and defensive alliance against the male sex in general, and turned their active intelligences to higher and nobler things.

Cécile had taken up the pursuit of literature and had already published several very clever short stories, a little book of verses, and was now working intermittently at a play. It was, perhaps, her brother-in-law's honest criticism of her poems that had given the *coup de grâce* to her bleeding heart; for Applebo had kindly pointed out that the only trouble with those poetic effusions was that they were all wrong. This he had proved so conclusively by the rules of scansion, marking off the periods with his pencil, that Cécile, after thanking him for his suggestions, had refused to speak to him for a month. Applebo himself had at one time been addicted to pouring out his soul in verse under the stimulation of macaroons and tea; but matrimony and parenthood had nearly broken him of the vicious habit.

Edna, for her part, had turned to settlement work and female suffrage. Her aunt and stepmother, a woman enormously wealthy, had greatly encouraged her in the former, though taking but a feeble interest in the latter. Mrs. Gillespie was the founder of the Duane Memorial Home, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, an institution that derived its name from her first husband; and Edna had occupied herself for over a year in gathering inmates for the home among the children of the poor.

Both girls were courageous, intelligent—though with this latter quality slightly marred by a touch of cynicism—and both were of the professed belief that the only true happiness in life lay—for them at least—in Higher Thought. Most men were mud. Many women were muddy. Children were, for the most part, dust, to be protected as much as possible from the storms of life that might easily fall upon them to render them into mud also. It was, in fact, rather a muddy world, and only to be redeemed by the sunshine of high spiritual altitudes of endeavor on the part of a chosen few. Cécile and Edna felt that they had been chosen for this work of redemption. Discussing the question, they were convinced of it. Edna was twenty-four; Cécile was twenty-five.

Leaving the Applebo family to squeal and slap and kiss according to their three inclinations, Cécile and Edna made their way aft to the stern overhang, which was furnished with leather cushions and many soft pillows, the latter of which were continually falling overboard when the little schooner was under way and necessitating some smart seamanship to secure them before sinking. Among these the two uplift advocates settled themselves comfortably.

"Hermione is getting worse and worse!" Edna observed. "Fancy scuffling about the deck with one's husband under the eyes of the whole fleet!"

"I am afraid that Harold is doing her no good," sighed Cécile. "She was enough of a hoyden before, but now she's simply impossible! Think of a young mother jumping up the rigging after the end of the staysail sheet, as she did the other day in the race! No wonder those cubs on the Joyeuse cheered!"

"They looked rather foolish when they came aboard afterward and saw the baby," replied Edna. "No doubt they thought that Harold was cruising with a vaudeville troupe—the Orloff Sisters, trapeze artistes, or something of the sort. We really ought to talk to Hermione."

"She and Harold will never grow up," Cécile sadly observed. "Look at him now! Did you ever see such a silly, overgrown lump?"

For the owner had stealthily possessed himself of his offspring and, crouched on the deck behind the companion hatch, his muscular forearms bare and his big shoulders hunched forward, was divesting it of its scant clothing a good deal as a mischievous boy might pluck a chicken. Christian Bell's large, round head stuck in the neck of his little jersey and his fat legs kicked vigorously in the effort to disengage himself; but there came from inside the woolen garment pleased gurglings, for he knew that this discomfort was preparatory to being lowered over the side in his sling for his swimming lesson.

The water seemed Christian's native element, as it was that of his father; and he could already paddle about under his own power when the surface was smooth. Christian seldom protested at anything that was done to him, though he could blare like a little foghorn when he felt he was missing something. He was a happy baby because his mother and father loved each other so much. Hermione herself approved these swimming exercises, but not when surrounded by the fleet. They laid her open to criticism on the part of other matrons, and Hermione had never taken kindly to criticism. Her husband rather courted it.

The jersey was tugged off over the round, tow-colored head, Christian's neck elongating in the process. Applebo peered over the top of the hatch to see whether his wife was cognizant of what was taking place; but Hermione, who had dropped into a deck chair, was staring toward the harbor entrance through a binocular she had taken from the rack at the head of the companionway.

"What the dickens is that thing coming in?" she asked of the deck in general. "It looks like a Thames barge."

Applebo deposited his partly disrobed son in a coil of halyards behind the hatch.

"Keep thy little hatch down or mother will hear and spoil it all!" he cautioned in Danish; then swung himself to his feet and blinked out toward the entrance.

There was a fresh little northerly breeze fanning down Narragansett Bay, but the tide was flowing strongly, setting the newcomer to windward and thus strengthening the draft against her none too snowy sails. The fliers, weaving in and out, were heeled almost to their scuppers when on the wind; but this vessel, which presented an appearance strange to the glittering aquatic throng, stood up as straight as the usual campanile to be seen in small Italian towns—that is to say, nearly perpendicular.

Tacking across the entrance she beat in as near the Fort Adams side as a lack of local knowledge would permit, then went about and looked the wind obliquely in the eye. The whole yachting fleet was watching her with an interest

(Continued on Page 41)

The Whole Yachting Fleet Was Watching Her

The Confessions of a College Professor's Wife

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

A COLLEGE professor—as may be proved by any number of novels and plays—is a quaint, pedantic person, with spectacles and a beard, but without any passions—except for books. He takes delight in large fat words, but is utterly indifferent to such things as clothes and women—except the dowdy one he married when too young to know better. . . . It is always so interesting to see ourselves as authors see us.

Even more entertaining to us, however, is the shockingly inconsistent attitude toward academic life maintained by practical people who know all about real life—meaning the making and spending of money.

One evening soon after I became a college professor's wife I enjoyed the inestimable privilege of sitting next to one of America's safest and sanest business men at a dinner party given in his honor by one of the trustees of the university.

When he began to inform me, with that interesting air of originality which often accompanies the platitudes of our best citizens, that college professors were "mere visionary idealists—all academic theories; no practical knowledge of the world"—and so on, as usual—I made bold to interrupt:

"Why, in the name of common sense, then, do you send your own sons to them to be prepared for it! Is such a policy safe? Is it sane? Is it practical?" And I am afraid I laughed in the great man's face.

He only blinked and said "Humph!" in a thoroughly businesslike manner; but throughout the rest of the evening he viewed me askance, as though I had become a dangerous theorist too—by marriage. So I turned my back on him and wondered why such a large and brilliant dinner was given for such a dull and uninteresting Philistine!

This shows, by the way, how young and ignorant I was. The mystery was explained next day, when it was intimated to me that I had made what is sometimes called, even in refined college circles, a break. Young professors' wives were not expected to trifle with visitors of such eminent solvency; but I had frequently heard the materialistic tendencies of the age condemned in public, and had not been warned in private that we were all supposed to do our best to work this materialist for a million, with which to keep up the fight against materialism.

In the cloistered seclusion of our universities, dedicated to high ideals, more deference is shown to the masters of high finance than to the masters of other arts—let me add not because Mammon is worshiped, but because he is needed for building cloisters.

Dreamy, Dressing-Gown Professors

THE search for truth would be far more congenial than the search for wealth; but, so long as our old-fashioned institutions remain, like old-fashioned females, dependent for their very existence on the bounty of personal favor, devious methods must be employed for coaxing and wheedling money out of those who control it—and therefore the truth.

I was a slender bride and had a fresh, becoming trousseau. He was a heavy-jowled banker and had many millions. I was supposed to ply what feminine arts I could command for the highly moral purpose of obtaining his dollars, to be used in destroying his ideals.

Well, that was the first and last time I was ever so employed. Despite the conscientious flattery of the others he gruntingly refused to give a penny. And—who knows—perhaps I was in part responsible for the loss of a million! A dreadful preface to my career as a college professor's wife.

However, before pursuing my personal confessions, I must not overlook the most common and comic characteristic of the college professor we all know and love in fiction. I refer to his picturesque absent-mindedness. I had almost forgotten that; possibly I have become absent-minded by marriage too! Is not the dear old fellow always absent-minded on the stage? Invariably and most deliciously! Just how he manages to remain on the Faculty when absent-minded is never explained on the program; and it often perplexes us who are behind the scenes.

I tell my husband that, in our case, I, as the dowdy and devoted wife, am supposed to interrupt his dreams—they always have dreams—remove his untidy dressing gown—they always wear dressing gowns—and dispatch him to the classroom with a kiss and a coat; but how about that great and growing proportion of his colleagues who, for reasons to be stated, are wifeless and presumably helpless?

Being only a woman, I cannot explain how bachelors retain their positions; but I shall venture to assert that no business in the world—not even the army and navy—is conducted on a more ruthless and inexorable schedule than the business of teaching.

My two brothers drift into their office at any time between nine and ten in the morning and yet control a fairly successful commercial enterprise; whereas, if my husband arrived at his eight-o'clock classroom only one minute late there would be no class there to teach. For it is an unwritten law among our engaging young friends the undergraduates that when the "prof" is not on hand before the bell stops ringing they can "cut"—thus avoiding what they were sent to college for and achieving one of the pleasantest triumphs of a university course.

My confessions! Dear me! What have I, a college professor's wife, to confess? At least three things:

1—That I love my husband so well that I wish I had never married him.

2—That I have been such a good wife that he does not know he ought never to have had one.

3—That if I had to do it all over again I would do the same thing all over again! This is indeed a confession, though whether it be of weakness of will or strength of faith you may decide if you read the rest.

The first time I saw the man who became my husband was at the Casino in Newport. And what was a poor professor doing at Newport? He was not a professor—he was a prince; a proud prince of the most royal realm of sport. Carl, as some of you might recall if that were his real name, had been the intercollegiate tennis champion a few years before, and now, with the kings of the court, had come to try his luck in the annual national tournament. He lasted until the finals this time and then was put out. That was as high as he ever got in the game.

Alas for the romance of love at first sight! He paid not the slightest attention to me, though he sat beside me for ten minutes; for, despite his defeat, he was as enthusiastically absorbed in the runner-up and the dashing defender of the title as—well, as the splendid sportsman I have since found him to be in disappointments far more grim.

As for me, I fear I hardly noticed him either, except to remark that he was very good-looking; for this was my first visit to Newport—the last too—and the pageantry of wealth and fashion was bewilderingly interesting to me. I was quite young then. I am older now. But such unintellectual exhibitions might, I fancy, still interest me—a shocking confession for a college professor's wife!

"Haven't I Already Dragged You Down—Down to the Position of a Servant in My House?"

Men in Skirts

I DID not see Carl again for two years, and then it was in another kind of pageant, amid pomp and circumstance of such a different sort; and, instead of white flannel trousers, he now wore a black silk gown. It had large flowing sleeves and a hood of loud colors hanging down behind; and he was blandly marching along in the academic procession at the inaugural ceremonies of the new president of the university.

I wonder why it is that when the stronger sex wishes to appear particularly dignified and impressive, as on the bench or in the pulpit, it likes to don female attire! No matter whether suffragists or antis—they all do it. Now some of these paraders seemed as embarrassed by their skirts as the weaker sex would be without them; but the way Carl wore his new honors and his new doctor's hood attracted my attention and held it. He seemed quite aware of the ridiculous aspect of an awkward squad of pedagogues paraded like chorus girls before an audience invited to watch the display; but, also, he actually enjoyed the comedy of it—and that is a distinction when you are an actor in the comedy! His quietly derisive strut altogether fascinated me. "Hurrah! Aren't we fine!" he seemed to say.

As the long, self-conscious procession passed where I sat, smiling and unnoticed, he suddenly looked up. His veiled twinkle happened to meet my gaze. It passed over me, instantly returned and rested on my eyes for almost a second. Such a wonderful second for little me! . . . Not a gleam of recollection. He had quite forgotten that our names had once been pronounced to each other; but in that flashing instant he recognized, as I did, that we two knew each other better than anyone else in the whole assemblage.

The nicest smile in the world said as plainly as words, and all for me alone: "Hurrah! You see it too!" Then, with that deliciously derisive strut, he passed on, while something within me said: "There he is!—at last! He is the one for you!" And I glowed and was glad.

Carl informed me afterward that he had a similar sensation, and that all through the long platitudinous exercises my face was a great solace to him.

"Whenever they became particularly tiresome," he said, "I looked at you—and bore up."

I was not unaware that he was observing me; nor was I surprised when, at the end of the exhausting ordeal, he broke through the crowd—with oh, such dear impetuosity!—and asked my uncle to present him, while I, trembling at his approach, looked in the other direction, for I felt the crimson in my cheeks—I who had been out three seasons! Then I turned and raised my eyes to his, and he, too, colored deeply as he took my hand.

We saw no comedy in what followed.

There was plenty of comedy, only we were too romantic to see it. At the time it seemed entirely tragic to me that my people, though of the sort classified as cultured and refined, deploring the materialistic tendency of the age, violently objected to my caring for this wonderful being, who brilliantly embodied all they admired in baccalaureate sermons and extolled in Sunday-school.

It was not despite but because of that very thing that they opposed the match! If only he had not so ably curbed his materialistic tendencies they would have been delighted with this well-bred young man, for his was an even older family than ours, meaning one having money long enough to breed contempt for making it. Instead of a fortune, however, merely a tradition of *noblesse oblige* had come down to him, like an unwieldy heirloom. He had waved aside a promising opening in his cousin's bondhouse on leaving college and invested five important years, as well as his small patrimony, in hard work at the leading universities abroad in order to secure a thorough working capital for the worst-paid profession in the world.

"If there were only some future in the teaching business!" as one of my elder brothers said; "but I've looked into the proposition. Why, even a full professor seldom gets more than four thousand—in most cases less. And it will be years before your young man is a full professor."

"I can wait," I said.

"But a girl like you could never stand that kind of life. You aren't fitted for it. You weren't brought up to be a poor man's wife."

"Plenty of time to learn while waiting," I returned gayly enough, but heartsick at the thought of the long wait.

Carl, however, quite agreed with my brothers and wanted impetuously to start afresh in pursuit of the career in Wall Street he had forsworn, willing and eager—the darling!—to throw away ambition, change his inherited tastes, abandon his cultivated talents, and forget the five years he had "squandered in riotous learning," as he put it!

However, I was not willing—for his sake. He would regret it later. They always do. Besides, like Carl, I had certain unuttered ideals about serving the world in those days. We still have. Only now we better understand the world. Make no mistake about this. Men are just as noble as they used to be. Plenty of them are willing to sacrifice themselves—but not us. That is why so few of the sort most needed go in for teaching and preaching in these so-called materialistic days.

"My, What a Snap! A Couple of Hours' Work a Day and Three Solid Months' Vacation!"

An Economist on a Thousand a Year

WHAT was the actual, material result of my lover's having taken seriously the advice ladled out to him by college presidents and other evil companions of his innocent youth, who had besought him not to seek material gain?

At the time we found each other he was twenty-seven years of age and had just begun his career—an instructor in the economics department, with a thousand-dollar salary. That is not why he was called an economist; but can you blame my brothers for doing their best to break the engagement? . . . I do not—now. It was not their fault if Carl actually practiced what they merely preached. Should Carl be blamed? No; for he seriously intended never to marry at all—until he met me. Should I be blamed? Possibly; but I did my best to break the engagement too—and incidentally both our hearts—by going abroad and staying abroad until Carl—bless him!—came over after me.

I am not blaming anybody. I am merely telling why so few men in university work, or, for that matter, in most of the professions nowadays, can support wives until after the natural mating time is past. By that time their true mates have usually wed other men—men who can support them—not the men they really love, but the men they tell themselves they love! For, if marriage is woman's only true career, it is hardly true to one's family or oneself not to follow it before it is too late—especially when denied training for any other—even though she may be equally lacking in practical training for the only career open to her.

This sounds like a confession of personal failure due to the typical unpreparedness for marriage of the modern American girl. I do not think anyone could call our marriage a personal failure, though socially it may be. During the long period of our engagement I became almost as well prepared for my lifework as Carl was for his. Instead of just waiting in sweet, sighing idleness I took courses in domestic science, studied dietetics, mastered double-entry and learned to sew. I also began reading up on economics. The latter amused the family, for they thought the higher education of women quite unwomanly and had refused to let me go to college.

It amused Carl too, until I convinced him that I was really interested in the subject, not just in him; then he began sending me boxes of books instead of boxes of candy, which made the family laugh and call me strong-minded. I did not care what they called me. I was too busy making up for the time and money wasted on my disadvantageous advantages, which may have made me more attractive to men, but had not fitted me to be the wife of any man, rich or poor.

All that my accomplishments and those of my sisters actually accomplished, as I see it now, was to kill my dear father; for, though he made a large income as a lawyer, he had an even larger family and died a poor man, like so many prominent members of the bar.

I shall not dwell on the ordeal of a long engagement. It is often made to sound romantic in fiction, but in realistic life such an unnatural relationship is a refined atrocity—often an injurious one—except to pseudo-human beings so unreal and unromantic that they should never be married or engaged at all. I nearly died; and as for Carl—well, unrequited affection may be good for some men, but requited affection in such circumstances cannot be good for any man—if you grant that marriage is!

A high-strung, ambitious fellow like Carl needed no incentive to make him work hard or to keep him out of mischief, any more than he needed a prize to make him do his best at tennis or keep him from cheating in the score. What an ignoble view of these matters most good people accept! In point of fact he had been able to do more work and to play better tennis before receiving this long handicap—in short, would have been in a position to marry sooner if he had not been engaged to marry! This may sound strange, but that is merely because the truth is so seldom told about anything that concerns the most important relationship in life.

Nevertheless, despite what he was pleased to call his inspiration, he won his assistant professorship at an earlier age than the average, and we were married on fifteen hundred a year.

Oh, what a happy year! I am bound to say the family were very nice about it. Everyone was nice about it. And when we came back from our wedding journey the other professors' wives overwhelmed me with kindness and with calls—and with teas and dinners and receptions in our honor. Carl had been a very popular bachelor and his friends were pleased to treat me quite as if I were worthy of him. This was generous, but disquieting. I was afraid they would soon see through me and pity poor Carl.

I had supposed, like most outsiders, that the women of a university town would be dreadfully intellectual and modern—and I was rather in awe of them at first, being aware of my own magnificent limitations; but, for the most part, these charming new friends of mine, especially the wealthier members of the set I was thrown with, seemed guilelessly ignorant in respect of the interesting period of civilization in which they happened to live—almost as ignorant as I was and as most "nice people" are everywhere.

Books sufficiently old, art sufficiently classic, views sufficiently venerable to be respectable—these interested them, as did foreign travel and modern languages; but ideas that were modern could not be nice because they were new, though they might be nice in time—after they became stale. College culture, I soon discovered, does not care about what is happening to the world, but what used to happen to it.

"You see, my dear," Carl explained, with that quiet, casual manner so puzzling to pious devotees of "cultureine"—and even to me at first, though I adored and soon adopted it!—"American universities don't lead thought—they follow it. In Europe institutions of learning may be—indeed, they frequently are—hotbeds of radicalism; in America our colleges are merely featherbeds for conservatism to die in respectably." Then he added: "But what could you expect? You see, we are still intellectually *nouveaux* over here, and therefore self-consciously correct and imitative, like the *nouveaux riches*. So long as you have a broad *a* you need never worry about a narrow mind."

Between Butcher and Postman

AS FOR the men, I had pictured the privilege of sitting at their feet and learning many interesting things about the universe. Perhaps they were too tired to have their feet encumbered by ignorant young women; for when I ventured to ask questions about their subject their answer was—not always—but in so many cases a solemn owllike "yes-and-no" that I soon learned my place. They did not expect or want a woman to know anything and preferred light banter and persiflage. I like that, too, when it is well done; but I was accustomed to men who did it better.

I preferred the society of their wives. I do not expect any member of the complacent sex to believe this statement—unless I add that the men did not fancy my society, which would not be strictly true; but, even if not so intellectual as I had feared, the women of our town were far more charming than I had hoped, and when you cannot have both cleverness and kindness the latter makes a more agreeable atmosphere for a permanent home. I still consider them the loveliest women in the world.

In short my only regret about being married was that we had wasted so much of the glory of youth apart. Youth is the time for love, but not for marriage! Some of our friends among the instructors marry on a thousand a year, even in these days of the high cost of living; and I should have been so willing to live as certain of them do—renting lodgings from a respectable artisan's wife and doing my own cooking on her stove after she had done hers.

Carl gave me no encouragement, however! Perhaps it was just as well; for when first engaged I did not know how to cook, though I was a good dancer and could play Liszt's Polonaise in E flat with but few mistakes.

As it turned out we began our wedded life quite luxuriously. We had a whole house to ourselves—and sometimes even a maid! In those days there were no flats in our town and certain small but shrewd local capitalists had built rows of tiny frame dwellings which they leased to assistant professors, assistant plumbers, and other respectable people of the same financial status, at rates which enabled them—the owners, not the tenants—to support charity and religion.

They were all alike—I refer to the houses now, not to all landlords necessarily—with a steep stoop in front and a drying yard for Monday mornings in the rear, the kind you see on the factory edges of great cities—except that ours were cleaner and were occupied by nicer people.

One of our next-door neighbors was a rising young butcher with his bride and the house on the other side of us was occupied by a postman, his progeny, and the piercing notes of his whistle—presumably a cast-off one—on which all of his numerous children, irrespective of sex or age, were ambitiously learning their father's calling, as

was made clear through the thin dividing wall, which supplied visual privacy but did not prevent our knowing when they took their baths or in what terms they objected to doing so. It became a matter of interesting speculation to us what Willie would say the next Saturday night; and if we had quarreled they, in turn, could have—and would have—told what it was all about.

"Not every economist," Carl remarked whimsically, "can learn at first hand how the proletariat lives."

I, too, was learning at first hand much about my own profession. My original research in domestic science was sound in theory, but I soon discovered that my dietetic program was too expensive in practice. Instead of good cuts of beef I had to select second or third quality from the rising young butcher, who, by the way, has since risen to the dignity of a touring car. Instead of poultry we had pork, for this was before pork also rose.

My courses in bookkeeping, however, proved quite practical; and I may say that I was a good purchasing agent and general manager from the beginning of our partnership, instead of becoming one later through bitter experience, like so many young wives brought up to be ladies, not general houseworkers.

Frequently I had a maid, commonly called along our row the "gurrul"—and quite frequently I had none; for we could afford only young beginners, who, as soon as I had trained them well, left me for other mistresses who could afford to pay them well.

"Oh, we should not accuse the poor creatures of ingratitude," I told Carl one day. "Not every economist can learn at first hand the law of supply and demand."

If, however, as my fashionable aunt in town remarked, we were picturesquely impecunious—which, to that soft lady, probably meant that we had to worry along without motor cars—we were just as desperately happy as we were poor; for we had each other at least. Every other deprivation seemed comparatively easy or amusing.

Nor were we the only ones who had each other—and therefore poverty. Scholarship meant sacrifice, but all agreed that it was the ideal life.

To be sure, some members of the Faculty—or their wives—had independent means and could better afford the ideal life. They were considered noble for choosing it. Some of the alumni who attended the great games and the graduating exercises were enormously wealthy, and gave the interest of their incomes—sometimes a whole handful of bonds at a time—to the support of the ideal life.

Was there any law compelling them to give their money to their Alma Mater? No—just as there was none compelling men like Carl to give their lives and sacrifice their wives. These men of wealth made even greater sacrifices. They could have kept in comfort a dozen wives apiece—modest ones—on what they voluntarily preferred to turn over to the dear old college. Professors, being impractical and visionary, cannot always see these things in their true proportions.

We, moreover, in return for our interest in education, did we not shamelessly accept monthly checks from the university treasurer's office? It was quite materialistic in us. Whereas these disinterested donors, instead of receiving checks, gave them, which is more blessed. And were they not checks of a denomination far larger than those we selfishly cashed for ourselves? Invariably. Therefore our princely benefactors were regarded not only as nobler but as the Nobility.

The Professor's Snap

INDEED, the social stratification of my new home, where the excellent principles of high thinking and plain living were highly recommended for all who could not reverse the precept, struck me, a neophyte, as for all the world like that of a cathedral town in England, except that these visiting patrons of religion and learning were treated with a reverence and respect found only in America. Surely it must have amused them, had they not been so used to it; for they were quite the simplest, kindest, sweetest overrich people I had ever met in my own country—and they often took pains to tell us broad-mindedly that there were better things than money. Their tactful attempts to hide their awful affluence were quite appealing—occasionally rather comic. Like similarly conscious efforts to cover evident indigence, it was so palpable and so unnecessary.

"There, there!" I always wanted to say—until I, too, became accustomed to it. "It's all right. You can't help it."

It was dear of them all the same, however, and I would not seem ungrateful for their kind consideration. After all, how different from the purse-proud arrogance of wealth seen in our best—selling—fiction, though seldom elsewhere.

For the most part they were true gentlefolk, with the low voices and simple manners of several generations of breeding; and I liked them, for the most part, very much—especially certain old friends of our parents, who, I learned later, were willing to show their true friendship in more ways than Carl and I could permit.

One is frequently informed that the great compensation for underpaying the college professor is in the leisure to live—*otium cum dignitate* as returning old grads call it when they can remember their Latin, though as most of them cannot they call it a snap.

Carl, by the way, happened to be the secretary of his class, and his popularity with dear old classmates became a nuisance in our tiny home. I remember one well-known bachelor of arts who answered to the name of Spud, a rather vulgar little man. Comfortably seated in Carl's study one morning, with a cigar in his mouth, Spud began:

"My, what a snap! A couple of hours' work a day and three solid months' vacation! Why, just see, here you are loafing early in the morning! You ought to come up to the city! Humph! I'd show you what real work means."

Now my husband had been writing until two o'clock the night before, so that he had not yet made preparation for his next hour. It was so early indeed that I had not yet made the beds. Besides, I had heard all about our snap before and it was getting on my nerves.

"Carl would enjoy nothing better than seeing you work," I put in when the dear classmate finished; "but unfortunately he cannot spare the time."

Spud saw the point and left; but Carl, instead of giving me the thanks I deserved, gave me the first scolding of our married life! Now isn't that just like a husband?

Of course it can be proved by the annual catalogue that the average member of the Faculty has only about twelve or fourteen hours of classroom work a week—the worst-paid instructor more; the highest-paid professor less. What a university teacher gives to his students in the classroom, however, is or ought to be but a rendering of what he acquires outside, as when my distinguished father tried one of his well-prepared cases in court. Every new class, moreover, is a different proposition, as I once heard my brother say of his customers.

That is where the art of teaching comes in and where Carl excelled. He could make even the "dismal science," as Carlyle called economics, interesting, as was proved by the large numbers of men who elected his courses, despite the fact that he made them work hard to pass. Nor does this take into account original research and the writing of books like Carl's scholarly work on The History of Property, on which he had been slaving for three solid summers and hundreds of nights during termtime; not to speak of attending committee meetings constantly, and the furnace even more constantly. The latter, like making beds, is not mentioned in the official catalogue. I suppose such details would not become one's dignity.

As in every other occupation, some members of the Faculty do as little work as the law requires; but most of them are an extremely busy lot, even though they may, when it suits their schedule better, take exercise in the morning instead of the afternoon—an astonishing state of affairs that always scandalizes the so-called tired business man.

As for Carl, I was seeing so little of him except at mealtimes that I became rather piqued at first, being a bride. I felt sure he did not love me any more!

Dignity That Comes High

"DO YOU really think you have a right to devote so much time to outside work?" I asked one evening when I was washing the dishes and he was starting off for the university library to write on his great book.—It was the indirect womanly method of saying: "Oh, please devote just a little more time to me!"—"You ought to rest and be fresh for your classroom work," I added.

Being a man he did not see it.

"The way to advance in the teaching profession," he answered, with his veiled twinkle, "is to neglect it. It doesn't matter how poorly you teach, so long as you write dull books for other professors to read. That's why it is called scholarship—because you slight your scholars."

"Oh, I'm sick of all this talk about scholarship!" I cried. "What does it mean anyway?"

"Scholarship, my dear," said Carl, "means finding out all there is to know about something nobody else cares about, and then telling it in such a way that nobody else can find out. If you are understood you are popular; if you are popular you are no scholar. And if you're no scholar, how can you become a full professor? Now, my child, it is all clear to you."

And, dismissing me and the subject with a good-night kiss, he brushed his last year's hat and hurried off, taking the latchkey.

So much for *otium*.

"But where does the dignity come in?" I asked Carl one day when he was sharpening his lawnmower and thus neglecting his lawn tennis; for, like a Freshman, I still had much to learn about quaint old college customs.

"Why, in being called p'fessor by the tradesmen," said Carl. "Also in renting a doctor's hood for academic pee-rades at three dollars a pee-rade, instead of buying a new hat for the rest of the year. Great thing—dignity!"

He chuckled and began to cut the grass furiously, reminding me of a thoroughbred hunter I once saw harnessed to a plow.

"P'fessors of pugilism and dancing," he went on gravely, "haven't a bit more dignity than we have. They merely have more money. Just think! There isn't a butcher or grocer in this town who doesn't doff his hat to me when he whizzes by in his motor—even those whose bills I haven't paid. It's great to have dignity. I don't believe there's another place in the world where he who rides makes obeisance to him who walks. Much better than getting as high wages as a trustee's chauffeur! A salary is so much more dignified than wages."

He stopped to mop his brow, looking perfectly dignified.

"And yet," he added, egged on by my laughter, for I always loved his quiet irony—it was never

(Continued on Page 26)

"Scholarship, My Dear, Means Finding Out All There Is to Know About Something Nobody Else Cares About"

MUDPUDDLES

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IN OUR teens and early twenties we all feel quite competent to advise the Deity. We are sure—shoutingly sure—that if we had brought order out of chaos it would have been a more orderly order, and we should have brought it farther out! We should have made the grass greener—or maybe pink; roses thornless, Wall Street pious, bees stingless, poverty pleasant; politicians pure in heart, the road to geometry royal, more seats in street cars, more ice in summer and less in winter. We should have paved the road to heaven with good intentions and stretched barbed wire across the downslide.

In our youth we wonder with speculative impatience at the mistakes of the Deity. Such blatant defects! Would you not think that He would have arranged certain matters differently? But perhaps—a gentle glow of conscious and beneficent power, a lenitive sense of being a needed tool, spreads from our mind's egotistic front portals to its back wall of conceit—perhaps the Lord remembered that we should be coming along some time and could help Him out!

The Grady Trimming Room Drew a Long, Tight, United Breath of Pity and Resolution

Gustily aware of our importance to the eternal scheme of things, we hasten blithely to make that scheme less sorry. What the Lord has failed to do we will do, gladly and easily! Our egotism is titillated by the thought that possibly we may give the Lord some pointers on the proper way to fix a world; so we fit the handle of conceit to the broom of interference and try to sweep a mudpuddle from a neighbor's life.

As the twenties, like marbles, are shot by the taw of time from the chalked circle of the present into the gutter of the past, our egotism changes. Over its sugary frosting hardens the glaze of discouragement—not that we are less sure of our power to efface mudpuddles, but the Lord has negligently failed to provide us with the proper broom. And somehow we get the notion—though we hope we are doing Him an injustice—that He does not care very much whether we repair His blunders or leave them alone.

And our wonder at His mistakes is no longer speculatively impatient. It is harsh, bitter—even sardonic. Such a world! Such a botched, muddy, puddled, swampy, askew, foolish, mulish, cracked, crooked, craven, poverty-blighted, wealth-rotted, cannibal-foundationed world! If we could not have made a better one we would not have made any world at all!

The vault from the twenties to the thirties stretches the sinews of mind and heart—and sometimes breaks our broom-handles. We grow dubious of our skill in sweeping. Several supposed puddles have turned out to be foul wells, and we and our brooms have merely succeeded in splashing black slush over clean, dry adjacent lives, without materially reducing the mud. And we have come to acknowledge that, though the Lord was rather careless with puddles, He was also royally generous with the pink and blue and purple satin of flower petals.

As we grow older we regard with more awe the Maker of petals. And toward the forties we are glad—tiredly, tearfully, prayerfully glad—that we do not have to stir the batter of love and lust and envy, and greed and good will and passion, and madness and peace and strife, which is labeled the world. We are not sure of our chemistry.

And after we have been nauseated more than once by a maimed soul or a diseased heart, which a foolhardy broom has whisked into public view, it begins to glimmer through our ignorance that maybe mud is not always mud. Perhaps what we took for slimy slush, and wore out our hope and illusions trying to remove, was a fertilizer, poured there by the Lord to enrich a life for future growth.

Old, chirpy, shabby, wrinkled Mrs. Jeffers had been a chirpy, shabby fixture at the Grady Wholesale Millinery House when Marie Finde, now one of the head-trimmer fixtures, was a cringing, scared-eyed errand girl of ragged wardrobe, who stammered gratefully when the old lady gave her a pair of fifteen-cent woolen gloves because her fingers were chapped and cold.

Marie had long since forgotten how to cringe. She had learned how to be insolent to forewomen and dressmakers; her gloves were of piqué, hand-sewn; and her hand-embroidered blouses spread heartsick envy among the errand girls. Time is required for such progress. Marie's rather hard violet eyes were harder because of the surrounding fine wrinkles that cold cream and copious flesh-tinted powder could not hide; and her light yellow hair at close view betrayed that it was perceptibly lighter because of a sprinkling of white. So Mrs. Jeffers had been there a very long time.

Everybody—Miss Colky, the plump, peppery forewoman; Mabel, whose blouses and pay envelope ran Marie's a close second in desirability; Stella, who, given five minutes and a bolt of ribbon, could produce a perfect imitation of Niagara Falls or of a donkey's ears; Marie herself; pompous old Peter Grady; the errand boys and the apprentice girls—regarded old Mrs. Jeffers with pity, scorn and respect. Pity, because she was not only too old, wrinkled, frail and tired for the day-after-day eight-to-six toil that wearied younger women, but she was heckled by a worthless, brutal old husband—Jasper Jeffers.

The scorn was for her fatuous attempts to be stylish. Style is hard to effect with an ancient black cashmere skirt that has been turned, returned, pressed, steamed, cut over and over to follow every step of a fashion dance that minueted in with a swirl of ruffles, and has turkey-trotted from eleven respectable wide gores through hobble and slit and drape. The errand boys and apprentice girls snickered at the wisp of dyed bang that she brought down over a wrinkled forehead, at the clutter of jet and silver chains and bands round neck and wrists—wrinkled yellow neck and frail yellow wrists that already were too heavily chained and bound by the blue-black veins of age.

And the apprentices—even Rosy, the last scared-eyed youngster to come under Miss Colky's peppery rule—walked rudely away when old Mrs. Jeffers began to tell again of the grandeur that had been hers when she had her own shop back in Maryland.

"And you may believe it or not, m'dears, but Mrs. Stuvebilt—the wife of the third vice-president of the P. & Z. Railroad, y'know—said to me a hundred times if she said it once, that if I'd jes' move my store to New York City, where her friends could see ——"

"Choke the reminiscences, Mrs. Jeffers!" Stella would cry impatiently, "and rush that *ciel* bead buckle. Colky's held that Beatrice, Nebraska, order all morning for this hat."

"You'll have to wait your turn," Mrs. Jeffers, offended, yet conscious of her importance, would retort, "or get somebody else. I'm making a purple *cabochon* for Marie."

Stella perforce waited. Old, passée, garrulous Mrs. Jeffers was an object of scornful pity and a target for pitying scorn; but the law of compensation gave her the respect that genius commands. Any one who is not color-blind can string beads into tolerably pretty buckles. No one had ever been found by Miss Colky or her predecessors who could string beads into the infinite variety of ornament and the exquisite beauty of color and design that old Mrs. Jeffers produced. She could take a spoonful of red beads and a green glass bangle—and it was not a mere buckle. A blood-red dagger, emerald-hilted, pinned the ribbon bow to the crown. She could twist five inches of pink wire through a few mauve globules, and the salesman, shooting the price of the hat up some seven dollars, confided to the confiding customer:

"You know how we can let you have these imported buckles so terrible cheap? A jeweler in Flanders went bankrupt on account of the new tariff law, and our buyer had a hunch; so he got there ahead of eighteen others and grabbed the whole stock. Yes!"

At various forewomen's behests she had tried to impart her skill to others; but she had the sense of color that cannot be taught. Once a trimmer, leaving for the La Mode House across the street, carried over the story of Mrs. Jeffers' cunning, and was sent to coax her away with the promise of a bigger salary. The base plot leaked. Sitkins, the bookkeeper, saw the spy hanging by the front entrance several nights at closing time. He told Marie. And the next evening five irate salesmen, a choleric manager and the outraged Miss Colky, followed by a crowd, nabbed that trimmer and threatened to qualify her for the State Home for Chronic Cripples if ever again they caught her on that side of the street.

However, beads, though they fill their shelf in the world, have never been allotted a very wide shelf. And an ornument maker—even a queen of the craft—does not draw any watermelon-in-April salary. She is hard put to enjoy a red slice when the August oversupply slashes the price. And when that salary must clothe and feed and roof another—and that other is a husky, appetiteful old brute—oh, the Grady trimming room had even stronger epithets for old Jasper Jeffers! The Grady trimming room—most of it anyway—got black in the face and stuttered with indignation when it discussed the old reprobate. And ——

The Grady trimming room was almost as indignant when it discussed Mrs. Jeffers. Every one pitied her—even scared-eyed Rosy and indifferent Marie. And every one was distinctly aggrieved because she compelled that pity.

There was no need, no reason, no excuse for her being so pitiable a figure. Why did she not get rid of the old scalawag who took her money and her care and her peace of mind, and kept her shabby and forlorn and, in short, spoiled her life? Vehemently they asked each other and tried in vain to nerve themselves to ask her.

Not even Mabel, who had most right—having expeditiously rid herself of a worse half who at frequent intervals mixed gin and rye to the detriment of his standing with his employer, the street-railroad company, and to the destruction of Mabel's joy of life—had the courage to pull away the chirpy curtain of cheerfulness that the frail, proud old hands held up in front of her distress. The very pitiableness of the sleazy screen was a deterrent.

And Marie, who had almost as much right—having many years before decided, after months of meditation, that tailor-made suits on her own excellent salary appealed more to her than the *gauche* ready-mades that Roger Sitkins could provide—Marie was not much interested in other people or their troubles. She was preoccupied in keeping enough flesh-tint over the wrinkles that hardened her eyes.

Jasper Jeffers was a city salesman—so old Mrs. Jeffers proudly informed the new girls of every new season. To the uninitiated that sounds nicely lucrative; outranking a mere bookkeeper—Marie yawningly and unoffendingly acknowledged; or a motorman—Mabel grimaced amusedly when reminded; or the policeman to whom Stella was nearly engaged. Stella's grimace was also amused and tolerant. Poor old woman! No one could grudge her that pitiable pretense at pride.

City salesmen, however, are of some five hundred and fifty-seven varieties. There are gentlemen of assured bearing and expensive scarfs, who carry two heavy suitcases into a big store and blandly cajole a buyer as expensively scarfed as themselves into ordering eight hundred dozen solid-silver sugar shells for the holiday trade. Such gentlemen feel that taxicabs were invented for their special benefit; and they have so royal a way of flecking off cigar ashes that colored gentlemen follow them round and fairly sob for the privilege of brushing their overcoats.

There are others—men who sell water filters and cigars. And still others—men who try to sell water filters or cigars,

and who say to inquiring friends: "Yep! I'm doing fine. Dandy firm to work for! Still, I'd consider changing. Is your firm taking on any men just now?"

And there are yet others—men who tramp from house to house, taking orders for magazines; newfangled flatirons; imported Mexican laces made in South Halstead Street; embroidered mercerized waist patterns that went out of style before they came in; fruit-jar openers; needles, thread, soap and starch. These last are usually started every morning by their employers with twenty cents expense money—ten cents for carfare and ten for lunch.

Jasper Jeffers sold soap and starch—and when the dollar and twenty cents was deducted from his week's commissions he generally had as much as eighty-five cents over.

Besides being a spasmodic city salesman he was a gay old sport; a tippler; a habitué of poolrooms and barrooms; a patron of the seductive slot machine; a lazy old dog, and—to the Grady trimming room—a brute.

In appearance he was a strutting old gentleman, whose portly build could have been the result of either dropsy or beer. His cheeks rolled in red fat out from a fierce Napoleonic nose, also red, and down from a mop of coarse gray hair. His brown eyes were fierce and the balls were blotched by distended bloodvessels. Marie, whose memory went furthest back, said that he had been the same fierce, beefy, strutting object when she first saw him. Age—Marie's tongue was indolently caustic at times—had aggravated but not essentially changed his appearance.

As far back as Marie could remember there had been days when old Mrs. Jeffers strung beads in red-eyed silence, her glance never raised from her busy old hands; days when she nodded sleepily over her work—"He was out all night and she watched for him!" the trimming room angrily surmised; days when her eyes were not red-rimmed, but as hard and dull as a certain ugly brown bead, used for background. "He came home drunk!" the trimming room guessed fumingly.

There were days when Mrs. Jeffers wiped her glasses far oftener than the blur caused by steady stringing required, and looked furtively up to see whether an apprentice noticed. There were mornings when she sat in tired silence and afternoons when she worked in mad silence—so distrait when spoken to that Miss Colky dared not express a wish for any particular buckle, but meekly took what she could get. Beyond the hearing of Mrs. Jeffers, however, Miss Colky flung off meekness and raved.

"I'm weeks behind on garnet *cabochons*—and she's making pearl! Oh!—that old reprobate!"

The world in general does not like to look at misery. And the world in general may be roughly divided into two parts: One part does not seem to see misery, being near-sighted or farsighted from having too much or too little woe of its own. The other part sees, squirms, tries to forget what it has seen—and sometimes succeeds. When it cannot forget and cannot quit squirming it grabs a broom—or a shovel—and huffily tries to remove the offense.

Marie, being occupied with wrinkles, flesh tint, expensive blouses, and the proper places to wear expensive blouses, was credited with being farsighted.

Stella, Mabel, Miss Colky, the apprentices and others squirmed for a long time—several years, in fact. Then squirming gave way to a writhing—and you cannot writhe without wanting to do violence. When Mrs. Jeffers came in one morning and sat chirpily down to work the trimming room grew grim. Over one wrinkled cheek was a blotch—Copenhagen blue in the center; greenish, purplish black round its irregular edge. Mrs. Jeffers got up in the night for a drink of water and struck her head against the footpost—so she said, chirpily. It ached, she added cheerfully—too cheerfully to ring true.

Miss Colky was frantic for six gold-and-rose bars for a box of pink plush chapeaus destined for a Kansas man. The retailer had threatened to cancel the order—but you cannot hurry an old woman whose fingers drop beads to feel tremulously at a painful blue-and-black bruise. Miss Colky belonged to the Y. W. C. A., but the sentiments she delivered concerning the venerable Jasper did not suggest any C. A. They hinted at death, eternal damnation and the Legal Aid Society.

"Well! I don't feel sorry for her!" Mabel, in a tone of utter exasperation, informed eight tables when Mrs. Jeffers, smiling wryly, had gone for the fifth time to lave the bruise with cold water. "Not a bit!"—loudly. "She doesn't have to put up with him! Believe me, I didn't waste many minutes shoving trouble out of my life! Oh! Say!"—Mabel suddenly stretched her black head round—"Where is Miss Colky? I have to quit early—I'm hunting a room."

"Again?" Marie raised her eyebrows. "You've been there only four weeks!"

"There is always something wrong with a landlady's disposition," Mabel stated crossly. "If she's friendly she grafts your face powder and cold cream; and if she's crabbed she hangs over the transom all evening to catch you using two gasjets, so she can charge you fifty cents extra. How's yours, Marie?"

"Friendly," said Marie sadly. "She borrows my tooth-powder and kimonos."

"Somebody ought to do something!" Stella asserted—and hushed in confusion as Mrs. Jeffers, the wryness of her smile overcast with a pathetic cheerfulness, came back.

Nobody else knew what to do or was ready to do it; so Stella telephoned that evening for Officer Hanecy, though it was not his regular calling night.

"And you've got to arrest him!" she ordered vehemently. "Come on, now! Where is that poolroom you say he hangs about so much?"

Officer Hanecy valiantly hunted evildoers all day, but he was averse to talking shop off duty.

"Without a warrant?" he objected. "Forget it! But I want to let you know that a bruise is coming swift and soon to that mauve-socked sprig I saw you with one night. Who is he?" belligerently.

Stella bridled, blushed, smiled—and forgot Mrs. Jeffers.

Marie mentioned the matter to Roger Sitkins when he walked as far as the car with her that evening. She mentioned it not because the trouble of old Mrs. Jeffers lay heavy on her mind, but merely because, when she and

"I—I Don't Believe That I've Got a Dime"

Roger Sitkins happened to be going the same way—a happening that neither purposely brought about—topics for discussion were as hard to find as limousines in the Gulf Stream, and the conversation dragged like a horse car when the horse is lame.

Though there had been a time, years back, when both endured each day only as a long, dry preamble to the evening, when they could walk together to the car and chatter like two robin redbreasts eulogizing the return of spring. Now they met about once in nine weeks and cudgeled their brains for comments on thermometers and the hat trade.

"It is a shame!" Roger agreed absently.

He was a tall, thin man—rather tired, if one judged by his walk and eyes. Probably the inert forward inclination of his thin shoulders was due to years of bending over ledgers; and doubtless the fine limning of lines about his eyes came from long squinting over rows of figures.

"But we can't do anything!" It was half a query, half a statement.

"No, I guess not," he assented as he helped her up the step of the street car and then went on his own way.

The blue-green and black of the bruise faded into a brownish hue that lost itself finally in the natural fadedness of the old cheek. Stella was so amused in watching Officer Hanecy hunt the fresh sprig in order to inflict a masterpiece of a bruising that she forgot to squirm. Mabel was busy looking for a room where the landlady did not expect her to be in bed at the respectable but undesirable hour of ten-thirty. Miss Colky got her garnet *cabochons* and used up the pearl, and resumed her former composed pepperiness. The apprentices had transferred their young capacity for being horrified to the psychological biography of a leading murderer that the Morning Yellogram was running on its front page.

And then one morning at eight-four the trimming room dropped everything it was doing or thinking about and held its breath. Old Mrs. Jeffers came in. She wore a smile—a wry little smile that winced far short of the cheeriness that it aimed to convey. And across the cheek from which the bruise had scarcely faded she wore a two-inch gash—a horrid gash, made worse-appearing by the strips of courtplaster laid botchedly over it.

In the dark last evening she had gone into the pantry for more bread—so she chirped quickly before any questions could pop from the gaping mouths—and had run against the sharp corner of a shelf. It hurt—terribly! She had a notion not to come down to work—Miss Colky gasped in panic. And Sioux City threatening to cross the Grady House off its list if several saffron-and-cherry crescents were not headed its way by night! But it would hurt just as bad sitting home to coddle it. There was one terribly nice thing about working every minute—so she opined chirpingly—you could pretty nearly forget a pain!

The Grady trimming room drew a long, tight, united breath of pity and resolution—except Marie. She was holding two samples of mauve brocaded satin to the light for comparison. When your eyes are even faintly cobwebbed by wrinkles a shade too light, or not light enough, makes a vast difference in the youth of those eyes; and the thick-pursed though thin-lipped gentleman who was due in town the next week had a nice taste in charmeuse as well as in chartreuse.

And this time the Grady trimming room whipped resolution and pity into action. It was unanimously agreed that Mabel, having had the most experience in domestic

"Choke the Reminiscences, Mrs. Jeffers, and Rush That Cut Bead Buckle"

crises, be committeed to lay out the proper mode of procedure. Pity had to be very resolute indeed to pull that sleazy curtain away. The fingers of the Grady trimming room wabbled as they reached toward it.

Marie, reluctantly laying aside the mauve samples and returning to festoon a taupe plush pillbox with sunset sumac, offhandedly advised them to go slow; Mrs. Jeffers had a normal amount of spunk—plenty and to spare when you wanted a futurist band; and she had begun a jet fleur-de-lis.

The trimming room—Mabel with particular exasperation—ignored Marie and her advice. And Mabel pointed out that, though even she flinched at yanking away that poor, slimsy curtain of pride, there was no law against some one making a wide detour to the rear of that curtain and yanking away—or scaring away—what it hid!

Miss Colky said that it was the most brilliant idea she ever heard. The apprentices begged to be allowed to participate. Stella offered the services of Officer Haneey if much scaring was necessary.

"Whose birthday? Or is it a funeral?" Mrs. Jeffers asked late that afternoon when, in spite of their circumspection, she saw them passing the pasteboard box used for collections. "I—I don't believe"—fumbling in a purse that every one could see was coinless—"that I've got a dime. I—I forgot to bring any change."

And the day before had been payday! A white-hot flame of indignation leaped round the tables of wide eyes.

"It isn't for flowers or a birthday!" Mabel hastily explained. "A friend of—of Stella ——"

"Not mine!" Stella heatedly denied.

"—— is going away"—scowling at the denial—"and we're giving him a testimonial—a sort of starter; but you needn't contribute."

With obvious relief old Mrs. Jeffers closed her purse, and fumbled at a bit of courtplaster that had worked loose from the end of the gash. Marie refused to contribute. She needed all her money—so she explained curtly—for a new dress. The apprentices sniffed. Miss Colky snorted.

The following morning the Grady trimming room presented a strangely vacant appearance until nearly eleven o'clock. Mrs. Jeffers wondered where every one was. Miss Colky said queerly that she could not imagine. Marie said nothing.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the absentees returned, their faces as bland with satisfaction as that of a small boy who has dined to repletion on crackerjack and soda water. Marie had disapproved -or had been too indifferent to approve—but she listened with interest to Mabel's whispered account of the affair.

They had been just in time to catch him as he was leaving the soap-and-starch house with his samples, and he had taken their interference in the same grateful manner that an age-soured, bullet-burned buffalo would take a hypodermic injection of cayenne pepper.

Him and his wife were getting along as comfortable as two oysters in a batter of breadcrumbs and eggyolk, thank you; and he did not care to be disturbed.

Stella had tartly interrupted to the effect that the party of the second part was tired of being oyster and batter too. Would he desert her without making any fuss or must they toss him into the bridewell?

They had plenty of proof—oh, scads!—that he had mistreated her brutally. And they did not have to pay his fare to another town, where he could not annoy, harass, pester, sponge off or mistreat his poor old hardworking wife; but they had taken this means of sparing her feelings. She was so proud ——

He nodded at that—a bitter, rebelling nod; and his fierce brown eyes snarled at them—if eyes can snarl. At any rate a streaky tangled light darted from them. The apprentices ducked behind Mabel. In those fierce old eyes lay a desire, and almost a threat, to lay them across those fat old knees and chastise them in a painful but not fatal manner.

After snarling visually for forty seconds he let out a roar that would have caused a mere wounded buffalo to sit up on its haunches and bleat with envy. The apprentices shivered. This film was altogether too realistic. They preferred a row of sparkling calcium lights and a three-piece orchestra between.

Mabel had a cold hazel eye that could chill the marrow of any roar. The thick, red throat of old Jasper Jeffers contracted—worked convulsively, like a blue racer's over a toad. The roar dwindled to a grunt; the grunt became a gulp; the gulp trailed off into a snivel—a senile, would-be pathetic snivel! The apprentices came boldly from behind Mabel's brocaded plush coat and listened to him plead that he was an old man; and he did not want to leave his old wife. And he was sure his old wife did not want him to leave her.

He acknowledged that as a salesman he was not a howling success; but next week he had a prospect of a customer who would take eight bars. And if he got her steady trade

Mabel looked at him. Mabel and Stella and the others talked to him freely, without any glossing of his real position in the industrial ranks. His protestations mumbled away into another snivel. The apprentices grinned at each other and began to despise Mrs. Jeffers. The spunkless old thing! Why, it was as plain as the feather on Rosy's hat that if she had cried Boo! at him he would have boohooed.

Finally, with the submissive attitude of an aged buffalo that has been harpooned, lassoed and dragged until its knees are raw, a chloroform-saturated cloth laid over its steaming nostrils, its tail twisted by a small boy, he was induced to see that the wife of his bosom had a right to be abandoned and happy. He went home—they accompanied him—packed his clothes and wrote a note, Mabel and Stella dictating, that he was leaving, never to return.

Mrs. Jeffers would go home that evening, learn that her life was swept clean of its débris; and the next morning ——

"Now her mind will be at ease. I'll have her get out those Bulgarian butterflies," said Miss Colky radiantly.

"She won't have a thing to do now but work and be peaceful," said Stella with much satisfaction.

(Continued on Page 38

THE BIGGEST SALE OF ALL

How Intensive Cultivation Makes a Good Job Better

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

A YOUNG fellow just out of high school got a job with a public-service corporation. He was put at work that he liked—minor sales assignments that took him outside and among people. The pay was satisfactory for a youngster who had little business experience; and he saw that men rose pretty squarely on their merits with that company, because most of the executives had been down in the ranks within ten years. Yet before he was there a year he began to feel that even faithful work would stand a better chance of being recognized if he did some personal advertising.

The company employed a great many people—hundreds in its general offices alone. Good work was not likely to escape notice, but there was a tendency to give credit to a department for what might be results from individual enterprise; or the man higher up would be satisfied with the comment: "That was done by one of our men—a fine job!" The newcomer thought his chance for promotion would be better if the man higher up knew enough to say: "That was done by young Smith, in our sales department."

Again, he saw many employees hesitating to put themselves forward as persons. They never presumed to identify themselves with their work or questioned company policy. Company rules were so sacred that they dared not break them, even when something was plainly wrong. They were so scrupulously subordinate that they dared not take reasonable steps to advance themselves.

By and by the young fellow from the high school got a fine chance for personal advertising. The company had a general policy and a contract covering the use of its equipment by customers. Quite innocently many customers had fallen into the habit of abusing the equipment by wrong use, and the company set out to stop the practice.

One day an order came from the president's office directing that the best men on the sales force be sent to see customers individually, explaining matters. They were to be persuaded to mend their ways if possible, but, if obstinate, were to be warned to stop on clear contract right.

This young man got fifty names and started out. Some customers proved reasonable. Others yielded when they saw the law of the situation; but many were disposed to resist. By tact and patience he made a good showing with half his list. Suddenly he walked into the office of a sarcastic and irascible old gentleman, who listened skeptically and dismissed him with something entirely new to think about.

He Was Persuaded Only When the Salesman Promised to Shoulder the Whole Responsibility

"I own two hundred shares of stock in your company," said the old gentleman, "and I consider that we are making a great mistake in pestering our customers about this trifle, no matter if we are right legally. You go back and tell your boss that I won't do it."

The salesman returned to his chief.

"If I write a report giving my views on this work, will you forward it to the president?" he asked.

The chief was dubious. He admitted that ill-will might be roused among customers; but orders were orders. Surely the men upstairs must know what was best for the company and needed no advice from subordinates. Better be careful or they would all get into trouble; in fact he was frightened—that chief—and was persuaded to forward a report only when the salesman promised to shoulder the whole responsibility.

The salesman wrote a report of two pages, signing his name. He spoke of the harm he believed the company was doing, suggested that a better way of stopping equipment abuse might be devised if a broader knowledge of conditions were secured, and purposely used the word narrow in connection with the method that was being followed, because he felt that he might as well be hanged for a dog if he were going to be hung at all. The chief wanted to tone that part down, but the salesman held him to his promise; and in fear and trembling the chief started this seditious document in the direction of the president.

Within a few hours word came down to stop all work on correction of equipment abuse until further orders. So the salesman knew his little report had arrived. Later he was asked to suggest a better way to correct the abuse. His scheme showed so much sense that it led to a new plan. Here was the gist of his idea:

The company had excellent business reasons for stopping the wrong use of equipment, based on its policy of giving impartial, unfailing service to all customers alike. Any customer who fully understood the policy would be willing to stop the abuse; but the company was trying to make people stop by enforcing a mere rule—just a fragment of the whole policy. Few people saw the broad reasons, and antagonism resulted. He suggested that the general policy behind the rule be explained to all customers, and that was done in a series of educational letters; and the bad practice soon ceased.

This intelligent criticism, backed by his name, made the salesman known upstairs. "A young fellow named Smith in the sales department suggested that," said executives before they forgot the incident—which was what the salesman wanted. Without being bumptious he managed to connect his name with some good piece of work at least a couple of times a year, and that soon led to his advancement.

Of course, though he was thinking about personal advertising along this line, he was also thinking about better ways of doing his work, so that behind the advertising he carried a solid stock of goods. He went ahead of a

good many other employees who perhaps felt that they were too modest by nature to put themselves forward with suggestions for improving the company's business—and probably on that account had never thought much about improving it anyway.

It is one thing to land a job, but another thing to develop it. Most people can do the first well enough, but they never go any farther. They have the viewpoint of that type of London clerk who, as the Scotch manager said, calls a position a berth because he regards it as something to go to sleep in.

Developing a job is largely a matter of developing oneself. It may be a very ordinary job at the outset; but, so long as it is with a good business house, the shrewd employee will recognize that it is only a beginning, not an end—something to be shaped and expanded instead of limited and fixed forever. If the house is worth working for and growing up with he will look on that job as an investment, and put his energy, thought and time into making it what he would like it to be.

Self-development is partly a matter of burning the midnight oil—grim plugging for the hard technical facts about work, whether it be accountancy, finance, processes, engineering, merchandise, trade channels, selling or what-not; but such study is being made easier and simpler every year. Colleges offer short courses in technical subjects; there are night classes in every industrial center, and the books and periodicals are constantly growing better. Many business houses provide their own technical courses for employees or pay for tuition in an outside school if the employee is willing to study, knowing that such education will prove an asset.

A large public-service corporation in the East, for example, advances money for any course of study an employee wishes to take in a school approved by its scholarship committee. The money is deducted from the student's pay envelope in small installments. If he can pass his final examination with an average of sixty-six per cent, however, the company makes him a present of the course.

Burning midnight oil over technical studies, however, is only part of it. If anything, the technical side of business nowadays is apt to be a little too well developed and the generalities and humanities neglected, so that the business is lopsided throughspecialization. If a man can develop the broader values and tendencies in himself he may safely leave some of the fine technical details to the fellows who love to figure strains and plot curves.

The Swift Rise of Reddy

A CLERK in a bargain grocery store got married and needed a job with more outlook in the future and more pay right off. His wife's cousin was accountant in the biggest music store in town—a place on the main shopping avenue with a well-to-do following. Helping him land the job was all his new cousin could do. Holding it was strictly up to himself, and he knew that he started under grave handicaps. He knew little about music, played no instrument and had had little schooling. The other floor salesmen in that store were regular swells—some trained musicians and all at home with the carriage trade.

The newcomer had few clothes, made mistakes in neckties, and did not know what to do with his hands in the music trade. His hair was red, and the nickname Reddy followed him into his new work like a worthless dog. He was weak on conversation, so that he had to stand heckling from the first; and under a somewhat coarse and slangy exterior he was really quite shy, which is a more common state of affairs than people suppose.

The humanities offered about the only line along which he could begin to cultivate his new job, and he started by systematically putting down his nickname. His cousin and his friends were asked to call him by his right name, and that gradually made an impression. As he made friends with other clerks they dropped the nickname too.

It took three months to kill it, but the result was a decided gain in personal dignity; for there is nothing like a nickname to depress one's stock while one is working to put it up to par. He checked the hazing of the other clerks by getting close to each man along the line of least resistance. One was a musician—in his own mind a great virtuoso who had condescended to sell pianos for a while until the world recognized his genius.

"Say!" said the ex-grocery-clerk admiringly. "When I want to know anything about these here composers I see you're the fair-haired boy to wise me up, all right, all right! Why, what you've forgotten about music would be an education for me!"

And along this line he got the best-dressed clerk to improve him in neckties and the best-educated to correct his speech.

Just then the player piano was coming into the trade; so lack of technical skill was not so great a handicap. He studied the humanities in customers and could be hearty with those who liked ragtime, and a sympathetic learner from people who preferred the classics; in fact he played a good support to other people's leads, as actors say, with the outcome that in a year, though he was far from being the best-dressed or best-informed salesman on the floor, his job was secure enough, because his aggregate sales put him up among the leaders.

At that period the house was just gaining a foothold in the wholesale trade, selling pianos and players to music dealers in other cities. Floor salesmen ignored this country trade, as something outside their own field of work; but the redheaded brother was curious about it.

He talked with dealers from other places, asked them about their methods and demand, and wanted to know what they thought should be done about the big piano-trade evils of the day, such as secret discounts and shady selling schemes.

By and by he had a pretty good working chart of the human values in the wholesale end. Dealers who came to buy stock asked for him and he was sent out to entertain them. That led him on the road as a wholesale salesman and then back to the house as sales manager for the wholesale business. Today he is responsible for the output of a big factory.

One Was a Musician Who Had Condescended to Sell Pianos

He followed his nose; and that is the chief thing in making a good job better—and it is about the only difference between the employee who gets on with a growing concern and the one who gets nowhere.

In every line of business today methods are changing so fast and the future is so big with possibilities that no man can predict what a given job may turn into. Yesterday business was a heavy, staple proposition, and advancement went by length of service and seniority, because work was largely staple too—clerking, bookkeeping and routine generally. It took a lifetime to make a fortune or advance to a comfortable salary.

Now, however, the staple, routine lines have been broken down everywhere. Business is alive with new tendencies. The more staple the product of a house, the more certain the lightning is about due to strike. It is nothing for a proprietor to become rich in ten years by following a live tendency, and that short space of time will show equally amazing results for the salaried man who understands where his kind of business is going—and just goes along.

In manufacturing, the day of the all-embracing trust seems to be passing to make room for the highly efficient small concern specializing on one product. The Jones Manufacturing Company gets the cream of the demand for magnetos or guy anchors or leadpencils, because Jones himself is constantly on the job and inspires a staff not too large to be under his own eye. He carries no load of watered securities from the days when wizards of Big Business thought they had really found a way to make a liability pass for an asset. He operates on a comfortable margin of profit, holds his customers and grows because he is selling Jones.

On the same lines the whole scheme of production, distribution, transportation and banking is being transformed. There are big changes just ahead—like the electrification of steam railroads—with infinite possibilities for expansion and little changes that promise big things, like the method of grading potatoes or packing apples.

Everything in business is up for investigation and revision. Service and economy are replacing speculation and waste. Not so many astute gentlemen are going to get rich by manipulation as formerly, but tens of thousands of men are going to be made very, very comfortable on legitimate returns from plain, honest work.

There is a good deal of Harun-al-Rashid about developing a job. Business finds it vital to ascertain how the other half lives and what the other fellow is thinking about.

Woolens used to be woolens and quite different from wholesale groceries which, in turn, bore no resemblance to a department store or a gasworks. Each line of business was peculiar to itself and kept to its own ways.

So with each line of individual work. The selling force was remote from the purchasing department in aim and methods, while the bookkeeper was supposed to keep out of the factory—except on Saturdays, when he came round with the pay envelope.

Modern Harun-al-Rashids

ALL this has changed, however, and now the jobs and lines of business follow common tendencies. The salesforce and the purchasing agent are working together to the same general end, and the bookkeeper enters daily into the factory plans. What has been found practical in the wholesale grocery business may prove useful in woolens, and a department store's way of dealing with the public might be just the thing needed to reconstruct a poor old disreputable gasworks.

The technical graduate comes out of college with visions of himself as another Kelvin and is picked up as raw material by the employment man of a big manufacturing concern. The employment man sees him as Harun-al-Rashid however, and proceeds to put him through a course of a thousand and one nights. He is sent into the machine shop to work in overalls, tried with a track gang, assigned to the sales department, brought in contact with different kinds of work and men in order that he may get a broad view of his job, find out whether or not he was mistaken in his college ambition, learn human values and grow.

Only when it is certain he is not going to grow will he be dropped into a fixed, standard job and relieved from the strain of investigating and thinking.

Not long ago an inquiry was made into the work and earnings of graduates from a big technical school. The returns showed that most of the men had wandered far outside the special field of work to which their education was applicable. They had become executives in many lines of business and developed in ways that could not have been foreseen at all in their college days, simply because the lines they are engaged in now had no existence then.

As for the small proportion of men who had stuck closest to the technical line studied in college, they were the least successful and most poorly paid of all the alumni.

Intensive cultivation of a job is largely a matter of healthy, constructive curiosity. The growing, rising man always wants to know. He reaches out for information in a hundred directions and organizes it for practical use.

He reaches out for people, making friends who can give him broader views of his work and help him correct it by what has been developed in other fields. He loves to put himself in other people's places, and seeks contact with as many conditions and situations as possible for the inspiration and sanity that such contact always brings.

When he sells himself this constructive curiosity is the big value that a man has to cultivate and offer. Few ever rose in business without it; and if one has it, or will adopt it deliberately, there is no particular difference about where he starts. It will take him up from a shop just as surely as from a college; for it comes pretty near being the whole thing in personal values.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.

AN ALL-STAR CAST

Infallible Godahl Turns Stage Manager

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

The Girls Were in a State of Collapse; But the Woman Stared Boldly at Them

ONE afternoon, when he was going home from work, a young woman who appeared perfectly normal sat down beside young Grimsy in an elevated train and asked him whether he did not think people looked silly sitting still and staring at each other the way they have the habit of doing in public conveyances. The remark struck him as being the most sensible one he had heard during his six months' residence on Manhattan Island, and just as he settled down for an interesting—though somewhat unconventional—chat with this normal person, the guard brought in a policeman and pointed her out as an escaped lunatic.

This hit young Grimsy rather hard, because he had spent his six months looking for a friend who was a sociable animal like himself. He worked in a bank, where he operated a handpower adding machine and had a cage all to himself, with a door that locked on the outside and walls and ceiling of interlaced brass ribbon, to say nothing of an armored concrete floor.

There were cages on each side of him in which were locked young men like himself; but, just when he felt intimate enough with his neighbor—with no other excuse than sheer proximity—to say good morning, his neighbor would be wafted off to some remote cage and a strange face would glower at his advances through the bars.

Once he actually did address the paying teller on his right, and that person instantly moved to the far side of his den, as though there were something in the act to affect the soundness of his surety bond.

At his boarding house young Grimsy made ineffectual attempts to engage his fellows in social discourse; but they all answered by merely growling over their food, like a dog discussing vested interests with a bone he had cornered.

Primitive man probably was interested in nothing so much as his food at mealtime; but that archaic instinct is surely no excuse for civilized creatures who make a practice of sitting down together at one table. So he began to cultivate friendships, through the public prints, of people who had the habit or the knack of being talked about. Grimsy read about society and uptown society, and doings on the Upper West Side; and he actually began to take a vicarious delight in their antics, much as the ragged urchin who plants his nose on the frosty window of a toy shop and lets the water of his mouth and his imagination run riot.

He gloried in the hobnobbery of the august Imperial Wilhelm and Mr. Carnegie; he knew which of the Waterburys made the deciding goal in the polo tournament, and the color of his pony; he could trace the consanguinity of some of the first families through numberless weddings and divorces; and for three whole days he followed with the greatest concern the choosing of the House-of-Representatives gift for the White House wedding. He knew that Mr. Gary, of the Steel Trust, left Aix-les-Bains on the twentieth and would sail from Southampton seven days later; that Mrs. Bixbie's first husband was a Strange, and that her son by her second marriage resided in Paris through choice; that Memsahib was the best mare at the Piping Rock Show; that the Culver-Stones were importing a new necklace of pearls for their daughter, who was to marry Comte de Chalvray; that Buck Stringer, of the Harvard eleven, kicked with his left foot; and that the Winstons were about to reëstablish themselves socially in Washington after being ostracized in Manhattan through overindulgence in the divorce court.

People at sea, people on shore, at Lenox, at Durham, at Palm Beach—it was all the same to Moberly Grimsy; he flitted over the face of the earth in patent-leather society—in the narrow confines of his hall room—every time he opened the extra of an afternoon paper or stirred gossip with his coffee and rolls. And he spiced the whole with juicy paragraphs from a society weekly which confided to him the back-stairs talk in the most shameless fashion.

So in time he came to acquire a stock of information that would have been of infinite value to a faithful old family nurse in a three-story novel or to an editor of a metropolitan newspaper. It was, after all, merely one step in acclimatizing himself to New York, assisting in the laborious process of the transmogrification of one's soul from the person of a gregarious provincial to that of an insular New Yorker. He acquired numberless bowing acquaintances in print, but none on the street. It is hard—breaking the crust—when one comes from the country.

Do not blame young Grimsy when he began looking for queer places to eat. That was inevitable. Possibly, since he was regarded as a suspected person in the sphere that was his own, he might surprise a smile or a nod among the dwellers on the fringe. He began, of course, among the logwood and red ink of the electric-lighted restaurants off Sixth Avenue, but the stuff they gave him to eat and drink made him shiver in the wind when he got outside.

One night he stumbled into a Lombardy boarding house in Ninth Street where, for the nonce, his spark of sociability was rekindled by a Great Dane dog that rested its chin on his table and regarded him with loving eyes so long as the division of the meat was fifty-fifty.

Another night he sat in a back room lined with wine-casks and counted twenty men—every mother's son of them fat and sporting waxed mustaches—enter with mysterious offerings, which later he discovered to consist of such things as one reads of in a fashionable short story, or on the *carte du jour* at Delmonico's or Sherry's—truffles, pâtés, succulent squabs, aromatic sauces, open-winged artichokes, bottles half-empty—the toll of many larders; for they were all chefs about to prepare food for themselves and eat. Somehow he had never before thought of chefs having to eat; but they did now, before his very eyes, after gathering about a red-hot range in the corner and putting the old adage of too many cooks to rout by loading the air with the most tantalizing odors.

Then they converted the pool table in the center of the room into a groaning board and, with many gibberings and gesticulations, sat down with the utmost enjoyment—except when they turned to scowl at him over his cold ham and cabbage.

Down in Pearl Street a Spanish cook treated him to a dish that made him feel like a three-alarm fire; in Washington Street he stumbled across an Armenian atrocity in which sulphur was the main ingredient; but he would not have minded the food if they all had not looked so sour when he helped himself to an empty chair and drew up to their table. Aside from the big dog in Ninth Street, not a soul in all his wanderings so much as nudged his elbow in a spirit of companionship. Even that dog had proved fickle when a roast came to another table.

On the evening of the fourth of December young Mr. Grimsy, pursuing his avocation of seeking out queer places to eat, found himself—for the first time since he had come to the city six months before—lost.

He had left his cage at four that afternoon; and, profiting by the few hours of grace granted him by an early start, he had undertaken to explore that part of the city contiguous to the old Gansevoort Market. There were items of interest on every hand to claim his attention and befuddle his sense of direction. For instance, all the merchants prosperous-looking persons above their collars—were attired in a common garb, a smock of white cotton that fitted them from head to heels like a priest's cassock.

On all the streets were superimposed wooden awnings to the very edge of the pavements, and from the eaves hung quarters of beef, spring lamb—clipped like French poodle dogs—pheasants, turtles, and such. A freight car, ghostlily propelled by some unseen force round a corner, gently pushed him off its track; a one-horse wagon, laden with provisions disguised by gunnysacks, disputed his right-of-way in an alley and left him in the gutter.

And at length he came on an object of unusual interest in the shape of two white-coated men, who seemed to be doing their best to teach cratefuls of live poultry not to stick their heads out between the slats when a second crate of live poultry was descending on them from a six-foot height. The poultry did not seem to mind it in the least; and it was evidently not a game, because the two strong men were very sober at their task—except when one of them found a warm egg, which frequently happened. The finder of the warm egg invariably transferred it to his pocket, indicating the score by holding up his fingers.

So interested was young Grimsy, indeed, at first in the ducking heads of the poultry and then in the egg score, that he found a comfortable wall to lean against and lighted a cigarette. It came on toward six o'clock, and when he again recalled himself to his surroundings he was astonished to note that the strings of beef and other provender, which had so gayly festooned the eaves but a brief time before, had mysteriously disappeared, and only blank boarded windows greeted him now in place of the busy shops.

He bestirred himself and started off, but to his surprise he found himself in the middle of a miniature walled city with columns and bastions and watchtowers.

Also, as he read the names of the streets, they were strange to him—such as Grace, Loew, Grant and Strong. He caught a glimpse of the river through a gate; and, deciding that it was the Hudson and indicated the west of the compass, which he had lost, he turned his back on it and crossed the now almost deserted walled inclosure to a gate at the opposite side. He struck out on a street lined with warehouses and tenements in the general direction of what he believed to be the New York that he knew. As he crossed a little square he was reminded of the object of his exploration of this locality by a sign on a dusty window which read, in tarnished and fly-bitten letters: Grittin's Dining Room.

It had the outer appearance of a cheap coffee house. Through the dusty glass panel of the door he made out two tables, guiltless of cloth and decorated with crockery of the armor-plate variety to be found in the poorer class of restaurants. It is quite probable that Grimsy would have passed by Grittin's Dining Room had it not been for a picture in the window. It was a crayon portrait incased in a massive gilt frame shrouded in dust. The picture bore the legend: Edward Askew Sothern, 1858.

Even then it is quite probable he would not have tarried to question himself as to the veracity of the legend—never having considered it plausible that an eminent comedian of today might have sprung from a stock immortal enough to be perpetuated in crayon so far back as fifty-eight—had it not been for a playbill draped carelessly over one corner of the ornate though somewhat weatherbeaten frame.

"Tonight," announced the musty yellow poster, which was fully three feet long, "tonight will positively witness the first appearance on the boards of an American stage of the celebrated Mr. Wainbridge Maugham, fresh from one

hundred nights of distinguished approbation at Drury Lane, in his celebrated drama entitled The Hidden Fortune; or, Every Hand Against Her. Mr. Maugham will appear in his world-famous delineation of the character of Willoughby Southerly—a gentleman detective—supported by the original cast, including Janice Mabon as Istheba—wistful and winning; Mr. Jack Gallant as Sir Everly Turncoat—a serpent; Mr. Halsey Jaimes as Honest John Wexford—bound on a perilous errand; Mr. Horace as Isaacs—a true friend: Miss Voorhes as the maid—a vixen; and numerous others; including every attention to the important accessories of atmosphere, scenery and costumes. Tickets within, or at the box office, American Theater, Bowery."

Grimsy softly opened the door and stepped inside. The place smelled musty, as well it might; the two tables—there were only two—were covered with an unsavory veneer of their calling; and against the side wall, and four feet deep at the least calculation, was stacked a heap of rusty old frames inclosing woodcuts, crayons and engravings of a type of art and free drawing long since dead. Packed round and about these, as excelsior is packed about fine china for shipment, were wads of venerable handbills.

One wad of perhaps fifty bills celebrated the return of Forrest as Jack Cade; another announced Mathilda Huron in her great character Camille—from the date, 1854, it seemed that *La Dame aux Camélias* had begun weeping some time before the Civil War. Herne the Humbug was on the eve of its première on another bill; and Teddy the Tiler and the Ice Witch or the Frozen Hand were in the midst of a revival. Of historical importance was the dramatization of the celebrated pictures of Wilkes' Distraining for Rent, under the title of Rent Day, with Mr. Heywood and Mr. Hamlin in the principal rôles.

Grimsy, convinced, sat down at a table, first taking the precaution to polish its surface with an old newspaper that covered a hole in the cane seat of a chair. He waited for several minutes for the appearance of some sign of ownership or at least of life; and when nothing developed he seized a spoon from a pressed-glass container and rapped it vigorously against the harveyized side of the sugarbowl, which, however, gave out only a dull thudding noise. Grimsy rose impatiently and opened a door leading to a side entry. This entry was, in fact, a long tunnel of brick leading to the street over a roughly paved floor at one end, and into blank impenetrable darkness at the other.

In the old days, when Greenwich Village was two miles from Manhattan, it was the custom of the carters who occupied this quarter to leave their carts outside at close of day and lead their tired horses to the stables in the back yard, through tunnels running between the houses. This fact Grimsy had gleaned out of a book long ago. If the book were veracious the impenetrable darkness at the far end of the tunnel must lead to a stable—probably now used as a kitchen for Grittin's Dining Room. He determined to ascertain whether this was indeed the fact; and to this end he stepped into the tunnel and picked his way over the moist, slippery stones.

The passage led for perhaps forty feet into the heart of the darkness, and abruptly turned at right angles, terminating six feet farther on in a door through the soiled panes of which showed a dull light. Young Grimsy, in his search for something besides food with his meals during the last six months, had acquired the inevitable snooping curiosity of such an adventurer. The fact that a score of young Turks desired to set up an obscure restaurant where they might dine in peace and quiet was no reason—to him—why he should not walk boldly in and take a vacant chair, and force them to talk in whispers if they wished to continue their family confidences undisturbed; and the fact that this Mr. Grittin, whoever he may have been, advertised a dining room on his front windows and forced volunteer customers to locate the source of food for themselves was sufficient excuse for our explorer boldly to open the door before him and step through the aperture. He did so.

Grimsy found himself in the middle of a paved yard lighted only by the pale reflection from the sky of a late winter afternoon; dark on four sides—with the exception of a far corner where two windows glowed warmly. The sound of smothered voices and the occasional clinking of tableware issuing from this corner, he turned his steps confidently in that direction, positive at last that he had stumbled on a queer place to eat and hopeful that here he might find some kindred soul to discuss topics of the day—possibly the art of acting—over his meal.

There was a fanlight in the door at the corner, but it was so obscured by grime that he did not notice it until his hand was on the knob and he was peering through the opening. He paused in the act of turning the knob.

Inside, before his eyes, was a long room evidently comprising the entire ground floor of a rear tenement, for on the opposite side of the apartment windows looked out into another courtyard like that in which he stood.

In One Corner, Snarling and Defiant, Stood the Second Butler

There were twenty persons in the room, mostly men; but, as he looked, there came a rattle of chairs on the floor by the near wall—at some spot beyond his range of vision—and in another second he saw three women advancing across the open floor to the far corner, where sat the broad, squat figure of an old man with a magnificent head on his shoulders.

At this moment, however, the women attracted the attention of the peeping Grimsy more than the man. The advancing group consisted of an old woman, very evidently a *grande dame* from her dress and manner—supported on each side by a young and good-looking Irish girl—evidently her maids. In addition to the support lent by their round, fat arms the old lady leaned heavily on a stick, which she pushed ahead of her with each feeble step. The ferrule of the stick was loose, and as it slid along the hard floor it gave out a curious reedy note.

Suddenly, and for no reason apparent to the intruder, the progress of the nice old lady was interrupted by the man in the corner. First he held up one hand; then he rapped sharply on the floor with an impatient foot, at which the two maids looked at their frail little charge with a touch of tenderness and slowly turned her about-face; and again they retreated beyond the angle of vision of the looker-on, but only for a second.

The rasping note of the cane sliding across the floor was resumed, and the three started once more for the distant table, this time the stubby old man in the corner rising with much graciousness to receive the old lady from the arms of her two youthful guardians and thanking them with a courteous gesture. He placed the old lady in her chair, sat down himself and began speaking, accompanying his words with gestures every shade of which, even to the uncurling of his fine fingers, seemed a bit of art in itself.

Grimsy could not distinguish the words; but, as he listened, fascinated at the queer sight on which he had stumbled—with no qualms of conscience—he thought this voice must be the most beautiful in all the world. An almost metrical cadence with which the speaker accented his phrases, and the timbre, as vibrant and resonant as the G string of a violin, reached the listener like a far-away song one might hear in a dream.

As the old lady raised her face to the speaker and, for the first time, the light of the lamp fell full on her features Grimsy started. He knew the face; but the shock of its suddenly flashing on his vision in this strange quarter of the city scattered his wits, so that he could not for the life of him place it. He only knew he had seen that face in the newspapers many times; and the incomplete recollection brought with it an impression of something sweet and good. She belonged to his coterie of newspaper friends. And whatever it may have been he had read of her it was something nice. Certainly the real face before him now suggested something to be venerated by all who looked on it—old age come to its own beautifully.

His curious attention to this scene was roughly wrenched loose by a cackling laugh from a table nearer the door—a table he had not noticed in his interest in the old lady. As he looked at the merry one he rubbed his eyes. He was poorly prepared for the surprise. It was none other than Mr. Andrew Carnegie, if Grimsy knew Andrew Carnegie—and he was positive he could pick the diminutive ironmaster in a million. And Mr. Carnegie was engaged in the most cordial, though somewhat guarded, conversation with Mr. John D. Rockefeller!

If young Grimsy had not been such a close student of current events and personalities in the newspapers he would have pinched himself and crept away at this juncture; but Grimsy did nothing of the kind. In his eagerness he polished the dusty glass transom with his glove to get a better view of the scene which now fairly had his hair standing on end, each follicle counting itself root by root. The two multimillionaires were at dinner. The ironmaster helped himself from a bottle. Grimsy had read only recently words from the lips of Mr. Carnegie himself to the effect that he and Emperor Wilhelm had one habit in common, that of taking a half glass of liquor with their meals; but Grimsy had no idea that the jolly little ironmaster referred to a glass of this size. It was an eight-ounce tumbler.

Mr. Carnegie wrapped his legs—which only reached the first rung of his chair—about the spindles, and, as he quaffed from the goblet—without watering the stuff—he manipulated his merry little eyes in the most surprising manner. Evidently the talk had to do with a toupee Mr. Rockefeller wore. Mr. Rockefeller did wear a toupee, and his companion's eyes pointed very plainly to the fact that the wig was somewhat one-sided for the moment, disclosing at one corner a bald pate as shiny as a billiard ball.

At this moment an untoward incident interrupted the amazing panorama of which Mr. Moberly Grimsy had been so fortunate as to have a peep on this night of nights. He had risen on tiptoe in his excitement. He overbalanced himself; the door gave easily; and before he could recover himself he fell headlong into the room.

A shriek of many voices punctuated his crash to the floor—then dead silence; then sudden darkness, filled with the scamperings of many feet. Heavy hands laid hold of him so he could not move; and a voice, bell-like in its intonation, addressed a question to some one near him in the dark:

"Where is Bannon? Isn't he out in front?"

Before He Could Recover Himself He Fell Headlong Into the Room

And then some one replied in an impersonal tone: "No; I sent him down to Murray's an hour ago."

That was all—a few words exchanged in the darkness, seemingly apropos of nothing in particular, least of all to the squirming form of young Moberly Grimsy, which they were holding in their midst.

"Let me go!" cried the young man, attempting to strike out with his feet, only to find that his feet, too, were fast. "I came here—looking—for a place to —— Quit that! Take your thumb ——"

A thumb was doing its best to dislocate his Adam's apple, and a hand over his mouth cut off further remarks from Mr. Moberly Grimsy. He was gently picked off the floor by four men—one at each quarter—in silence. They might have been his pallbearers, so solemnly did they start off with their burden, the hand over his mouth now being supplanted by a handkerchief jammed down his gullet. They turned this way and that. The hollow echoes of their footfalls and the crowding of the men carrying him told him they were threading a tunnel, though evidently not the same magic gate by which he had been permitted to enter on the unsuspecting assemblage.

He wondered whither they were taking him. Suddenly the dull sounds of the living city that had always been in his ears became louder, like stage thunder, and a breath of cool air told him he was in a street. A coat was over his head now, so he could not see. He was gently set on the flagging of the curb; and then in an electric fraction of a second the coat was gone, the gag was gone and his pallbearers had vanished.

He got to his feet and found himself rubbing his head and surveying a dimly lit avenue that presented no familiar landmarks. The thing had occurred so quickly that, now as he looked round in the dim light and found himself alone, it was quite simple to persuade himself that it was all some lurid fabrication of his brain. He walked to the end of the block and looked at the lamp-post. It said Jane Street on one side. Some small boy had put a stone through the glass legend on the other side, so the intersecting street remained a mystery.

He walked back through the street, trying to fix on the house that had emitted him a few moments before, but all the houses—old-fashioned brick structures, ornamented with iron grilles at doors and windows—looked out cheerlessly and impersonally.

Suddenly Moberly Grimsy broke into a run. He must find somebody, because the strangest idea had come into his mind, which, while he fuddled over his whereabouts, seemed to have been working subconsciously at something else. Two blocks farther on he encountered a young man, swinging a cane, emerging from a side street. Grimsy did not stand on ceremony.

"Isn't it a fact," he cried, bringing the young man to a sudden stop by the simple expedient of stepping in front of him, "isn't it a fact that John D. Rockefeller was playing golf at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, this morning, and that he beat the bogey?"

The young man looked at him for a second before replying. Then he said:

"My acquaintance with Mr. Rockefeller is confined to the interesting gossip of his doings as set forth in the newspapers. And," he said with a smile, "with that authority I think I can assure you that Mr. Rockefeller indeed was in Cleveland this morning. I recollect an item to that effect in an afternoon edition which I saw but an hour ago."

"Then how," began Moberly Grimsy, squaring off and holding up one handful of fingers to count off the points of his argument, "how in the name of the seven sins could I have seen him hobnobbing with Mr. Carnegie less than half an hour ago, and within one hundred yards of this spot?"

"It is rather remarkable," said the other soothingly. "Come! Are you going in my direction? We will try to figure it out together as we walk along."

Grimsy came to his senses. He tried to laugh, to excuse himself for this sudden attack of his on a stranger—a stranger who seemed very much of a gentleman from the manner in which he had met the situation.

"Show me how to get out of this hole, if you will," said Grimsy. "My mind is giving way. I have just gone through a most amazing experience; in fact, I am not quite sure—I am lost!" he said, breaking suddenly in on his disjointed sentences. "If you will be kind enough to direct me I will not further trespass on your good nature."

"I will do better than that," said the stranger, taking him by the arm. "It is but a step to New York. I am going there myself."

And indeed it was but a step. Under the guidance of the skilled pilot the tangles of off-shooting streets straightened out and they set foot in Sixth Avenue as unexpectedly to Grimsy as one comes on a hidden pond in the Maine woods. Grimsy turned round and surveyed the entrance to the New York he knew.

"I was looking for an out-of-the-way place to eat," he explained; and then abruptly: "I thank you. I will not intrude further on your good nature. You must think me loony; but, believe me ——"

His guide held up a slender gloved hand and smiled deprecatingly.

"If you have not yet dined," he said, "let us make it a company of two. I have leisure—and an appetite. Possibly I can be of service to you."

The stranger looked at his companion out of shrewd gray eyes. Some restless spirit within was clamoring for adventure, and the occasion seemed to promise something of the sort surely. He led Grimsy, the latter protesting weakly, to Fifth Avenue, and there, a block to the north, turned into a mullioned doorway of brownstone, where they were instantly greeted by a gorgeous person, evidently a *maître d'hôtel*, much rigged up for his part. His guide seemed a person of consequence; and Grimsy, impressed, followed on through the heavily carpeted hall to a small room hung with deep curtains and warmed by a glowing fire on a stone hearth.

"May I be permitted to suggest the *filet de sole*, M'sieu Godahl?" said the *maître d'hôtel* in French as he seated them.

"Godahl!" cried the youth ecstatically. "Are you indeed Godahl?"

It was indeed Godahl whom chance had thrown in the way of the distressed Grimsy; and the latter, whose one-sided friendships were all gathered through the common medium of the press, impulsively seized that arch-rogue by the hand in an outburst of enthusiasm. Did not the reading public know this Godahl as one of the institutions of the town? As a matter of fact the infallible thief, in his assumed character of a well-found young man-about-town, had proved it impossible to keep his picturesque personality from the eyes of prying newsgatherers and camera men; and he was known outside of the favored circle to which he belonged as Godahl—just Godahl, as one knows Matty, or Corot, or Napoleon, or Fatima. The name Godahl was an established entity.

So, before the clams were gone—little clams the size of a dime—Moberly Grimsy had launched himself spontaneously into a confession glowing with the subtle fire of a well-flattered person, a condition of mind that some personages have the faculty of conferring on those about them.

Godahl studied his man as he gave attention to the strange story. Godahl was partial to this man Grimsy's type—closely cropped red hair; freckles; tawny eyes; and a natural manner of wearing clothes—even though those clothes were obviously ready made.

"The woman!" said Godahl. "The old lady—tell me more about her. You say you know her. Who was she?"

"Who was the woman," said Grimsy, bringing together the leading strings of recollection, "who furnished the money necessary to buy that island in the Gulf of Mexico for the protection of migrating shore birds?"

"Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg," responded Godahl; and the restless fingers of that master craftsman ceased caressing the thin stem of his glass.

"Ai! yi! Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg!" exclaimed young Grimsy; and he stared at his companion, interpreting the sudden calm that had come over Godahl for lack of interest. It was, as a matter of fact, the reverse.

Jeremiah Trigg had run out a life of seventy-odd years in the character of what Wall Street was pleased to call a shark. His main occupation was loans—call loans; but, using the genius that evidenced itself to the world only as brittle sensibilities and fingers that stuck to gold, he had steered the ship of several great family fortunes for the younger generations—and the best evidence of his genius lay in the fact that these same fortunes had begun to disintegrate soon after his death. His character, to the public who were never permitted to peep behind the scenes, was that of a miser hard as nails, with a heart wrung dry of pity. Yet at his death he had consecrated his fortune of some seventy million dollars to simple charity—not for himself, that his abused name might be acclaimed, but for his widow, the gentle wife whom all the world had revered. The fortune was deeded by the will to no other trust than her kindly sympathies.

And immediately on her assuming the responsibilities of the administration of great wealth she had been hounded by an importunate army of professional charity-mongers—implored; besought; threatened in the name of pity, justice, patriotism and all the other masks of the nefarious crew who ply the profession of leeching on charity. At length the kind creature, who loved nothing so much as simple home life and an open, unaffected communion with the whole world, was forced into a seclusion that could be compared only to that of some prisoner rescued from a howling mob by his keepers; until she was forced to bury herself under a cloud of retainers to fight off the importunities of the world she would have loved to succor in her own sweet way.

"And this man?" pursued Godahl, thrilling. "You tell me that when she started across the floor he rapped her back and made her try it again."

"Yes."

"Describe him."

"A head like—like Daniel Webster! Magnificent! Enormous shoulders—long arms; and his hands—the best way I can describe them is that they seemed to float in the air as he gesticulated."

"And a voice like a god?" said Godahl, suddenly leaning forward over the table. "A voice like a god, eh?"

"God? Yes!" cried Grimsy. "Such a voice as I never — —"

Godahl, however, was not listening to him as the young man rattled on in a maze of hyperbole. Godahl had risen to his feet and was pacing the room.

"I am going to trust you," he said, suddenly coming to a stop in front of Moberly Grimsy and putting a hand on his shoulder. "I never saw you before in my life, and your interest in the golf score of John D. Rockefeller was not, I should say, a propitious opening for a prolonged friendship. Listen to me! You are a bank clerk, you say, at the Cheltenham Bank. Forget that. Marston, the vice-president, will give me the loan of you.

"Grimsy," said Godahl, dragging up a chair and sitting down at the corner of the table, "the greatest actor the world has ever known is a man who has never been on the stage! And his name is David Hartmann. A mind like a diamond, a voice of a god—and the frame of a hideous gorilla! That's Hartmann. Embittered, unscrupulous. Think, man! A man with the wits of an ouf has the world at his feet at the Metropolitan Opera House tonight because the good God above gave him not only a throat but the physique of a man. The lack of a body of the most commonplace proportion, such as you and I and everybody else possess as an inalienable right, is all that

(Continued on Page 28)

It Was With Great Relief That He Heard the Approaching Footsteps of the Servant

THE GOLDFISH

Modern Education and Superficial Culture

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

When We Go to a Gallery We Criticise the Pictures Quite Fiercely

I COME of a family that prides itself on its culture and intellectuality. We have always been professional people, for my grandfather was, as I have said, a clergyman; and among my uncles are a lawyer, a physician and a professor. My sisters, also, have married professional men. I received a fairly good primary and secondary education, and graduated from my university with honors—whatever that may have meant. I was distinctly of a literary turn of mind; and during my four years of study I imbibed some slight information concerning the English classics as well as modern history and metaphysics. I could talk quite wisely about Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, Thomas Love Peacock and Ann Radcliffe, or Kant and Schopenhauer.

I can see now that my smattering of culture was neither deep nor broad. I acquired no definite knowledge of underlying principles, of general history, of economics, of languages, of mathematics, of physics or of chemistry. To biology and its allies I paid scarcely any attention at all, except to take a few snap courses. I really secured only a surface acquaintance with polite English literature, mostly very modern. The main part of my time I spent reading Stevenson and Kipling. I did well in English composition and I pronounced my words neatly and in a refined manner. At the end of my course, when twenty-three years old, I was handed an imitation-parchment degree and proclaimed by the president of the college as belonging to the Brotherhood of Educated Men.

I did not. I was an imitation educated man; but, though spurious, I was a sufficiently good counterfeit to pass current for what I had been declared to be. Apart from a little Latin, a considerable training in writing the English language, and a great deal of miscellaneous reading of an extremely light variety, I really had no culture at all. I could not speak an idiomatic sentence in French or German; I had most vague ideas about applied mechanics or science, and no thorough knowledge about anything; but I was supposed to be an educated man, and on this stock in trade I have done business ever since—with, to be sure, the added capital of a degree of bachelor of laws.

What I Did Not Learn at College

NOW since my graduation, twenty-seven years ago, I have given no time to the systematic study of any subject except law. I have read no serious works dealing with either history, sociology, economics, art or philosophy. I am supposed to know enough about these subjects already. I have rarely read over again any of the masterpieces of English literature with which I had at least a bowing acquaintance when at college. Even this last sentence I must qualify to the extent of admitting that I now see that this acquaintance was largely vicarious, and that I frequently read more criticism than literature.

It is characteristic of modern education that it is satisfied with the semblance and not the substance of learning.

I was taught about Shakspere, but not Shakspere. I was instructed in the history of literature, but not in literature itself. I knew the names of the works of numerous English authors and I knew what Taine and others thought about them, but I knew comparatively little of what was between the covers of the books themselves. I was, I find, a student of letters by proxy. As time went on I gradually forgot that I had not, in fact, actually perused these volumes; and today I am accustomed to refer familiarly to works I never have read at all—not a difficult task in these days of handbook knowledge and literary varnish.

It is this patent superficiality that so bores me with the affected culture of modern social intercourse. We all constantly attempt to discuss abstruse subjects in philosophy and art, and pretend to a familiarity with minor historical characters and events. Now why try to talk about Bergson's theories if you have not the most elementary knowledge of philosophy or metaphysics? Or why attempt to analyze the success or failure of a modern post-impressionistic painter when you are totally ignorant of the fundamental principles of perspective or of the complex problems of chiaroscuro? You might as properly presume to discuss a mastoid operation with a surgeon or the doctrine of *cy-pres* with a lawyer. You are equally qualified.

I frankly confess that my own ignorance is abysmal. In the last twenty-seven years what information I have acquired has been picked up principally from newspapers and magazines; yet my library table is littered with books on modern art and philosophy, and with essays on literary and historical subjects. I do not read them. They are my intellectual window dressings. I talk about them with others who, I suspect, have not read them either; and we confine ourselves to generalities, with a careful qualification of all expressed opinions, no matter how vague and elusive. For example—a safe conversational opening: "Of course there is a great deal to be said in favor of Bergson's general point of view, but to me his reasoning is inconclusive. Don't you feel the same way—somehow?"

You can try this on almost anybody. It will work in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred; for, of course, there is a great deal to be said in favor of the views of anybody who is not an absolute fool, and most reasoning is at least open to attack for being inconclusive. It is also inevitable that your cultured friend—or acquaintance—should feel the same way—somehow. Most people do—in a way.

The real truth of the matter is, all I know about Bergson is that he is a Frenchman—is he actually by birth a Frenchman or a Belgian?—who as a philosopher has a great reputation on the Continent, and who recently visited America to deliver some lectures. I have not the faintest idea what his theories are, and I should not if I heard him explain them. Moreover I cannot discuss philosophy or metaphysics intelligently, because I have not today the rudimentary knowledge necessary to understand what it is all about. I believe this is true of most of us. If it is not true of you please regard yourself as the exception who proves the rule.

It is the same with art. On the one or two isolated varnishing days when we go to a gallery we criticize the pictures quite fiercely. "We know what we like." Yes, perhaps we do. I am not sure even of that. But it is almost certain that we cannot tell why we like it. In eighty-five cases out of a hundred none of us have any knowledge of the history of painting or any intelligent idea of why Velasquez is regarded as a master; yet we acquire a glib familiarity with the names of half a dozen cubists, and bandy them about much as my office boy does the names of his favorite pugilists.

It is even worse with history and biography. We cannot afford or have not the decency to admit that we are uninformed. We speak casually of, say, Henry of Navarre, or Beatrice d'Este, or Charles the Fifth. I select my names intentionally from among the most celebrated in history; yet how many of us know within two hundred years of when any one of them lived—or much about them? How much definite historical information have we, even about matters of fundamental importance?

Let us take a shot at a few dates. I will make it childishly easy. Give me, if you can, even approximately, the year of Cæsar's Conquest of Gaul; the Invasion of Europe by the Huns; the Sack of Rome; the Battle of Châlons-sur-Marne; the Battle of Tours; the Crowning of Charlemagne; the Great Crusade; the Fall of Constantinople; Magna Charta; the Battle of Crécy; the Field of the Cloth of Gold; the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; the Spanish Armada; the Execution of King Charles I; Fall of the Bastille; Inauguration of George Washington; the Battle of Waterloo; the Louisiana Purchase; the Indian Mutiny; Siege of Paris.

Other Things I Don't Know

I WILL look out of the window while you go through the mental agony of trying to remember. It looks easy, does it not? Almost an affront to ask the date of Waterloo! Well, I wanted to be fair and even things up; but, honestly, can you answer correctly five out of these twenty elementary questions? I doubt it. Yet you have, no doubt, lying on your table at the present time, intimate studies of past happenings and persons that presuppose and demand a rough general knowledge of American, French and English history.

The dean of Radcliffe College, who happened to be sitting behind two of her recent graduates while attending a performance of Parker's deservedly popular play, "Disraeli," last winter, overheard one of them say to the other: "You know, I couldn't remember whether Disraeli was in the Old or the New Testament; and I looked in both and couldn't find him in either!"

I still pass socially as an exceptionally cultured man—one who is well up on these things; yet I confess to knowing today absolutely nothing of history, either ancient, medieval or modern. It is not a matter of mere dates, by any means, though I believe dates to be of some general importance. My ignorance is deeper than that. I do not remember the events themselves or their significance. I do not now recall any of the facts connected with the great epoch-making events of classic times; I cannot tell as I write, for example, who fought in the Battle of the Allia; why Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, where it was, or why Cicero delivered an oration against Catiline. These are merely names to me.

As to what subsequently happened on the Roman or Italian peninsula my mind is vacant until the appearance of Garibaldi during the last century. I really never knew just who Garibaldi was until I read Trevelyan's three

books on the Resorgimento last winter, and those I perused because I had taken a motor trip through Italy the summer before. I know practically nothing of Spanish history, and my mind is a total blank as to Russia, Poland, Turkey, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland or Belgium.

Of course I know that the Dutch Republic rose—assisted by one Motley, of Boston—and that William of Orange was a Hollander—or at least I suppose he was. But how Holland came to rise I know not—or whether William was named after an orange or oranges were named after him. As for Central Europe, it is a shocking fact that I never knew until last summer there was not some interdependency between Austria and Germany. I only found out the contrary when I started to motor through the Austrian Tyrol and was held up by the custom officers on the frontier. I knew that an old emperor named William somehow founded the German Empire out of little states, with the aid of Bismarck and Von Moltke; but that is all I know about it. I do not know when the war between Prussia and Austria took place or what battles were fought in it.

The only battle in the Franco-Prussian War I am sure of is Sedan, which I remember because I was once told that Phil Sheridan was present as a spectator. I know Gustavus Adolphus was a king of Sweden, but I do not know when; and apart from their names I know nothing of Theodoric, Charles Martel, Peter the Hermit, Lodovico Moro, the Emperor Maximilian, Catharine of Aragon, Catharine de' Medici, Richelieu, Frederick Barbarossa, Cardinal Wolsey, Prince Rupert—I do not refer to Anthony Hope's hero, Rupert of Hentzau—Saint Louis, Admiral Coligny, or the thousands of other illustrious personages that crowd the pages of history.

I do not know when or why the Seven Years' War, the Thirty Years' War, the Hundred Years' War or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, why the Edict of Nantes was revoked or what it was, or who fought at Malplaquet, Tours, Soissons, Marengo, Plassey, Oudenarde, Fontenoy or Borodino—or when they occurred. I probably did know most if not all these things, but I have entirely forgotten them. Unfortunately I manage to act as if I had not. The result is that, having no foundation to build on, any information I do acquire is immediately swept away. People are constantly giving me books on special topics, such as Horace Walpole and His Friends, France in the Thirteenth Century, The Holland House Circle, or Memoirs of Madame du Barry; but of what use can they be to me when I have forgotten or at least do not know even the salient facts of French and English history?

We are undoubtedly the most superficial people in the world about matters of this sort. Any bluff goes. I recall being at a dinner not long ago when somebody mentioned Conrad II. One of the guests hazarded the opinion that he had died in the year 1330. This would undoubtedly have passed muster but for a learned-looking person farther down the table who deprecatingly remarked: "I do not like to correct you, but I think Conrad the Second died in 1337!" The impression created on the assembled company cannot be overstated. Later on in the smoking room I ventured to compliment the gentleman, saying:

"Why, I never even heard of Conrad the Second!"

"Nor I either," he answered shamelessly.

A Case of Pearls Before Swine

THE friend who, pretending to a knowledge of historic fact, fools me into thinking that he has the Battle of Hastings at his fingers' ends, and lets me go on talking about it, has dropped a nut into his intellectual machinery.

It is the same with everything—music, poetry, politics. I go night after night to hear the best music in the world given at fabulous cost in the Metropolitan Opera House, and am content to murmur vague ecstasies over Caruso, without being aware of who wrote the opera or what it is all about. Most of us know nothing of orchestration or even the names of the different instruments. We may not even be sure of what is meant by counterpoint or the difference between a fugue and an arpeggio.

A handbook would give us these minor details in an hour's reading; but we prefer to sit vacuously and make feeble jokes about the singers or the occupants of the neighboring boxes, without a single intelligent thought as to why the composer attempted to write precisely this sort of an opera, when he did it, or how far he succeeded. We are content to take our opinions and criticisms ready made, no matter from whose mouth they fall; and one hears everywhere phrases that, once let loose from the Pandora's box of some foolish brain, never cease from troubling.

In science I am in even a more parlous state. I know nothing of applied electricity in its simplest forms. I could not explain the theory of the steam engine save in the most unsatisfactory fashion, and plumbing is to me one of the great mysteries.

Last, but even more lamentable, I really know nothing about politics, though I am rather a strong party man and my name always appears on important citizens' committees about election time. I do not know anything about the city's departments or its fiscal administration. I should not have the remotest idea where to direct a poor person who applied to me for relief. Neither have I ever taken the trouble to familiarize myself with even the more important city buildings.

Of course I know the City Hall by sight, but I have never been inside it: I have never visited the Tombs or any one of our criminal courts; I have never been in a police station, a fire house, or inspected a single one of our prisons or reformatory institutions. I do not know whether police magistrates are elected or appointed, and I could not tell you in what congressional district I reside. I do not know the name of my alderman, assemblyman, state senator or representative in Congress.

She Conceives it Her Duty to Entertain Her Companion by Talking Him Deaf, Dumb and Blind

I do not know who is at the head of the Fire Department, the Street Cleaning Department, the Health Department, the Park Department or the Water Department; and I could not tell, except for the Police Department, what other departments there are. Even so, I do not know what police precinct I am living in, the name of the captain in command, or where the nearest fixed post is at which an officer is supposed to be on duty.

As I write I can name only five members of the United States Supreme Court, three members of the Cabinet, and only one of the congressmen from the state of New York. This in cold type seems almost inconceivable, but it is, nevertheless, a fact—and I am an active practicing lawyer besides. I am shocked to realize these things. Yet I am supposed to be an exceptionally intelligent member of the community and my opinion is frequently sought on questions of municipal politics.

Needless to say, the same indifference has prevented my studying—except in the most superficial manner—the single tax, free trade and protection, the income tax, the minimum wage, the recall, the referendum, or any other of the present much-mooted questions. How is this possible? The only answer I can give is that I have confined my mental activities entirely to making my legal practice as lucrative as possible. I have taken things as I found them and put up with abuses rather than go to the trouble to do away with them. I have no leisure to try to reform the universe. I leave that task to others whose time is less valuable than mine and who have something to gain by getting into the public eye.

Who are the reformers? The majority are young men who have nothing particular to do and who want to force their way into politics. Once they get in, you find them active in one of the old organizations. If a man has to earn his living he has no opportunity to run round making speeches. You cannot do away with graft and the public does not want to do away with gambling. Why should it? It is no worse, so far as I can see, to bet on an ivory ball or the turn of a card than on the ups and downs of the stock market. Gambling is not only a national amusement but our greatest national occupation.

The mere fact, however, that I am not interested in local politics would not ordinarily, in a normal state of civilization, explain my ignorance of these things. In most societies they would be the usual subjects of conversation. People naturally discuss what interests them most. Uneducated people talk about the weather, their work, their ailments and their domestic affairs. With more enlightened folk the conversation turns on broader topics—the state of the country, politics, trade, sport.

It is only among the so-called society people that the subjects selected for discussion do not interest anybody. Usually the talk that goes on at dinners or other entertainments relates only to what plays the conversationalists in question have seen or which of the best sellers they have read. For the rest the conversation is dexterously devoted to the avoidance of the disclosure of ignorance. Even among those who would like to discuss the questions of the day intelligently and to ascertain other people's views pertaining to them, there is such a fundamental lack of elementary information that it is a hopeless undertaking.

"'Tis plain," cry they, "our mayor's a noddy; and as for the corporation—shocking!"

The mayor may be and probably is a noddy, but his critics do not know why. The average woman who dines out really does not know what she is saying or what is being said to her. She will usually agree with any proposition that is put to her—if she has heard it. Generally she does not listen. She is not there for that purpose. She conceives it her duty to entertain her companion, or at least herself, by talking him deaf, dumb and blind.

Why Worry?

I KNOW a minister's wife who never pays the slightest attention to anything that is being said to her, being engrossed in a torrent of explanation regarding her children's education and minor diseases. Once a bored companion in a momentary pause fixed her sternly with his eyes and said distinctly: "But I don't give a —— about your children!" At which the lady smiled brightly and replied: "Yes. Quite so. Exactly! As I was saying, Willie got a ——"

But, apart from these hectic people, who run quite amuck whenever they open their mouths, there are large numbers of men and women of some intelligence who never make the effort to express conscientiously any ideas or opinions. They find it irksome to think. They are completely indifferent as to whether a play is really good or bad or who is elected mayor of the city. In any event they will have their coffee, rolls and honey served in bed the next morning; and they know that, come what will—flood, tempest, fire or famine—there will be forty-six quarts of extra xxx milk left at their area door. They are secure. The stock market may rise and fall, presidents come and go, but they will remain safe in the security of fifty thousand a year. And, since they really do not care about anything, they are as likely to praise as to blame, and to agree with everybody about everything. Their world is all cakes and ale—why should they bother as to whether the pothouse beer is bad?

I confess, with something of a shock, that essentially I am like the rest of these people. The reason I am not interested in my country and my city is because, by reason of my financial and social independence, they have ceased to be my city and country. I should be just as comfortable if our Government were a monarchy. It really is nothing to me whether my tax rate is six one-hundredths of one per cent higher or lower, or what mayor rules in City Hall.

So long as Fifth Avenue is decently paved, so that my motor runs smoothly when I go to the opera, I do not care whether we have a Fusion, Tammany or Republican administration in the city. So far as I am concerned, my valet will still come into my bedroom at exactly nine o'clock every morning, turn on the heat and pull back the curtains. His low, modulated "Your bath is ready, sir," will steal through my dreams, and he will assist me to rise and put on my embroidered dressing gown of wadded silk in preparation for another day's hard labor in the service of my fellowmen. Times have changed since my father's frugal college days. Have they changed for better or for worse? Of one thing I am certain—my father was a better-educated man than I am.

I admit that, under the circumstances, this does not imply very much; but my parent had, at least, a solid groundwork of principles beneath his intellectual feet on which he could stand. His mind was thoroughly disciplined by rigid application to certain fundamental subjects that were not selected by himself. From the day he entered college he was in active competition with his classmates in all his studies, and if he had been a shirker they would all have known it.

In my own case, after I had once matriculated, the elective system left me free to choose my own subjects and to pursue them faithfully or not, so long as I could manage to squeeze through my examinations. My friends were not necessarily among those who elected the same courses, and whether I did well or ill was nobody's business but my own and the dean's. It was all very pleasant and exceedingly lackadaisical, and by the time I graduated I had lost whatever power of concentration I had acquired in my preparatory schooling.

At the law school I was at a hopeless disadvantage with the men from the smaller colleges which still followed the old-fashioned curriculum and insisted on the mental discipline entailed by advanced Greek, Latin, the higher mathematics, science and chemistry. In point of fact I loafed delightfully for four years and let my mind run absolutely to seed, while I smoked pipe after pipe under the elms, watching the squirrels and dreaming dreams. I selected elementary—almost childlike courses in a large variety of subjects; and as soon as I had progressed sufficiently to find them difficult I cast about for other snaps to take their places. My bookcase exhibited a collection of primers on botany, zoölogy and geology, the fine arts, music, elementary French and German, philosophy, ethics, metaphysics, architecture, English composition, Shakspere, the English poets and novelists, playwriting, oral debating and modern history.

Short Cuts to French Drama

I TOOK nothing that was not easy and about which I did not already know a little something. I attended the minimum number of lectures required, did the smallest amount of reading possible and, by cramming vigorously for three weeks at the end of the year, managed to pass all examinations creditably. I averaged, I suppose, outside of the lecture room, about a single hour's desultory work a day. I really need not have done that. It was supererogation.

When, for example, it came time to take the examination in French composition I discovered that I had read but two out of the fifteen plays and novels required, the plots of any one of which I might be asked to give on my paper. Rather than read these various volumes, I prepared a skeleton digest in French, sufficiently vague, which could by slight transpositions be made to do service in every case. I committed it to memory. It ran somewhat as follows:

"The play"—or book—"entitled —— —— is generally conceded to be one of the most carefully thought out and artistically presented of all ——'s"—here insert name of author—"many masterly productions. The genius of the writer has enabled him skillfully to portray the atmosphere and characters of the period. The scene is laid in —— and the time roughly is that of the ——th century. The hero is ——; the heroine, ——; and after numerous difficulties and ingenious complications they eventually marry. The character of the old ——"—here insert father, mother, uncle or grandparent, gardener or family servant—"is delightfully whimsical and humorous, and full of subtle touches. The low-comedy element is furnished by ——, the ——. The author touches with keen satire on the follies and vices of the time, while the interest in the principal love affair is sustained until the final dénouement. Altogether it would be difficult to imagine a more brilliant example of the art of ——" here insert name of novelist or playwright.

I give this rather shocking example of sophomoric shiftlessness for the purpose of illustrating my attitude toward my educational opportunities and what was possible in the way of dexterously avoiding them. All I had to do was to learn the names of the chief characters in the various plays and novels prescribed. If I could acquire a brief scenario of each so much the better. Invariably they had heroes and heroines, good old servants or grandparents, and merry jesters. At the examination I successfully simulated familiarity with a book I had never read and received a commendatory mark.

This happy-go-lucky frame of mind was by no means peculiar to myself. Indeed I believe it to have been shared by the great majority of my classmates. The result was that we were sent forth into the world without having mastered any subject whatsoever, or even followed it for a sufficient length of time to become sincerely interested in it. The only study I pursued more than one year was English composition, which came easily to me, and which in one form or another I followed throughout my course. Had I adopted the same tactics with any other of the various branches open to me, such as history, chemistry or languages, I should not be what I am today—a hopelessly superficial man.

Mind you, I do not mean to assert that I got nothing out of it at all. Undoubtedly I absorbed a smattering of a variety of subjects that might on a pinch pass for education. I observed how men with greater social advantages than I had brushed their hair, wore their clothes and took off their hats to their women friends. Frankly that was about everything I took away with me. I was a victim of that liberality of opportunity which may be a heavenly gift to a post-graduate in a university, but which is intellectual damnation to an undergraduate collegian.

The chief fault that I have to find with my own education, however, is that at no time was I encouraged to think for myself or to inquire into the fundamental problems of human existence. No older man ever invited me to his study, there quietly and frankly to discuss the scope of knowledge or the philosophy of life. I was left entirely vague as to what it was all about, and the relative values of things were never indicated. The same emphasis was placed on everything—whether it happened to be the Darwinian theory, the Fall of Jerusalem or the character of Ophelia.

I had no principles, no theory of morals, and no one ever even attempted to explain to me what religion or the religious instinct was supposed to be. I was like a child trying to build a house and gathering materials of any substance, shape or color without regard to the character of the intended edifice. I was like a man trying to get somewhere and taking whatever paths suited his fancy—first one and then another, without regard to where they led. I was ignorant of the fundamental propositions of philosophy. The why and the wherefore were unknown to me, and I left the university without any definite theory as to how I came to be in the world or what my duties toward my fellowmen might be.

The Main Part of My Time I Spent Reading Stevenson and Kipling

In a word the two chief factors in education passed me by entirely—(*a*) my mind received no discipline; and (*b*) the fundamental propositions of science and philosophy were not brought to my attention nor explained to me. These deficiencies have never been made up. Indeed, as to the first, my mind, instead of being developed by my going to college, was ruined almost beyond redemption. My memory has never been good since and my methods of reading and thinking are hurried and slipshod. I am loath to give the time or take the trouble incident to a careful perusal of any serious book, and I find it difficult, if not impossible, to follow any involved exposition or closely reasoned argument.

For example I cannot grasp and do not understand even the earlier chapters in Spencer's First Principles. Yet I feel sure that I could have done so when I first entered college. This is bad and sad enough, but it is a small thing compared with the lack of any philosophy of life. I acquired none as a youth and I have never had any since. For fifty years I have existed without any guiding purpose except blindly to get ahead—without any religion, either natural or dogmatic. That accounts for me as I am. I never had any philosophy or creed of my own, and I simply accepted without thought or examination what I supposed to be those of the men with whom I was thrown in business and society. I am one of a type—the type of a pretty good, perfectly aimless man without any principles at all.

The Interdependence of Studies

THEY tell me that things have changed at the universities since my day and that the elective system is no longer in favor. Judging by my own case, the sooner it is abolished entirely, the better for the undergraduate. I should, however, suggest one important qualification—namely, that a boy be given the choice in his Freshman year of three or four general subjects such as philosophy, art, history, music, science, languages or literature, and so on; and that he should be compelled to follow the subjects he elects throughout his course.

In addition I believe the relation of every study to the whole realm of knowledge should be carefully explained. Art cannot be taught apart from history; history cannot be grasped independently of literature. Religion, ethics, science and philosophy are inextricably involved one with another.

There is no reason whatever why, long before a boy is sent away from home, he should not have explained to him the boundaries of human knowledge and the fundamental propositions of philosophy. This, to be sure, requires a liberal attitude of mind on the part of the parent; but out of this in one way or another will be developed his religion—his inner convictions on which his conduct of life will be based.

He must not only be not discouraged from thinking—he must be stimulated to think and be taught the principles of right thinking and the philosophic fallacies to which the untrained mind is prone.

Mere learning or culture, a knowledge of facts or of arts, is unimportant as compared with a realization of the significance of life. The one is superficial—the other is fundamental; the one is temporal—the other is spiritual. There is no more wretched human being than a highly trained but utterly purposeless man—which, after all, is only saying that there is no use in having an education without a religion; that unless some one is going to live in the house there is not much use in elaborately furnishing it.

A friend of mine feels so strongly on this subject that she is frankly impatient of the study of history, because she regards it as of trifling importance as compared with a

(Continued on Page 33)

Furious Arguments Arise Over the Question as to How History Should be Taught

AN AMIABLE CHARLATAN

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XIV

MR. BUNDERCOMBE laid his hand compellingly on my arm. "Who's the wizened-up little insect, with a snarl on his face?" he inquired of me earnestly.

My slight impulse of irritation at such a description applied to one of my wedding guests passed when I looked up and saw the person to whom Mr. Bundercombe had directed my attention. I recognized the adequacy of the wording.

"That," I replied, "is the Earl of Porthoning."

"Kind of connection, isn't he?" Mr. Bundercombe inquired.

I nodded.

"His son married my sister."

Mr. Bundercombe regarded him with a certain wistfulness which I did not at that moment understand. Just then Lord Porthoning made his way toward us. As I watched him approach I realized more than ever the justice of Mr. Bundercombe's description. He was undersized, bent nearly double, and on his wizened face and shining out of his narrow black eyes was an indescribable expression of malevolence. Even the smile with which he greeted me had something unpleasant in it.

"Well, Paul!" he exclaimed. "Well, my boy, so you're hooked at last, are you?"

Considering that I was enjoying a few minutes' respite in my task of helping Eve receive our wedding guests, the statement, though crude, was obvious enough.

"Glad to see you, Lord Porthoning!" I said, lying miserably. "Do you know my father-in-law, Mr. Bundercombe?"

Mr. Bundercombe extended his ready hand, which my connection, however, appeared not to see.

"Yes, yes!" he admitted. "Someone pointed him out to me. I asked who on earth it could be. No offense, mind," Lord Porthoning continued; "but I hate all Americans and our connections with them. I have been looking at your presents, Paul. A poorish lot—a poorish lot! Now I was at Dick Stanley's wedding last week—married Colonel Morrison's daughter, you know. Never saw such jewelry in my life! Four necklaces; and a tiara from the Duchess of Westshire that must have been worth a cool ten thousand pounds."

"I am sorry my wedding presents do not meet with your approval," I remarked. "Personally I think it is very kind of my friends to send me anything at all."

"Rubbish, Paul! Rubbish!" my amiable connection interjected irritably. "Don't talk like an idiot! You know they send you things because they've got to. You've been through it yourself. Must have cost you a pretty penny in your time sending out wedding presents! Now you reap the harvest."

"I suppose," I observed dryly, "that yours is the reasonable point of view."

"Absolutely, my dear fellow—absolutely!" Lord Porthoning declared. "Of course you couldn't expect quite the same enthusiasm on the part of your friends when you marry a young lady who is a stranger to all of them and who comes from the backwoods of America. Can't think how it is you young Englishmen can marry nothing, nowadays, unless it shows its legs upon the stage or has a trans-Atlantic drawl. I am going in to see if the champagne they're opening now is any better. The first glass I had was horrid!"

My father-in-law watched him disappear through the crowd, and stood patiently by my side while I exchanged greetings with a few newly arrived friends.

"Say!" he observed presently, as soon as an opportunity rose for private conversation. "He's a pleasant old gentleman, that connection of yours!"

"Glad you think so," I answered. "I don't call myself a bad-natured fellow, and today I feel inclined to be friends with everyone; but I tell you frankly I can't bear the sight of Lord Porthoning. He has to be asked, but he's like a wet blanket wherever he goes."

Mr. Bundercombe glanced round a moment. Then he leaned toward me. His manner was earnest—almost pleading.

"Paul," he said, dropping his voice to a whisper, "don't you think it's up to us to give a disagreeable little worm like that a bit of a lesson, eh? His lordship has his own way too much. Now if you'll leave it to me I'll give him just a kind of a scare—a shake-up, you know—no real harm; just teach him, perhaps, not to open his mouth so much. What do you say, Paul?"

I turned and looked at my father-in-law. His expression was that of a schoolboy begging for a holiday. His head was a little on one side, his lips were parted in an insinuating smile. It was a weak moment with me. So far as such a term can be applied to such an event, the wedding ceremony, which was just over, had been a great success. Eve had looked simply as beautiful as a beautiful girl can look on the one morning of her life.

"As I Live, I Never Put Hands on That Brooch!"

My father-in-law had been dignified and correct in his behavior, and a merciful misadventure of Mrs. Bundercombe with a policeman three days previously, which had led to her being arrested with a hammer in her satchel, had finally resulted in her being forced to partake of the hospitality of Holloway for the period of fourteen days; in fact everything just then with me was *couleur de rose*.

The presents my crabbed connection spoke of so lightly had been supplemented only an hour before by surely the most magnificent wedding offering from my father-in-law that any man could have—the house in which we were and the whole of the furniture. It was hard to refuse Mr. Bundercombe anything. Before I knew exactly what had happened, my smile had answered his.

"Well," I said, "I rely upon your discretion, Mr. Bundercombe. A little lesson would certainly do Porthoning no harm."

Whereupon Mr. Bundercombe, fearing apparently that I might change my mind, vanished among the crowd; and the matter, to tell the truth, disappeared from my mind for a short time. I was surrounded by friends, and the occasion, joyful though it was, possessed a certain unique sentimentality that I found sufficiently absorbing. Eve brought me the latest telegram from Mrs. Bundercombe, which we read together:

> Insist upon ceremony being postponed! Am commencing hunger strike. Shall be with you in three days.

"Your stepmother's intentions," I remarked to Eve, "may be excellent, but I don't think they'll bring her so far as the Austrian Tyrol."

Eve's eyes were lit with laughter. A moment later, however, she sighed.

"Poor dad!" she murmured. "I'm afraid he'll have a terrible time when she does come out!"

"He'd have a worse if she knew!" I rejoined, half to myself.

Eve looked at me suspiciously. She drew a little nearer.

"Paul," she whispered in my ear, "is it true that the inspector who had her followed all that morning was a friend of dad's?" I shook my head.

"I am giving nobody away," I replied firmly. "Of course there were certain troubles to be got over in connection with your mother's presence today. You remember her saying, for instance, that she would break every bottle of wine she found being served?"

Eve nodded.

"Perhaps," she murmured, with a half smile, "it is for the best. Where is dad?"

I glanced round the room and at that moment I saw Mr. Bundercombe making signs to me from the doorway. I hurried toward him and he drew me out into the hall.

"Things are in train, Paul," he announced cheerfully. "Now all I want from you is just the smallest amount of help in this little affair."

I looked at him blankly. I had forgotten all about Lord Porthoning.

"It's a very small share indeed," Mr. Bundercombe continued pleadingly; "but such as it is it's up to you to take it on at this moment. There the little insect goes into the cloakroom. He has gone for his hat and coat. All you've got to do is just to follow him and ask him to come back for one moment. That little room on the left, across the hall, is empty. Bring him into that. Leave the rest to me."

"You're not going too far, are you?" I asked. "You see, after all, the old blackguard is a sort of connection."

Mr. Bundercombe laid his hand on my shoulder.

"My boy," he said, "there will be nothing but just a little incident that you can tell to Eve and laugh about on your way to the station. That I promise you."

I nodded and crossed the hall. Lord Porthoning was preparing to leave.

"Have my car called up!" he ordered the footman from the doorstep. "Mind, I'm not going to hang about on the pavement in this sun for anyone. If that's the motor waiting for the young people it'll have to get out of the way. Lord Porthoning's car at once, young fellow! Hello, Paul!" he added. "Come to see me off, eh?"

"Could I have just one word with you, Lord Porthoning?" I begged, as casually as possible.

"Be quick, then! If I haven't wished you happiness it's because I can't see what chance you have of getting it. But I suppose you're like all other young fools on their wedding day—you think the sun's shining only for you!"

"I am afraid," I retorted, a little nettled, "that I had not noticed the absence of your good wishes. I wish to speak to you on another matter."

Lord Porthoning turned quickly and looked at me. There was a change in his expression that puzzled me.

"Well, out with it!" he snapped.

I pointed to the door across the hall.

"I want you to step this way," I said firmly.

I expected an irritable outburst, but to my surprise he turned and preceded me toward the door. We entered the room and found Mr. Bundercombe there alone. Lord Porthoning looked from one to the other of us. His heavy gray eyebrows were drawn together; his face was the embodiment of a snarl.

"Now what in the name of all that's reasonable," he began in his hard, rasping voice, "made you bring me in here? I don't want to better my acquaintance with that old man, your father-in-law! I'd a good deal rather he'd stayed in his own country. I don't like the looks of him—I hate fat men! Don't keep me waiting here, Paul. If you want my advice I'll give it to you. If you want anything else you won't get it."

Mr. Bundercombe had moved softly round until he was standing with his back to the door. His manner was the one he had assumed so successfully in church—dignified, almost solemn.

"Paul," he said, "I asked you to invite this person in here because, now that you are Eve's husband, I felt that the interests of your family must be considered before my own inclinations. In my country we treat all men alike, and I am bound to say that if you'd been married to Eve out in Okata, and I'd seen any old skunk, whether he'd been an earl or what he looks like—a secondhand clothes dealer—sneaking Eve's presents, I'd have had him in prison before you'd reached the station."

"Mr. Bundercombe!" I exclaimed, horrified; it seemed to me that my father-in-law was carrying this affair too far.

Lord Porthoning, from whom I had expected a torrent of fierce abuse, stood looking at us both with an expression no written words could portray. His cheeks were ashen. His hands, which were crossed upon the knob of his cane, were shaking. Mr. Bundercombe extended his right hand.

"Sir," he concluded sternly, "for the sake of the conventions of the country in which I find myself, and bearing in mind your connection with my son-in-law, I have kept the police out of this interview. Be so good as to hand over to Paul the emerald brooch you have secreted in your coat pocket!"

The pall of silence seemed suddenly removed. Lord Porthoning leaned forward. Then he began to talk. Any sympathy I might have felt for him, any feeling I may have had that my father-in-law's retributive scheme was of too drastic a nature, vanished before he had finished the first three sentences. Mr. Bundercombe, upon whom he heaped abuse of the most virulent character, remained unmoved. When at last Lord Porthoning paused for breath, I turned toward my father-in-law.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"It means," Mr. Bundercombe explained, "that this gentleman, who finds my daughter's presents so inadequate, was actually leaving your house with an emerald brooch belonging to Eve in the righthand pocket of his coat!"

Lord Porthoning was once more incoherent. This time, however, I stopped him. I was already heartily sick of the affair, but at this stage I could not back out.

"Lord Porthoning," I said, "there is no necessity for such vigorous denials. The matter is easily arranged. You had better permit me to examine the pocket in question."

"I'll see you and your common bully of a father-in-law in hell before I allow either of you to touch me or my clothing!" my pleasant connection declared fiercely. "Get out of my way, both of you! And be thankful if you don't have to answer for this outrage in a police court!"

He swaggered toward the door. Mr. Bundercombe, who had appeared to stand on one side, suddenly caught him by the shoulders.

"Feel in his right-hand pocket, Paul!" he bade me.

I did so and promptly produced the brooch. Lord Porthoning's eyes seemed almost to start from his head. I could see that he suddenly became limp in Mr. Bundercombe's grasp. His eyes were fixed on the jewels and his amazement was undeniable. Mr. Bundercombe winked at me over his head.

"What is the meaning of this, Lord Porthoning?" I demanded as sternly as I could.

My courage was failing me. I felt that the joke, after all, had been a severe one. Lord Porthoning seemed almost on the point of collapse. His eyes never once left the brooch which I was holding.

"I didn't take it!" he gasped. "I swear I didn't take it!"

I was anxious now to finish the affair.

"Lord Porthoning," I said, "I will take your word. You say you never took the brooch. Very well; we will assume, for the sake of the family, that it found its way into your pocket by accident."

Lord Porthoning felt his forehead. There were big drops of sweat standing out there. There was something in his extreme agitation that was, in a way, incomprehensible. He edged toward the door.

"I didn't take it!" he muttered. "Let me go! Let me get away!"

Mr. Bundercombe stood on one side. My hand was on the handle of the door. I looked at my father-in-law questioningly. My sympathies were now almost with the enemy, but I felt bound to see the affair through.

"It was you who discovered this little accident," I remarked. "I think you will agree with me that it is best to say nothing more about it."

Mr. Bundercombe once more winked at me solemnly over the head of my stricken connection.

"I quite agree with you, Paul," he said. "Under the circumstances we will let nothing happen to disturb the festivities and harmony of the day. Lord Porthoning certainly will not object if we just satisfy ourselves that the brooch was the only instance of—momentary aberration, shall we call it?"

If Lord Porthoning's attitude had been a little mysterious before it was absolutely incomprehensible now. He stood suddenly upright and brandished his cane over his head.

"If either of you touches me," he shouted fiercely, "I'll break your skulls! This is blackmail! I'll send for the police! Let me go!"

His sudden fit of anger, justifiable though it certainly seemed on the face of it, nevertheless took both Mr. Bundercombe and myself by surprise. The former, indeed, was in the act of opening the door, when he paused. Once more he caught my connection by the collar and thrust his hand into the other coat pocket. When he withdrew it it was filled with rings, a bracelet and a pendant.

He threw them silently—a glittering heap—on the table. Without a word he thrust his hand in once more and brought out a little black ivory carving of a Japanese monk, which was perhaps one of the most valuable of my old rings.

There was a blankness in Mr. Bundercombe's expression that I could not understand.

I frowned. It seemed to me the affair had now gone much too far. Lord Porthoning had staggered to a chair and was sitting there with his face buried in his hands. He was a stricken man. I turned to my father-in-law.

"This is too much of a good thing, sir," I whispered angrily. "The brooch was all right enough, so far as it went, and he deserved a lesson; but these other things——"

A look in Mr. Bundercombe's face suddenly froze the words upon my lips. He leaned over toward me.

"Paul," he declared earnestly, "on my honor I put nothing into his pocket except the brooch. I knew no more of those things," he added, pointing to the table, "than you did!"

I was speechless. Lord Porthoning looked up. I had never seen a face quite like his in my life. One side of it seemed drawn with pain. He checked a sob. His fingers gripped at the air as he spoke.

"Paul," he begged hysterically, "don't give me away! I give you my word of honor—I give you my word as a Porthoning—I can't help it! You know what they call the damned thing when women have it—kleptomania, isn't it? I tell you I can't see these things without that same horrible, fascinating, cruel instinct! My hands are on them before I know it. But——" he broke off. "It's sending me mad, Paul; for, as I live, I never put hands on that brooch!"

"How long has this been going on?" I asked, almost mechanically. "Perhaps you are the reason that it has become the fashion to send detectives to guard wedding presents."

"I am the reason!" Lord Porthoning confessed, his voice shaking. "Paul, somehow I believe—I believe this has stopped it. You'll kill the instinct. Listen! You are off directly. Let this gentleman, your father-in-law, come round to my house. I will restore to him, I swear, every article I have ever taken in this fashion. He can find out the owners by degrees, and I promise that I will never again attend a wedding reception so long as I live!"

Outside I could hear them calling for me. I glanced at the clock. It was within a few minutes of the time fixed for our departure. Mr. Bundercombe nodded to me.

"Very well," I agreed. "It shall be as you say."

"I'll wait here," Lord Porthoning said in a trembling tone. "Mr. Bundercombe can come back for me after he has seen you off. He can go home with me in the motor. Take—take care of those things."

Mr. Bundercombe covered them over with an antimacassar. We left Lord Porthoning sitting there and went out into the hall, where Eve was already waiting. Mr. Bundercombe was a little unnerved, but he pulled himself together.

"Word of honor, Paul!" he declared; "I never saw the old rat take a thing! I simply landed him with the brooch. It was not until he was going out that I caught a glimpse of those other things in his pocket."

We drove off ten minutes later. I looked out of the motor as we swung round into the main thoroughfare. Behind the window of the little sitting room I saw the pale, almost ghastly face of Lord Porthoning. He caught my eye and waved his hand weakly. On the pavement in front of the striped awning stood Mr. Bundercombe—large, beaming, both hands outstretched. Eve waved her handkerchief. As we finally disappeared she glanced toward me.

"Has dad been up to anything, Paul?" she asked. "He has just that kind of satisfied expression that always used to terrify me."

"Like a cat licking its whiskers after a stolen saucer of milk!" I suggested.

She laughed.

"You mustn't make fun of dad," she begged. "He's such a dear!"

"I shall never attempt to make fun of your father," I assured her fervently. "I think he is quite the most remarkable man I ever met! And now——"

THE END

"What is the Meaning of This, Lord Porthoning?"

Wireless Strays

ALL the amateur wireless-telegraph operators of England are to be called on to help solve the mysteries of wireless wave antics, and of strays—the electric forces often caught by wireless instruments but which are recognized as stray electricity in the air.

It is not unlikely that this will be followed by a movement to have American wireless enthusiasts make a similar campaign. The scientists who have been studying wireless want all the information they can obtain about the queer doings; and when a great amount of certain information has been obtained they hope to find some solution of the antics.

It is now fairly well established, in connection with Eiffel Tower signals, that when it is raining at the sending end the receiving end is apt to be poor; but if it is clear at the sending end and raining at the receiving end the signals come along normally. If it is cloudy at both ends the signals are better than ever. It has long been generally known that after sunset the strength of the wireless signals increases greatly; but the exact amount of this increase in thousands of cases is wanted for the study.

The subject of strays is a big one in itself; but if all the amateurs of the land were on the lookout for them, and sent in reports on all they noticed, it might be found that they travel on certain understood lines, like storms, or appear under certain conditions of weather.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada, By Subscription $1.75 the Year (except in Toronto, $1.50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 24, 1914

The Bremner Bill

THERE is hardly a week when Congress is in session that some appeal is not made for the aid of the Federal Government in restraining competition. Child labor is a conspicuous example. Manufacturers in states having advanced child-labor laws complain that they are exposed to the competition of rivals in other states where children are little protected.

Some time ago Illinois employers were asked for their views on a minimum-wage law for women. A number replied that they would not object to a fair Federal law, but would object to a state law because that would give their competitors in neighboring commonwealths an advantage over them.

The fact is, industrial competition mostly comes out of labor anyway. Broadly speaking, when one man can undersell another it is because he is getting a greater value in return for a dollar in wages; so the power of Congress under the commerce clause of the Constitution is constantly invoked to equalize and restrain competition across state lines.

A new example is found in a bill introduced by Congressman Bremner for a Bureau of Industrial Safety in the Department of Labor. The idea is to investigate, collect and exhibit the best devices for protection of employees from dangerous machinery; from dust, fumes and excessive heat; from industrial diseases, and so on—setting up at Washington a standard to which legislation in the various states may be brought.

An experienced correspondent writes: "We have practically fifty different standards in this country—fifty differing attempts to enforce or neglects to enforce regulations affecting groups of industry. I need not point out the injustice, for example, to potteries in New Jersey, which are strictly regulated, yet must compete with Ohio rivals that are free from restrictions."

It is only by going to Washington that we get rid of local trade jealousies and rivalries, which are often able to exercise overpowering influence on local legislation. When the restriction is made nation-wide no manufacturer fears that it will give his competitor an advantage.

Thus, in fact, the power of the Federal Government is more effectually employed in restraining competition than in promoting it—though they do not talk much about that phase of it at Washington. The Bremner Bill, we judge, would be a useful measure; and we hope it will pass.

The Troublesome Reserve

THE new banking law specifies with great particularity what cash reserve all the banks in the system shall keep against their various liabilities. Then it adds that the Federal Reserve Board shall have power to suspend any and all of these reserve requirements—with certain provisions for a graduated tax on circulating notes when the reserve against them falls below forty per cent.

This addition is one of the wisest clauses in the whole act. Broadly speaking, the most debated point in every banking and currency system is: What cash reserve shall be kept against circulating notes and deposits? Fix that right and—again broadly speaking—the rest of the system will fix itself; but all experience shows that it is impossible to fix it. In fair weather five per cent may be more than enough. In foul weather fifty per cent may be too little.

France covers the point neatly by providing that the reserve shall be adequate, without attempting to say how much is adequate. England covers it in characteristic fashion by rigidly declaring that the bank shall issue no new circulating notes except on deposit of pound for pound of gold—and then permits the bank to violate the law whenever a crisis arises. Germany has a more logical but an exceedingly elastic system.

For more than forty years we have practically relied on the English method of fixing a rigid reserve requirement, and then permitting the banks to disregard it in emergencies.

For an intelligently administered banking system almost any reserve will answer in good times; in very bad times no limited reserve is enough. The new bill meets the situation squarely by carefully specifying reserves—and then providing that they may all be suspended.

The Things on Paper

ON PAPER England has as absurd a banking system as one could imagine, for it all centers and hangs on a strictly private institution in the management of which the government has no voice and over the banking operations of which the government has practically no control. On paper it would be very much like turning the credit of the United States over to J. P. Morgan & Company; but, in fact, England's banking system is one of the very best in the world.

On paper Mexico has a fine government of a strictly republican nature. What she has in fact everybody knows. As to the way in which the American nation righted itself after the Civil War, Mr. Bryce sagely observed: "Such a people could work any constitution!"

So with any new, big constructive legislation like the Banking Law. The words on the statute book are actually much less important than the men who will operate the system. A hundred Huertas and Wallingfords placed at points of vantage could wreck any banking system that any Congress ever did or ever can devise; and any Congress would have to exercise much perverse ingenuity to devise a banking system from which a Hamilton could not get very tolerable results.

The new regional banks will no doubt be managed by good bankers, which is more important than any particular provision in the law.

The Baby Bond

THAT term has long been current in financial circles to designate a bond for one hundred dollars. More and more corporations nowadays are issuing them, in order to tempt the young investor. The designation is an apt one for the cunning little creatures with their dear, tiny coupons, the delicious feel of their crisp, crinkly bodies and the heavenly azure or charming yellow of their vignettes.

With proper nourishment the precious little fellows will grow too. Now that the holidays are safely over, we hope every young husband will supply his beloved household with one of these delightful little nurslings.

The Shifting Sands of Law

THIS Administration is wise in seeking an understanding out of court with supposed violators of the Sherman Law. By that method remedial results may be obtained within the same decade in which the supposed offense is committed.

Eleven years ago last July, at the instance of union strikers, a boycott was declared against a firm of hatmakers in Danbury, Connecticut. The hatters sued for damages, alleging a violation of the Sherman Law. The case was expedited by a short cut to the United States Supreme Court, and six years ago next month—over five years after the alleged offense—that tribunal decided that the boycott was a violation of the Sherman Law.

This decision was on a demurrer; and the Supreme Court ordered the United States District Court in Connecticut to proceed with a trial of the case. The District Court did so and in the course of time gave judgment for the plaintiffs, awarding some two hundred thousand dollars' damages. From that judgment, of course, there was an appeal, and only the other day the United States Circuit Court of Appeals sustained the judgment; but when the hatmakers will get their money appears problematical at this writing.

The great point in this hat case was that it settled the question whether the Sherman Law applied to restraints of trade by labor unions; but within about a year Congress has twice passed and President Wilson has signed an appropriation bill containing a rider which clearly implies that labor unions shall not be prosecuted under that act; and a bill now before Congress would, in effect, exempt them.

Therefore Judge Coxe's recent declaration—the net tangible result of eleven years' litigation—that there is no longer any doubt that the Sherman Law applies to labor unions will very likely be invalidated before the ink—figuratively speaking—is dry. To deal with the flux of industrial relations, a body that can act more promptly than the courts is needed.

Uncle Sam in Business

MORE than two billion board feet of timber with a value of four and a half million dollars on the stump were sold by the National Forest Service last year. This is much more than double the sales of the preceding year and indicates that Uncle Sam in given cases can get down to business very satisfactorily. The forester's annual report adds that still larger sales are in prospect.

Some twenty million head of livestock now graze in national forests, and receipts from that source in 1913 exceeded a million dollars. With that and the timber sales, a number of national forests are now self-sustaining, and probably in a few years receipts from the forests will pay the whole cost of the service.

"The forests are being made increasingly accessible," says the report. "More than three hundred and fifty miles of road, nearly three hundred miles of fire lines, four thousand miles of telephone lines, and twenty-six hundred miles of trails were built."

Use of the forests for recreation is greatly increasing and the transient population is now reckoned at a million and a half. The work of fire protection steadily advances, and last year's fire loss—due partly, no doubt, to favorable weather—was only sixty-seven thousand dollars.

Incidentally, including special funds to Arizona and New Mexico, the national forests provided last year over eight hundred thousand dollars, to be expended for the benefit of the states in which they are located—the states getting one-quarter of the gross receipts.

Conservation, in short, is approving itself.

Fair Treatment for Capital

FOR all practical purposes the railroads of this country are under the public's thumb. By holding down or reducing freight rates, by making them carry the mails at a loss, and by steadily raising wages under arbitration proceedings, it is perfectly possible to starve them. There is a point at which the Supreme Court would intervene but it would be very little this side of starvation.

Thoughtless persons have held that it would be an excellent thing for the Government to reduce the roads to an exceedingly gaunt condition and then buy them in at the depressed valuation; but the Government is under bonds not to do that.

No doubt Europe holds at least a thousand million dollars of American securities, which means that she can demand that sum from us any day the Stock Exchange is open. Only two hundred millions of American securities thrown back on our hands by European investors early in 1907 produced very uncomfortable consequences.

To destroy the confidence of foreign investors in the integrity of this Government would cost the country, first and last, no inconsiderable part of the purchase price of the railroad system. The bill for destroying the confidence of domestic investors would be incalculably larger.

It may be possible to confiscate all private capital and then run the country on a communistic plan. Our radical friends say it would be; and, so long as it is a matter of pure conjecture—never having been tried—we cheerfully grant them the benefit of the doubt.

It is, however, absolutely impossible to run the country on a capitalistic plan without treating capital fairly and sustaining the confidence of investors. Obviously the capitalistic plan cannot possibly be worked in any other way.

Two American Schools

THE two schools are only a few miles apart. Both prepare pupils for college. One cost a million dollars. The building is new and handsome. In its construction nothing approved by science to insure the health and comfort of the inmates has been omitted. It is fireproof; there is abundant light; the ventilation is admirable. The equipment is fairly lavish—including laboratory, gymnasium and assembly room.

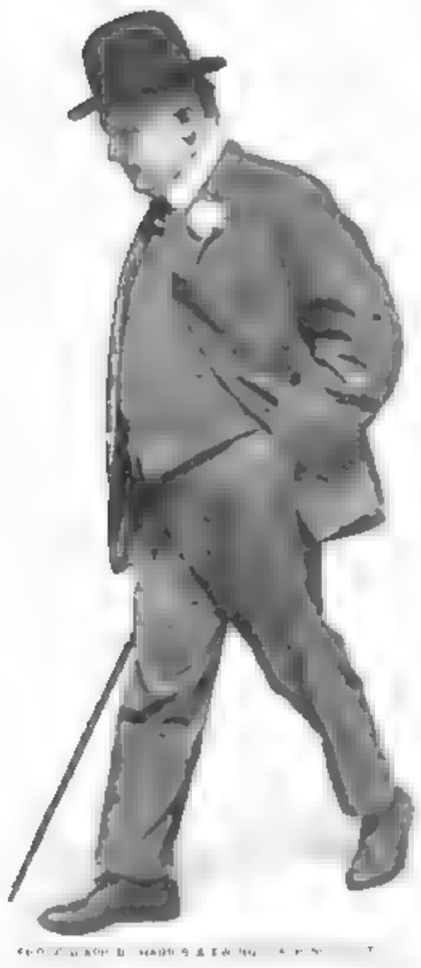
The other school cost less than a tenth as much. The building is old, ugly and inferior. It is not well lighted and the ventilation is indifferent.

The first, you say, is a school for the rich and the second a school for the poor; but, in fact, it is just the other way round. The second school possesses one immense superiority over the first. To attend it costs from seven hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars a year for every pupil, while the first school is free. A very poor girl might go to the first but she could not possibly go to the second. Hence, in the eyes of many fond parents, the incalculable advantage of the second school over the first.

We do not mean that this is a picture of all private and all public schools. We do mean there are many exclusive private schools which demonstrate that for the blessed privilege of being snobs we cheerfully pay through the nose.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The New Ambassador—or Rather Minister—to Portugal

THE country is all cluttered up with colonels and judges and generals—and such—who never saw any service whatsoever, but clamped on their titles mainly because ironical neighbors thus referred to them.

Former Colonel—now General—Robert J. Wynne was warm, as we used to say in the forfeit games, when one day he told a cross-examining lawyer, who was curious as to the validity of the colonel's "Colonel," that any person who has lived in Washington for twenty-five years has that rank by right; but Wynne did not get to the exact bottom of it. The fact is, any person is entitled to any title he can get away with, whether he served or only stood and waited.

However, no person with the interests of truth and veracity at heart—as is always the case in these veritable memoirs—can or ever could say that Colonel Thomas H. Birch, of Burlington, New Jersey, was not and is not a colonel by full bestowal on him of the title, and all appurtenances thereof, by a competent and high-appointing person.

The colonel is a colonel. It may be he never wore his uniform on parade but once; it may be he was canned almost as soon as he was colonelized; it may be he acted, now and then when in full regalia, on that glorious and never-to-be-forgotten day as if he were an entrant in the high-jump class at the horse show and his sword was the hurdle—but what of that?

He served faithfully and well; and he perpetuated himself by hurrying to the photograph gallery and forever plastering that gaudy and gilded suit of clothes, with himself inside, on a sensitized plate, whereof lifelike and gorgeous duplications can and have been made and duly signed: Your sincere friend, COLONEL Thomas H. Birch. And, mark you, he now represents this country in a high official capacity at Lisbon, Portugal. Some colonel! as the saying is.

His capacity is high and it is official. There can be no doubt of either statement; but, owing to what those of us who use the language of diplomacy call "rapproshmong"—and we are now dealing with a diplomatist—there seemed to be for the instant a lack of "rapproshmong" between the colonel and The Colonel—that is to say, Colonel Birch and Colonel Bryan did not seem to coördinate—for, though Colonel Bryan had Colonel Birch appointed Minister to Portugal, Colonel Birch was of the opinion he had been appointed Ambassador to Portugal.

Now it is reasonably difficult for the ordinary citizen to become an ambassador to a country with which we have no ambassadorial relations; but not so to a colonel from New Jersey. Colonel Birch solved the difficulty and cut the Gordian knot. A simple expedient it was too. He had prepared a large amount of most expensive and highly embossed letter paper bearing the legend, American Embassy, Lisbon, Portugal—and there he was!

Odd to say, there was some demur over this, inasmuch as the raising of countries to ambassadorial rank still rests with Congress; and a compromise was reached. The colonel retained his letter paper, but he had printed on his cards: Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Portugal. And Professor John Bassett Moore, who invented international law, is now engaged in pondering whether Colonel Birch is an ambassinister or a ministador. No denying, however, that he is a colonel!

A close tie exists between Colonel Birch and Colonel Bryan; for in 1896, when Colonel Bryan—then a private—was running for president on the well-remembered ratio of sixteen to one, not one in sixteen hundred of the business Democrats in New Jersey but scuttled into the high grass, emerging only on election day to vote for McKinley.

What's Diplomacy Between Colonels?

THERE were a few who stuck. One was Colonel Thomas H. Birch, also a private at that time; and it amounted to something, for the colonel-in-future's papa was a wagon and carriage maker at Burlington, in that state, and hence a business man. Young Mr. Birch went all over the state with Mr. Bryan when Mr. Bryan went over it in that campaign.

Though Colonel Birch was not yet a colonel, he maintained at that time the neat little side whiskers which still adorn him, having grown and nurtured them for the purpose of looking his part. So time passed on and presently Woodrow Wilson came to have a place in New Jersey politics; and Birch was on the spot.

When the first of the New Jersey contingent got to Baltimore, a week or so before the convention that nominated Mr. Wilson for the presidency, the parade was led by Ed Grosscup, the Democratic state chairman, and Thomas H. Birch, and was followed by a van containing Birch's wardrobe, which consisted at the moment of fourteen suits of clothes, with socks, spats, shirts, ties and hats to match, T. H. Birch furnishing the complexion and having that with him, and establishing the Baltimore-convention record for shifting suits.

It so happened that in December, 1912, Governor Wilson's personal aide died, and when Mr. Wilson went to Chicago to make the only speech he made between his election and inauguration Grosscup and Joe Tumulty, who went along, had Mr. Wilson make Birch his personal aide, which at one and the same time made him Colonel Birch.

The colonel, being a nifty dresser, dressed the part of colonel niftily. He bought all the togs, from spurs to spangles; and he donned the whole affair on inauguration day in Washington and added much splendor to the occasion. But Jim Fielder, who came in as acting governor of New Jersey, had some personal ideas about personal aides and he picked out his own man. Thus Colonel Birch went on the retired list automatically when W. Wilson entered the White House; but he retained his beautiful uniform, and he can wear it at the court in Lisbon if they chance to have a court there during his ambassinisterial reign.

It was with no surprise that the Democrats of New Jersey learned, at twelve-one P. M. on March 4, 1913, that Colonel Birch intended to take diplomatic service abroad. They knew it. No man with a title, a uniform, and the other qualifications of the colonel could do aught but become a representative of this country abroad.

Cuba appealed first. Presently Colonel Birch bethought himself of Belgium, but Colonel Bryan suggested Persia, urging as one fine reason for the fitness of Colonel Birch for the post that the rugs manufactured in that country frequently carry designs that match the coloration of Colonel Birch's clothes.

However, the colonel declined Persia, and Portugal was offered to him.

Then came the slight misunderstanding about the rank of Portugal as a diplomatic center, and the vast production of the colonel's pictures in uniform, so his friends might remember him in his warlike aspects.

He has sailed; by this time Lisbon knows him and probably his uniform, and there is more excitement than there has been since they eliminated Manuel.

This story teaches us many things, the first being this: How beautiful is a friendship between a colonel and a colonel—not of the superlative beauty that means Belgium mayhap, but reasonably beautiful for all that—beautiful enough to mean Portugal. The second thing this story teaches us is this: It is always well to have a picture taken while a colonel, for colonels are not colonels always. And the third is that, if one is appointed to a place and the place is not of sufficient importance, the obvious thing to do is to raise the rank of the place oneself.

Good Night!

New Pumps

A PUMP is a queer sort of an anchor, but it has been found to be the best kind of an anchor for a sandy bottom. The new anchor consists of a heavy piece of metal with a hole down through the center and a tube from this hole to the ship, so that water can be pumped from the ship down through the tube and out of the bottom of the metal mass. When this anchor drops to the sandy bottom and the pump is started, it makes quicksand of the material round it so that it sinks in deep. When the pumping stops the sand hardens and holds the anchor. To raise the anchor it is necessary only to start pumping again and loosen the sand.

MILES PER HOUR
TOTAL
DISTANCE
TRIP
WARNER
AUTO-METER
MAGNETIC TYPE
PATENTED
PRICE $145
No 0-3
IMPERIAL PALACE
PETERHOF
NICHOLAS II
EMPEROR OF RUSSIA
CZARS
SUMMER HOME
CZAR AND HIS DAUGHTERS LEAVING THE PALACE IN IMPERIAL CAR EQUIPPED WITH WARNER AUTO-METER ..
COURTESY OF "MOTOR"

Used by his Imperial Majesty the Czar of Russia

THE Warner Auto-Meter is invariably the choice of those who can afford the best. On high priced cars, in every country, it is used to almost the exclusion of all other makes.

The Czar of Russia uses Warner (magnetic) Auto-Meters on his personal motor cars.

The motor cars of most of the reigning houses in Europe are equipped with Warners—the aristocrat of speedometers. The list of foreign dignitaries and diplomats, who insist on the Warner, continues to grow every season.

Nowadays it is difficult to find a prominent American whose cars are not equipped with the famous Warner Auto-Meter.

The ever increasing patronage of such international celebrities is only further recognition of the superiority of the Warner (magnetic) Auto-Meter.

At the recent French Automobile Show, held in Paris, 110 cars were equipped with American speedometers. Of these 102 were equipped with our magnetic type instrument, leaving but 8 cars equipped with other American made instruments of the centrifugal type.

At the last London automobile show the magnetic speedometer was again on the greatest number of cars. This was accomplished in face of the fiercest kind of competition waged by a dozen American and English manufacturers of centrifugal speedometers.

At the recent Importers' Show held at the Hotel Astor, New York City, practically every car exhibited (and they were all foreign) was equipped with a Warner (magnetic) Auto-Meter.

At the New York Automobile Show, held at Grand Central Palace (American cars only) practically every car on the floor, costing over $2000, was equipped with a Warner (magnetic) Auto-Meter.

At the Chicago Show (held the latter part of this month at the Coliseum) the advance schedule shows that over 95% of the cars to be shown will be equipped with magnetic speedometers.

If you could follow the local automobile shows from city to city, all over America; if you could visit wherever high grade cars congregate, you would, in almost every single case, find the Warner the only speedometer being used.

Over 90% of the world's manufacturers of the high priced cars use the Warner in preference to all other types. And they willingly pay about twice as much as other types cost. They have learned, by experience, that it is impossible to sell a high grade car unless its equipment is the equal in quality of the car itself. They know, from experience, that the magnetic speedometer always squares up with the correct interpretation of quality.

And these are but a few of the abundant and noteworthy facts which should impress you with the importance of seeing that the car you buy is equipped with a Warner (magnetic) Auto-Meter—the world's high grade speed and mileage indicator. Do not take anything else. No matter how good the car, if the speedometer is not on a par with the quality of the car, the manufacturer is skimping on equipment, at your expense.

You can have a Warner on the car you buy if you insist on it

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION

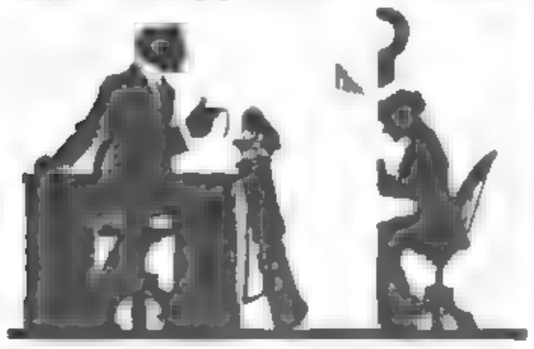
Philadelphia, Detroit, Cleveland, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Los Angeles, London, Paris, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Indianapolis

Factories: Beloit, Wisc.—Chicago, Ill.

Nearly 100 Service Stations

WARNER AUTO-METER.

Do you spend all of the morning dictating your mail, and then



wait all of the afternoon for the letters to be written?

And correct and sign them after closing time, going home to a late dinner and missing evening engagements?

Not if you use an

EDISON DICTATING MACHINE

Prevent Substitution, Specify "Made by Edison"

With the Edison you dictate without waiting for a stenographer and without interruptions. As you dictate, your letters are being typewritten, so that the letters are ready for your signature shortly after you finish dictating. Because the operator writes just what she hears, there is no time lost in deciphering notes and no errors calling for your close supervision.

The Edison Dictating Machine has been developed to its present advanced design by a corps of experts under the personal supervision of Thomas A. Edison. It is the machine approved and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, and the *only* dictating machine equipped with an Auto Index for conveying corrections, instructions, etc., to the transcriber. Its many mechanical and electrical advantages are explained in our booklets, which you should read before investigating.

Service everywhere, including the principal Canadian cities

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED
227 Lakeside Avenue Orange, N. J.

SEND IN THIS COUPON

Thomas A. Edison, Inc.
227 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Please send me your 24-page brochure, "*The Goose, the Typewriter and the Wizard*" describing how the Edison Dictating Machine may be adapted to my work, and your booklet on its mechanical and electrical advantages.

Name

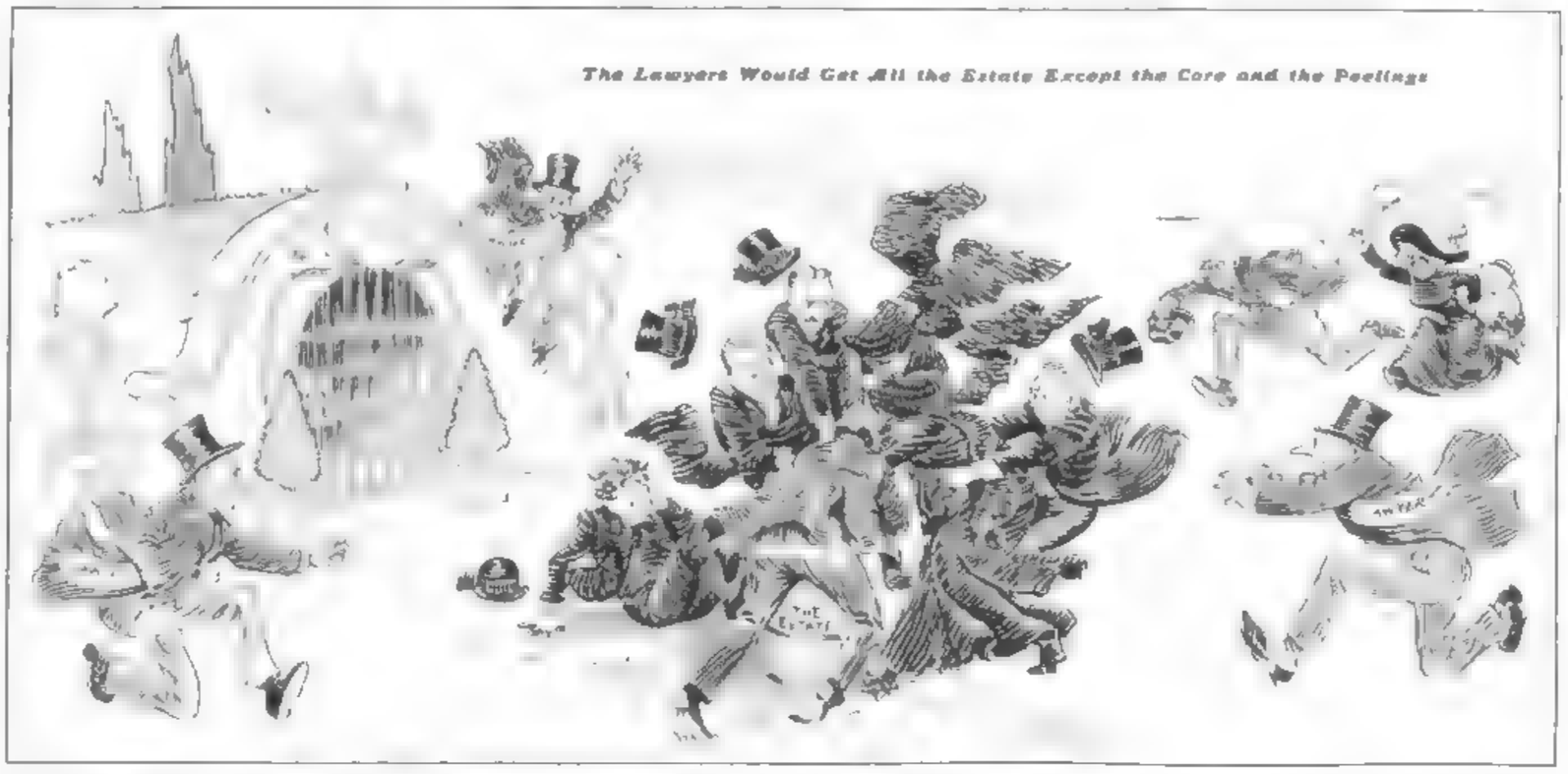
Firm

Address

Shakspere's Seven Ages and Mine

"LAST SCENE OF ALL"—By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON



. . . . The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion—
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

AS YOU LIKE IT—Act II, Scene VII.

AGAIN it becomes necessary in the interests of truth to call attention to a few discrepancies between the sixth age of man as Shakspere observed it and the sixth age of man as we observe it; for, with us, old Mr. Pantaloon is not so very likely to be lean and slippered. He is more apt to be plump and pumped—plump as to figure and patent-leather-pumped as to feet; and his pouch, if he has one, is generally worn in front, with a silken waistcoat buttoned over it. His hose is youthful though; likewise his clothes and his hat—not to mention his manner. Old young men are common in these times; but young old ones are just as common—if not more so.

There was always one thing about old gentlemen I could never understand: Country life is supposed to be a healthier life than city life. Take two boys—a country boy and a city boy—at the same age. Always in fiction and quite often in fact the country boy is a sturdy, broad-heamed, normal youngster—bronzed, bare-legged and full-breasted. On the contrary his city cousin—unless the popular conception errs—is scrawny and thin and pale-bleached, with weak eyes and pipestem legs.

With the license that belongs to all historical writers we now skip lightly over forty or fifty intervening years and take a look at the same contrasting pair when they are grandsires. Exhibit A is frequently noted to be a caved-in and wheezy figure, kinked into a human pretzel by rheumatism and feeble on his pins. Exhibit B, meaning by that the city-raised specimen, is very often an erect and light-footed old gentleman carrying his age with an air, stepping out briskly, sound in wind and limb.

One has lived close to Nature. Throughout his life he has been eating simple food, sleeping eight hours a night, going to bed early and getting up early, never indulging in excesses—and he is a wreck. The other all these years has been taking all manner of chances with himself. He has lived under artificial and enervating conditions, whetting his mind on constant excitement, burning up his energies in feverish pursuits of business and pleasure, eating and drinking whatever was distinctly not good for him, going home when he did not have anywhere else to go. He never went to bed with the chickens because he much preferred to stay up for the larks.

By all the rules he should have died seven or eight times before he reached middle age. And here he is at sixty-five or seventy or seventy-five, pink and pert, and all primped up. I wish somebody would explain to me why this is so. It is not reasonable and it is not natural, and it is not normal; but it keeps right on occurring.

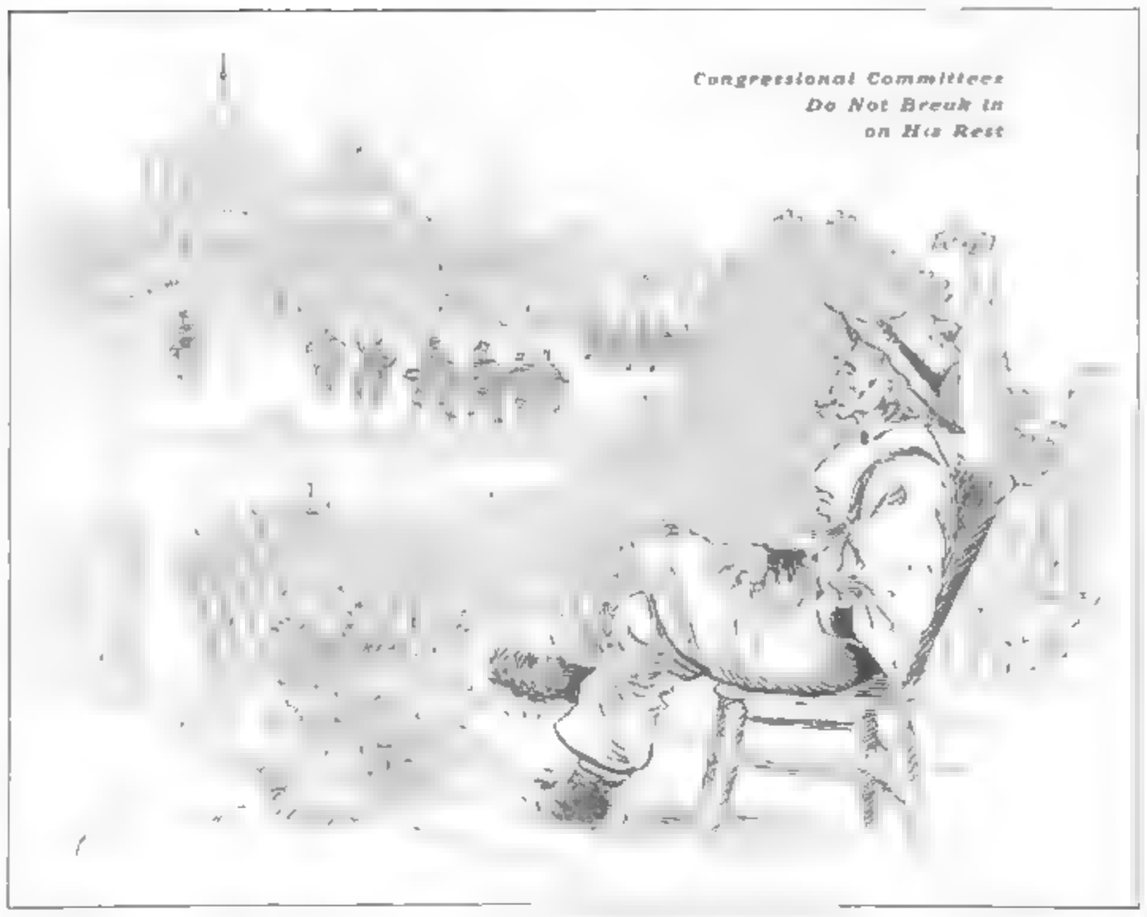
Be all that as it may and generally is, when a man gets along toward the sixth stage of life he has in a great majority of cases either made his pile or else he has quit trying. If, like most of us, he set out to accumulate a million he either has it or he knows he is never going to have it, and is probably as well satisfied as if he had it.

Some people think baseball is the national pastime of this country; it is not. The game that everybody plays, the game that never loses its fascination, that is as absorbing in winter as in summer, is the game of wondering what you would do if you only had a million dollars. Some play it with their eyes open—some while sleeping on their backs.

There are ninety million people, more or less, in this country, and I'll venture that sometime during the past month all of us except a few have sat in thought and wondered what we would do if we only had a million dollars of our own. The exceptional few are those who have their million. They have quit wondering. Some of them have quit thinking too—some of the younger ones, who inherited theirs. Have you been reading the society columns of the New York papers lately?

Probably the man who gets the most enjoyment out of his million is the man who earns about a hundred dollars a month, and knows that a hundred dollars a month is as much as he ever will earn; so in his spare time he just hops in and spends his million on mental automobiles and figurative champagne, with an utter disregard for expense. He is the one who gets the worth of his money every pop because that kind of automobile never runs over anybody and that kind of champagne never leaves a sealing-wax taste in the mouth on the morning after the night before, nor puts a nap on the tongue that would be entirely suitable for a plush album but is distinctly out of keeping for a tongue.

He Has a Billion Dollars' Worth of Negotiable Collateral and We Each Have a Billion Dollars' Worth of Durable Digestion



I wish I had a dollar for every time I have played the national game myself. I should have my million by now. And if so be I did have it I presume I should do with my million what most people do with their millions. If a man got his million by working for it the weight of the evidence shows that he will probably break down his health trying to double or even treble it. If somebody died and left it to him the chances are that he will break down his health just the same trying to spend it.

After all, there are only two kinds of money in the world—the kind that is hard to get and easy to keep, and the kind that is easy to get and hard to keep. This, I take it, helps to explain why fortunes swell up so rapidly and shrink away so expeditiously here among us. The first generation collects the fortune; the second spends it; the third repines because it is spent; and the fourth starts in to reassemble it again.

In playing the fascinating game of wondering what we would do if we had a million, most of us follow the same general rules. We start in by setting aside a large sum for charity and good deeds. That is the first move on the board. Then we reconsider; we cut down the charity allowance somewhat. We shall still be philanthropists, but we shall not be downright foolish and reckless about it. Instead of supporting four poor families and one touring car we shall support four touring cars and one poor family.

Charity, we reflect, begins at home anyway; so we proceed to draw a brain-picture of the home. It is built of marble and has about eighty rooms in it, and an art gallery, and a Roman bath of white marble, and a shooting preserve adjacent, and a few other trifling facilities that are lacking in the modest home we occupy at present. Naturally, with a place such as this to maintain and private yachts to buy, and other expenses of a similar nature to be met, we cannot afford to engage in miscellaneous philanthropy on too gorgeous a scale—can we? It would not be right, would it?

We owe something to ourselves and to society, and to our position in life. Wealth—the ownership of wealth—certainly entails its responsibilities; already it is giving us splitting headaches to figure out everything properly, and, after all, what is one million? One million does not go so very far when you come to think it over. We shall need at least two millions, and very possibly three—and just about that time the alarm clock goes off and it is time to get up and go to work.

There is one point, though, on which we are all agreed in our own minds: Each of us says to himself that when he gets his million he is not going to behave as so many of those who have already got their millions are behaving. And yet I have no doubt that almost any one of us would measure up to the accepted standards.

If we had collected that gratifying million by living on well water and hickory-nuts, by skinning our fellow man down to his suspender buckles, by stuffing our ears with cottonwool and currency every time the cry of affliction was raised in our vicinity, we should imitate the horrible examples offered by those who acquired theirs according to that formula. We should be desperately miserable because somebody else had made five millions—or ten—in the time it took us to make one; and we should work like dogs trying to close up the gap.

With the job still unfinished we should die, disappointed and broken-hearted. And then we should be laid away, after a spirited argument for the defense by the officiating clergyman.

Our heirs would erect above us a mausoleum about the size of a county jail and about as pretty looking. With the utmost regret the papers would dig up all the hidden chapters of our lives and print them in full, with large headlines.

The extra family, that so often turns up in Oregon or Texas—or somewhere—would begin suing the regular and orthodox set of relatives to break the will; or some dissatisfied legatee would undertake to prove that we had been congenitally weak-minded during the last twenty years of our lives. And the lawyers would get all the estate except the core and the peelings.

Or, for the sake of getting the other side of the picture, let us say that our million came to us as a gift. Let us assume that a rich uncle died in the Klondike and left us a million. If you have no rich uncle in the Klondike, wish yourself one. It's no trouble; I have done it often.

Each one of us says to himself that he would not fritter away his Klondike uncle's million in riotous living—no, siree! I should be sure of myself under such circumstances, but I am not so sure about you; you feel the same way in regard to me. Possibly we are both mistaken.

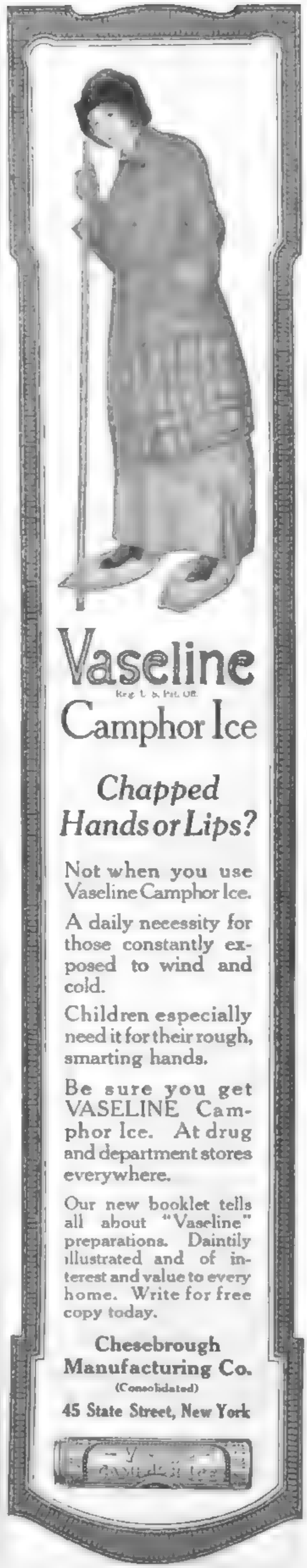
Personally I have known just one person who woke up in the morning and found he had become a millionaire over night. At one jump he had been lifted out of the fifteen-dollars-a-week mass into the fifteen-dollars-an-hour class. He made quite a showing, too, considering how short a time he lasted after getting his fortune. For quite a spell he qualified as a living third-alarm, but at the end of eight red and burning months, during which the odor of incinerated currency was quite noticeable wherever he passed, oblivion claimed him.

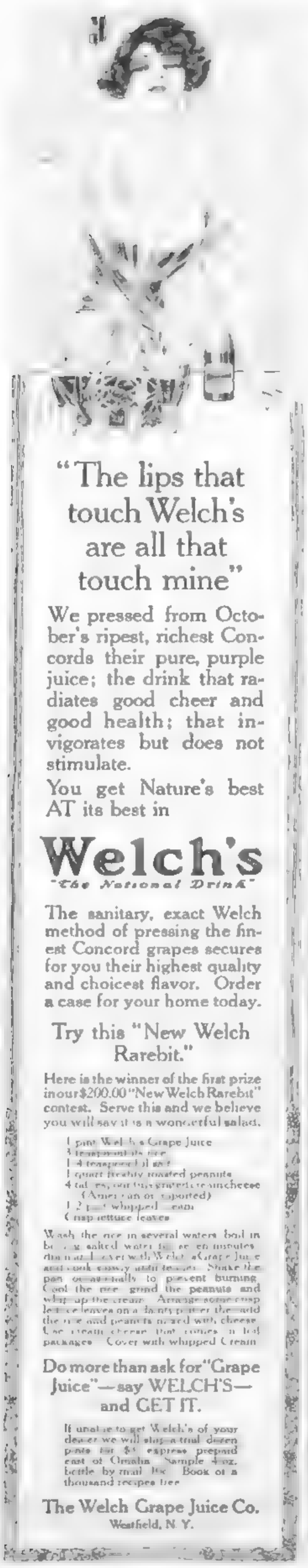
As I recall now, he left behind him ninety suits of clothes, no two alike, and the record of having made the best standing high jump, the best running broad jump and the best straight up-and-down jump ever made by a man wearing a straitjacket and bedroom slippers at the time. His menagerie must have died with him. None of the animals were ever seen round the hospital afterward.

So that is why I am worried for what may befall those I regard as being temperamentally unfitted to sustain the shock of getting their million all in one hot and feverish chunk. As for myself, as I said just now, I have no fears. I am perfectly willing to take a chance. Uncles or others desiring to leave a million to a worthy person are invited to address the writer in care of this publication; triflers, save stamps.

However, returning to the original topic, let us consider the man who has passed his sixtieth milestone or his seventieth, and who either has amassed his million by now or else has quit trying. If he does not have it he is probably just as well off. Congressional committees do not break in on his rest. The professional muckraker passes him by on the other side. If he has it he

The First Generation Collects
the Fortune; the Second
Spends It; the Third Repines Because It is Spent; and the Fourth Starts In to Reassemble It Again


Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Camphor Ice
Chapped
Hands or Lips?
Not when you use Vaseline Camphor Ice.
A daily necessity for those constantly exposed to wind and cold.
Children especially need it for their rough, smarting hands.
Be sure you get VASELINE Camphor Ice. At drug and department stores everywhere.
Our new booklet tells all about "Vaseline" preparations. Daintily illustrated and of interest and value to every home. Write for free copy today.
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
(Consolidated)
45 State Street, New York



"The lips that touch Welch's are all that touch mine"

We pressed from October's ripest, richest Concords their pure, purple juice; the drink that radiates good cheer and good health; that invigorates but does not stimulate.

You get Nature's best AT its best in

Welch's

"The National Drink"

The sanitary, exact Welch method of pressing the finest Concord grapes secures for you their highest quality and choicest flavor. Order a case for your home today.

Try this "New Welch Rarebit."

Here is the winner of the first prize in our $200.00 "New Welch Rarebit" contest. Serve this and we believe you will say it is a wonderful salad.

1 pint Welch's Grape Juice
3 teaspoonfuls rice
1-4 teaspoonful salt
1 quart freshly roasted peanuts
4 cakes, cut fine, pure American cheese (American or imported)
1 2 pint whipped cream
Crisp lettuce leaves

Wash the rice in several waters, boil in boiling salted water for ten minutes, drain and cover with Welch's Grape Juice and cook slowly until tender. Shake the pan occasionally to prevent burning. Cool the rice, grind the peanuts and whip up the cream. Arrange some crisp lettuce leaves on a dainty platter, add the rice and peanuts mixed with cheese. Use cream cheese that comes in foil packages. Cover with whipped cream.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—say WELCH'S—and GET IT.

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3 express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-oz. bottle by mail 10c. Book of a thousand recipes free.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

has doubtless discovered that there are a lot of things money will not buy; and so we might as well offer our sympathies to him—poor man!

Consider the item of descendants, for example. No man in this country is so poor but what he may, with average luck, have stalwart sons and comely daughters to cheer him in his old age; but the average very rich man seems to be exceedingly poverty-stricken in this regard. How often does one read in the Newport advices or the Palm Beach dispatches that the wealthy Miss So-and-So has an interesting face; and if her picture happens to accompany the paragraph we see that it is more than merely interesting—it borders on the startling.

We Should be Desperately Miserable Because Somebody Else Had Made Five Millions

Pulchritude is one of the things that uncounted millions cannot buy. Indeed, some millions are not able even to pronounce it. And when an inordinately wealthy father reflects that the chances are about even whether his son and heir will turn out a mollycoddle or a molly-coddler, the thought must give him pause. Of course all rich men's sons do not turn out so; still, the percentage is high enough, if it occur in the Fruit Belt, to warrant the experts in wiring to Washington that the crop looks like a total loss.

There is an elderly gentleman of means, who shall be nameless here, who was reputed to have upward of a billion on hand when last he took the old wool sock down off the kitchen joist and checked up. At first blush this seems to be a reasonably large and nutritious sum of currency.

With that amount scattered round the place in lard cans and milk crocks and things we figure that a man might keep the wolf from the door for quite an appreciable period of time; but remember this, gentle reader: While you and I are sitting down these brisk, cool mornings to a soldiers' monument of flapjacks and a rosary of country sausages, and maybe on the side a few fried eggs and whatnot, this gentleman, if all reports be true, is contemplating a breakfast composed of several pepsin pellets and something resembling a disheveled poultice. He has a billion dollars' worth of negotiable collateral and we each have a billion dollars' worth of durable digestion—and are not in the market for a trade either.

A financial genius such as we know him to be could always get more money if he lost what he had—he could sit on a barren rock in the middle of a desert island and draw the legal rate of interest; but if you or I should part from our digestive apparatus we should be a long time finding another that would fit us as well and give as good satisfaction as the present incumbent does.

I have heard of a good many instances similar to this one. A man of wealth spends the best years of his life developing a discriminating appetite. He devotes time and money to this enterprise. He reaches that stage where he will not eat his cheese until he can drink it. His grouse comes to him accompanied by a blue halo and a complaint from the health department. His vintages are the rare and costly kinds. The Sunday newspapers are fond of telling how much he pays his chef and what his cigars cost apiece. And just about that time dyspepsia tags him for its own, and life for him becomes just one sour-milk product after another.

He erects for himself a stone residence about the size and general dimensions of a union depot—a splendid mansion that has every kind of room in it except a room where a body can sit down and be comfortable. Such is his domicile; but when a person who looks as though he might be a process-server comes a-knocking at the portals he is moved to skin out of the Gothic kitchen door and climb over the Corinthian back fence, or retreat to the Ionic coal cellar and nestle in hiding among the Renaissance anthracite.

Eventually tiring of these alarms he nails up the front windows and leaves a caretaker in charge and goes away to live at hotels and on ocean liners. And yet in his early days that same man may have been happy and contented in a mining camp or a construction shack. Such cases have been known.

He dies and mayhap his widow weds a youthful art critic who knows intimately the oil paintings behind every bar on Broadway—mayhap, too, the heirs quarrel over the estate and fritter their inheritance away; for, as I said before and as others have said repeatedly before I said it, there are certain things money cannot buy. Still, most of us would like to have a chance to prove the truth or falsity of this statement for ourselves, instead of taking some other person's word for it. We are willing to experiment.

Yet, if we only paused long enough to think it over—there is not a chance in the world that we will pause and think it over, but if only we did—we might be brought to realize that some of the biggest successes of this world did not have much money.

I never heard that Benjamin Franklin left a large fortune behind him; but in his old age, his mind being salted by experience—salted but not soured—he gave to posterity the legacy of a soothing philosophy that has endured longer than any fortune of dollars would have endured.

Abe Lincoln was not a rich man, as rich men go. Very probably he would not have been a rich man had he lived out his allotted years; he was not built for a moneygetter or a moneykeeper. Homer died a beggar and Æsop was a slave; and Edgar Allan Poe went lean and hungry most of his days.

Shakspere, dying, bequeathed to the world very little except a shelfful of badly spelled plays. And yet if ever I heard the name of the richest man of Shakspere's day it has escaped me; while there is not an actor alive today who does not aspire to play Hamlet some of these times.

Reflections such as these should be very comforting to the great majority of us, who will never be rich in our old age. On the other hand very few of us in our old age, or even before that, will write a Poor Richard's Almanac, or a Gettysburg Address, or an Iliad—at least, the publishers do not expect any large output of such works.

Still, we can at least all hope and pray that when we pass from the Sixth Age into the Seventh and last sans teeth, perhaps, and sans eyes, sans taste we shall still have retained our own self-respect and the respect of our fellow men.

The richest old man I ever knew had trouble sometimes when paying his poll tax. His check would have come back from the bank, but his face was good for any amount among children; for he had mastered the art of getting old gracefully and gently—or else it came to him naturally. People were happier for his having lived among them; and he was the happier for it too.

He had been a soldier, and his was the side that lost too; but I never heard him speak a harsh word or a bitter one against the winners. He belonged to no church, but he preached the broadest and the kindest and the lovingest doctrine that one might hope to hear. I do not mean to imply by this that he lacked convictions, for he had them and the courage of them; but he conceded that other people had a right to their opinions.

In time those afflictions of age that Shakspere has described came upon him. His figure, which had been arrow-straight, bent under the burden of his three-score and ten years; yet, seeing him so, you thought of the simile of a kindly old tree drooping, with each recurring season, ever nearer and nearer the earth that had nurtured it. His brain stayed clear—the old tree was not dying at the top first.

His eyes grew dim, but the fires of an unquenchable youthfulness of spirit still flickered genially in them. His voice cracked, but became as certain bells that chime all the sweeter for having cracks in them. He was alone in the world, but he was not lonely. A whole community loved him.

Finally one day he fell asleep. When he woke he was in the company of those kindly and tolerant old philosophers whose sayings he had so loved to repeat. I remember that it snowed on the day of his funeral. Through the whirling white flurries the sorrowing town came to see him laid away, and the snow had covered the mound with a soft white covering almost as soon as the spade of the sexton shaped it and smoothed it. A millionaire might have envied him then, for his funeral was another one of the things that money cannot buy.

Second childhood is not such a grievous burden if we have kept some of the spirit of our other childhood to sweeten and savor it.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Irvin S. Cobb.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A COLLEGE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 7)

directed at individuals, but at the ideas and traditions they blandly and blindly followed—"And yet carping critics of the greatest nation on earth try to make out that art and intellectuality are not properly recognized in the States. Pessimists! Look at our picture galleries, filled with old masters from abroad! Think how that helps American artists! Look at our colleges, crowded with buildings more costly than Oxford's! Think how that encourages American teachers! Simply because an occasional foreign professor gets higher pay—bah! There are better things than money. For example, this!"

And he bent to his mower again, with much the same derisively dignified strut as on that memorable day long ago when I came and saw and was conquered by it—only then he wore black silk sleeves and now white shirtsleeves.

And so much for dignity.

I soon saw that if I were to be a help and not a hindrance to the man I loved I should have to depart from what I had been carefully trained to regard as woman's only true sphere. Do not be alarmed! I had no thought of leaving home or husband. It is simply that the home, in the industrial sense, is leaving the house—seventy-five per cent of it social scientists say, has gone already—so that nowadays a wife must go out after it or else find some new-fashioned productive substitute if she really intends to be an old-fashioned helpmate to her husband.

It was not a feminist theory but a financial condition that confronted us. My done-over trousseau would not last forever, nor would Carl's present intellectual wardrobe, which was becoming threadbare. Travel abroad and foreign study are just as necessary for an American scholar as foreign buying is for an American dealer in trousseaus.

I thought of many plans; but in a college town a woman's opportunities are so limited. We are not paid enough to be ladies, though we are required to dress and act like them do not forget that point. And yet, when willing to stop being a lady, what could one do?

Finally I thought of dropping entirely out of the social, religious and charitable activities of the town, investing in a typewriter and subscribing to a correspondence-school course in stenography. I could at least help Carl prepare his lectures and relieve him of the burden of letter writing, thus giving him more time for book reviewing and other potboiling jobs, which were not only delaying his own book but making him burn the candle at both ends in the strenuous effort to make both ends meet.

I knew Carl would object, but I had not expected such an outburst of profane rage as followed my announcement. The poor boy was dreadfully tired, and for months, like the thoroughbred he was, he had repressed his true feelings under a quiet, quizzical smile.

"My heavens! What next?" he cried, jumping up and pacing the floor. "Haven't you already given up everything you were accustomed to—every innocent pleasure you deserve—every wholesome diversion you actually need in this God-forsaken, monotonous hole? Haven't I already dragged you down—you, a lovely, fine-grained, highly evolved woman—down to the position of a servant in my house? And now, on top of all this —— No, by God! I won't have it! I tell you I won't have it!"

It may be a shocking confession, but I loved him for that wicked oath. He looked so splendid—all fire and furious determination, as when he used to rush up to the net in the deciding game of a tennis match, cool and quick as lightning.

An Astonishing Discovery

"You are right, Carl dear," I said, kissing his profane lips; for I had learned long since never to argue with him. "I am too good to be a mere household drudge. It's an economic waste of superior ability. That's why I am going to be your secretary and save you time and money enough to get and keep a competent maid."

"But I tell you ——"

"I know, dear; but what are we going to do about it? We can't go on this way. They've got us down—are we going to let them keep us down? Look into the future! Look at poor old Professor Culberson. Look at half of the older members of the Faculty! They have ceased to grow; their usefulness is over; they are all gone to seed—because they hadn't the courage or the cash to develop anything but their characters!"

Carl looked thoughtful. He had gained an idea for his book and, like a true scholar, forgot for the moment our personal situation.

"Really, you know," he mused, "does it pay Society to reward its individuals in inverse ratio to their usefulness?" He took out his pocket notebook and wrote: "Society itself suffers for rewarding that low order of cunning called business sense with the ultimate control of all other useful talents." He closed his notebook and smiled.

"And yet they call the present economic order safe and sane! And all of us who throw the searchlight of truth on it—dangerous theorists! Can you beat it?"

"Well," I rejoined, not being a scholar, "there's nothing dangerous about my theory. Instead of your stenographer becoming your wife, your wife becomes your stenographer—far safer and saner than the usual order. Men are much more apt to fall in love with lively little typewriters than with fat, flabby wives."

Though it was merely to make a poor joke out of a not objectionable necessity, my plan, as it turned out, was far wiser than I realized.

First, I surreptitiously card-catalogued the notes and references for Carl's "epoch-making book," as one of the sweet, vague wives of the Faculty always called her husband's volumes, which she never read. Then I learned to take down his lectures, to look up data in the library, to verify quotations, and even lent a hand in the book reviewing.

Soon I began to feel more than a mere consumer's interest—a producer's interest—in Carl's work. And then a wonderful thing happened: My husband began to see—just in time, I believe—that a wife could be more than a passive and more or less desirable appendage to a man's life—an active and intelligent partner in it. And he looked at me with a new and wondering respect, which was rather amusing, but very dear.

He had made the astonishing discovery that his wife had a mind!

Years of piano practice had helped to make my fingers nimble for the typewriter, and for this advantage I was duly grateful to the family's old-fashioned ideals, though I fear they did not appreciate my gratitude. Once, when visiting them during the holidays, I was laughingly boasting, before some guests invited to meet me at luncheon, about my part in the writing of Carl's History of Property, which had been dedicated to me and was now making a sensation in the economic world, though our guests in the social world had never heard of it.

Suddenly I saw a curious, uncomfortable look come over the faces of the family. Then I stopped and remembered that nowadays wives—nice wives, that is—are not supposed to be helpmates to their husbands except in name; quite as spinsters no longer spin. They can help him spend. At that they are truly better halves, but to help him earn is not nice. To our guests it could mean only one thing—namely, that my husband could not afford a secretary. Well, he could not. What of it?

For a moment I had the disquieting sensation of having paraded my poverty—a form of vulgarity that Carl and I detest as heartily as a display of wealth.

The family considerately informed me afterward, however, that they thought me brave to sacrifice myself so cheerfully. Dear me! I was not being brave. I was not being cheerful. I was being happy. There is no sacrifice in working for the man you love. And if you can do it with him—why, I conceitedly thought it quite a distinction. Few women have the ability or enterprise to attain it!

One of my sisters who, like me, had failed to "marry well" valeted for her husband; but somehow that seemed to be all right. For my part I never could see why it is more womanly to do menial work for a man than intellectual work with him. I have done both and ought to know. . . . Can it be merely because the one is done strictly in the home or because no one can see you do it? Or is it merely because it is unskilled labor?

It is all right for the superior sex to do skilled labor, but a true womanly woman must do only unskilled labor, and a fine lady none at all—so clothed as to prevent it and so displayed as to prove it, thus advertising to the world that the man who pays for her can also pay for secretaries and all sorts of expensive things. Is that the old idea?

If so I am afraid most college professors' wives should give up the old-fashioned expensive pose of ladyhood and join the new womanhood!

Our Sabbatical Year

Well, as it turned out, we were enabled to spend our sabbatical year abroad—just in time to give Carl a new lease of life mentally and me physically; for both of us were on the verge of breaking down before we left.

Such a wonderful year! Revisiting his old haunts; attending lectures together in the German and French universities; working side by side in the great libraries; and meeting the great men of his profession at dinner! Then, between whiles, we had the best art and music thrown in! Ah, those are the only real luxuries we miss and long for! Indeed, to us, they are not really luxuries. Beauty is a necessity to some persons, like exercise; though others can get along perfectly well without it and, therefore, wonder why we cannot too.

Carl's book had already been discovered over there—that is perhaps the only reason it was discovered later over here—and every one was so kind about it. We felt quite important and used to wink at each other across the table. "Our" book, Carl always called it, like a dear. His work was my work now—his ambitions, my ambitions; not just emotionally or inspirationally, but intellectually, collaboratively. And that made our emotional interest in each other the keener and more satisfying. We had fallen completely in love with each other. For the first time we two were really one. Previously we had been merely pronounced so by a clergyman who read it out of a book.

Oh, the glory of loving some one more than oneself! And oh, the blessedness of toiling together for something greater and more important than either! That is what makes it possible for the other thing to endure—not merely for a few mad, glad years, followed by drab duty and dull regret, but for a happy lifetime of useful vigor. That, and not leisure or dignity, is the great compensation for the professorial life.

What a joy it was to me during that rosy-sweet early period of our union to watch Carl, like a proud mother, as he grew and exfoliated—like a plant that has been kept in a cellar and now in congenial soil and sunshine is showing at last its full potentialities. Through me my boy was attaining the full stature of a man; and I, his proud mate, was jealously glad that even his dear dead mother could not have brought that to pass.

His wit became less caustic; his manner more genial. People who once irritated now interested him. Some who used to fear him now liked him. And as for the undergraduates who had hero-worshiped this former tennis champion, they now shyly turned to him for counsel and advice. He was more of a man of the world than most of his colleagues and treated the boys as though they were men of the world too—for instance, he never referred to them as boys.

"I wouldn't be a damned fool if I were you," I once overheard him say to a certain young man who was suffering from an attack of what Carl called misdirected energy.

More than one he took in hand this way; and, though I used to call it—to tease him—his man-to-man manner, I saw that it was effective. I, too, grew fond of these frank, ingenuous youths. We used to have them at our house when we could spare an evening—often when we could not.

None of this work, it may be mentioned, is referred to in the annual catalogue or provided for in the annual budget; and yet it is often the most vital and lasting service a teacher renders his students—especially when their silly parents provide them with more pocket money than the professor's entire income for the support of himself, his family, his scholarship and his dignity.

"Your husband is not a professor," one of them confided shyly to me—"he's a human being!"

Two-Fifths of a Child

After the success of our book we were called to another college—a full professorship at three thousand a year! Carl loved his Alma Mater with a passion I sometimes failed to understand; but he could not afford to remain faithful to her forever on vague promises of future favor. He went to the president and said so plainly, hating the indignity of it and loathing the whole system that made such methods necessary.

The president would gladly have raised all the salaries if he had had the means. He could not meet the competitor's price, but he begged Carl to stay, offering the full title—meaning empty—of professor and a minimum wage of twenty-five hundred dollars, with the promise of full pay when the funds could be raised.

Now we had demonstrated that, even on the Faculty of an Eastern college, two persons could live on fifteen hundred. Therefore, with twenty-five hundred, we could not only exist but work efficiently. So we did not have to go.

I look back on those days as the happiest period of our life together. That is why I have lingered over them. Congenial work, bright prospects, perfect health, the affection of friends, the respect of rivals—what more could any woman want for her husband or herself?

Only one thing. And now that, too, was to be ours! However, with children came trouble, for which—bless their little hearts!—they are not responsible. Were we? I wonder! Had we a right to have children? Had we a right not to have children? It has been estimated by a member of the mathematical department that, at the present salary rate, each of the college professors of America is entitled to just two-fifths of a child.

Does this pay? Should only the financially fit be allowed to survive—to reproduce their species? Should or should not those who may be fittest physically, intellectually and morally also be entitled to the privilege and responsibility of taking their natural part in determining the character of America's future generations, for the evolution of the race and the glory of God?

I wonder!

Educators Everywhere

are speaking out against the use of coffee and tea with growing children.

In the young, susceptibility to harmful drugs—such as "caffeine," in coffee and tea, is more marked than in persons of mature years.

And just as many adult coffee and tea drinkers suffer from nerve irritability, heart disorder, digestive disturbances and other ills, so the child with its far more sensitive make-up often suffers a hurt which may show in deficiency of learning ability or physical frailty—more noticeable to the teacher than to parents.

The thing for parents to do is to keep coffee and tea out of the reach of our little citizens. The most unkind thing a mother can do is to place a cup of coffee before her child.—Dr. E. A. Peterson, Medical Director Public Schools, Cleveland, O.

The symptoms produced by coffee-drinking can be observed in the arrested physical and mental development of children.—Dr. Otto Juettner, Sec. Cincinnati Polyclinic, Cincinnati, O.

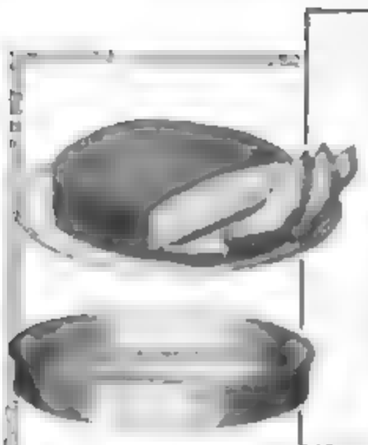
In the light of such testimony the parent who gives a child coffee or tea is taking grave chances of ruining the child's health.

Mothers, quick to remedy wrong health conditions, yet reluctant to deny childish pleasure its hot breakfast cup, now use

POSTUM

—a pure food-drink made of wheat. It is free from caffeine or any other drug, and children can drink it at every meal and grow strong and rosy.

"There's a Reason"



Mix 1 cup of sugar and 1 tablespoon butter. Add 1 beaten egg. Then add 1½ cups of milk, 1½ cups flour and 1 teaspoon baking powder. Beat well. Grate lemon or orange in batter. Bake 30 minutes.

A Cake for 12c. Baked in a

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cake Pan

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cake Pans bake good cakes because they bake quickly and evenly on all sides at once. It is unnecessary to turn the pan while in the oven—so there is no danger that your cake will fall through handling.

You can bake any kind of cake you want in the ten different Aluminum Cake Pans. And you use less fuel because "Wear-Ever" heats more quickly and holds the heat longer than other ware.

"Wear-Ever" aluminum utensils are solid metal—cannot chip—cannot rust—are pure and safe. They make your work lighter, your kitchen brighter, your food better.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

If "Wear-Ever" utensils are not obtainable at your dealer's, send us the coupon and 15 two-cent stamps (30 cents), stating your dealer's name and we will send you this one quart "Wear-Ever" Saucepan—a sample to be returned if pan is not satisfactory. Send for our new folder, "Delicious Cake Recipes"—Mailed free on request.

WEAR-EVER

TRADE MARK

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co. Dept. 18 New Kensington, Pa. or Northern Aluminum Co. Ltd. Toronto, Ontario (Distributing Agents for Canada)

Address (Dealer's)

"THE EMERALITE" BED LAMP

H. G. McFADDIN & CO. 37 Warren St. New York

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

GERMAN Learn German by our excellent Self Educator Series "German on a Trip to Germany" is highly recommended. 1 Part Now 1.10 Special Price $1 postpaid Self-Educator Publishing Co., 423 Miner Building Scranton, Pa.

AN ALL-STAR CAST

(Continued from Page 14)

prevents the greatest master of his art in this generation from claiming his own. Tell me, could the lithe Hamlet stalk the stage in the guise of a hideous ape! Imagine Lear seizing his straws and crying, 'Ay, every inch a king!' if he were a spindle-legged dwarf!

"Enough of this!" cried Godahl, suddenly rescuing himself from his thoughts. "Never mind about your precious cage at the bank. You are mine! There is work to be done."

II

OLD Fifth Avenue is gone, and gone forever. There is a fringe along the edge of Washington Square and for a few blocks to the north still stubbornly holding out against the encroachment of trade to suggest the stately solidarity of the aristocracy of this quarter a generation ago. There is a zone now given over to sweatshops; and from Twenty-third Street north stretches the Rue de la Paix of this side of the water, advancing its half-mile each year with glittering windows. They say it shall not encroach north of the park; but it is already there, clamoring at the barrier.

As with the lower end of the Avenue, this region of super-refined trade to the north still harbors in its midst, stubbornly refusing to move, some examples of the fine old brownstone mansions that gave the Avenue its old-time distinction. Such a one is to be found just above the zone where the crosstown flood at Forty-second Street disputes the right-of-way with the north and south streams of vehicles and pedestrians. Strangers to New York know it today probably better than New Yorkers themselves, for the reason that the so-called seeing-the-city automobiles, which make this a regular route daily, are always somewhat boisterous when passing the spot. The megaphone man, as noisy as some fishwife at the town pump retailing choice bits of scandal about the great and near great, raises his trumpet at this point and announces in tones to be heard to the pavement on both sides:

"In the mansion on your left, ladies and gentlemen, you see the old-time residence of the late Jeremiah Trigg!"

The name is quite sufficient. Instantly the rubberneck audience begins to titter and to recount to each other the eccentricities of this famous old put-and-call shark of Wall Street. These stories, for a period of many years, flooded the press of the country; and the public, like our friend Moberly Grimsy, makes its friends and accumulates its enemies through the newspapers. In this old house the man who lived for a principle and died happy in the consciousness of having confided the administration of his principle to sure hands spent fifty years of his life. Behind these windows, hung with rich tapestries, he sat in the evening with his wife, playing with the family cat and a ball of yarn. When he had something nice to suggest to his good wife to do for other people he was too shy to tell her, and the family cat became the medium of his confidence, his plans being expressed in a loud voice clearly audible to the good wife who sat by knitting.

There was a little rag doll, loaded with shot, which sat on the floor and listened with wide-open eyes as the cat played unheeding through the unfolding of gorgeous plans to make some one—or many, many ones—happy without knowing the source of his happiness. The doll had a duty in life quite as dignified as that of the cat—its duty being to sit tight against the library door, so that the door might not swing shut on its hinges and shut off the coziness of the other room.

Uncle Jeremiah, so they jocosely called him downtown, discussed the hopes and fears and tears of their farmers—the old couple counted many countrymen to whom their bounty was more generous than that of the stubborn soil—much as if they had been sitting before a fire in some rude farmhouse and the cares of the neighborhood were theirs to alleviate with the simplest of godly alms, instead of a complex machinery that every moment must protect itself from lying greed.

Here in the evening was always the picture of home—a home that is being banished from the many palaces along the way; a home that was not only sufficient unto its own peace and happiness but which radiated warm beneficence to many other homes.

This evening—the evening following that on which Moberly Grimsy at last found a sociable friend at table—the picture was the same, except that Uncle Jeremiah was gone on his long journey. There was an open fire in the deep grate; outside was the soft coming of evening and gently falling snow. The old lady sat knitting; the big-eyed doll was thinking of the most serious things of life at its post by the door; and the cat, the same cat, languidly studied the ball of yarn, wondering whether, as a matter of fact, it was not getting too old to be frisking this foolish thing about the room.

The servants were coming and going on tiptoe over the soft, padded carpets, exchanging words in whispers—mysterious whispers, accompanied by smiles that signified that something of moment was afoot.

The butler, who had been with the family since they came to town, in his present graduate capacity was directing the maneuvers from the seclusion of the street hall, out of sight of the old lady. He was whispering to the second butler that the second-in-command was to be in command of this ship—information that had been explained with stolid iteration through many busy days now—days that were busy, but with their business concealed under smooth machinery.

The clock on the mantel struck the hour of four. The old lady roused herself with a sigh and looked up with a smile when two plump Irish girls approached and helped her to her feet, and muffled her in wraps of downiest texture. She took her cane; and, with an arm on each side to support her, she made her way to the door where, as if by the magic of some hidden stage-director, four secretaries were in waiting. They were, in fact, the bodyguard. They were needed. As the door opened a little man with a greasy black beard, who had been in waiting at the curb, dashed up the steps and attempted to push past the advance guard. He held a paper in his hand, and he cried, as a secretary held him off:

"It is most worthy, madam. I could convince you if I could have but a word with you."

"Mrs. Trigg receives no strangers on account of her advanced years," explained the secretary politely; and, as the party passed down the steps, he successfully blocked the charity seeker from his prey.

The attendants surrounded the old woman like a cloud. There were other importunate ones at the curb; but so closely did the guard cling that they had no opportunity to voice their harsh claims on the bounty of this poor creature. It was always thus. The army studied the habits of this household like a hawk, hovering about the mansion at all hours of the day.

"Did you get a good view of her?" asked Godahl.

"Yes," said young Grimsy. "I saw her perfectly. It is she, I am certain." The pair had sauntered up just in time to witness the disgraceful exhibition that was a daily occurrence now. "Did you notice her cane?" said Grimsy.

Godahl had not, he said.

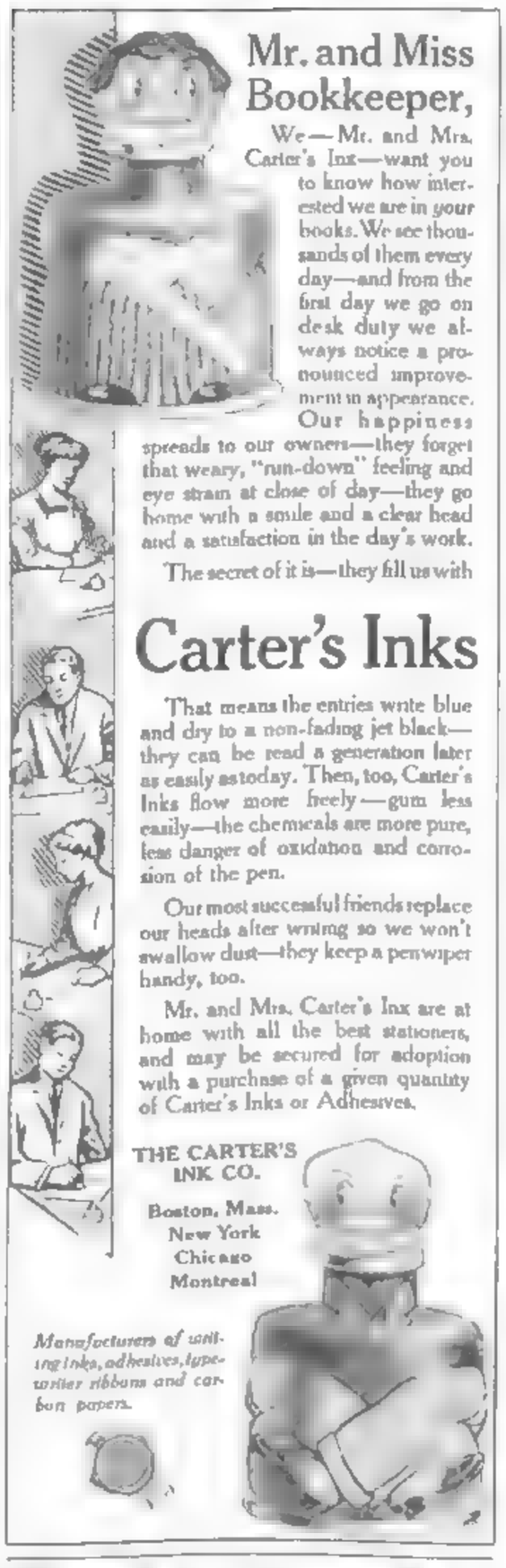
"The ferrule was loose and made a queer noise, like the low string on a violin, when she pushed it across the pavement. It was the same cane she used the other night."

"Delightful," said Godahl. "Now we shall see whether the rest of the drama is played according to the cards."

It was an hour later when the two sauntered along the Avenue just as the returning carriage of Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg drew up at a brownstone house. It was the same carriage but not the same brownstone house as before.

The same curtains—apparently—hung at the windows; the same mellow radiance of the table lamp and the flickering light of the fire played on the tapestries; the same butler waited at the top of the steps; the same cat and doll guarded inside; and the same coterie of guards, men and maids, inclosed the figure of Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg as she crossed the pavement.

The house occupied the same position in the block—but it was not the same block; the location was half a mile to the north. It was the new home of Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg. Trade, clamoring at her doors, had so far encroached on the old home that it was thought advisable by the family council of lawyers to move the old lady—and to move her room by room without any suspicion on her part that she was being moved.



Mr. and Miss Bookkeeper,

We—Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Ink—want you to know how interested we are in *your* books. We see thousands of them every day—and from the first day we go on desk duty we always notice a pronounced improvement in appearance. Our happiness spreads to our owners—they forget that weary, "run-down" feeling and eye strain at close of day—they go home with a smile and a clear head and a satisfaction in the day's work.

The secret of it is—they fill us with

Carter's Inks

That means the entries write blue and dry to a non-fading jet black—they can be read a generation later as easily as today. Then, too, Carter's Inks flow more freely—gum less easily—the chemicals are more pure, less danger of oxidation and corrosion of the pen.

Our most successful friends replace our heads after writing so we won't swallow dust—they keep a penwiper handy, too.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter's Ink are at home with all the best stationers, and may be secured for adoption with a purchase of a given quantity of Carter's Inks or Adhesives.

THE CARTER'S INK CO.

Boston, Mass.
New York
Chicago
Montreal

Manufacturers of writing inks, adhesives, typewriter ribbons and carbon papers.

BEACON FALLS

TOP NOTCH

Don't Trust to Chance When Buying Rubbers

Ask the dealer for Beacon Falls Top Notch Rubbers (with the patented heel). Then you know in advance that you will get exceptional service. [illegible] no better rubbers can be made. [illegible] will not give out easily; neither will [illegible] the rubbers. They are of ball [illegible] a few pennies more [illegible] through extra wear [illegible] the whole family.

BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO.
Beacon Falls, Conn.

RUBBERS

Do Your Printing!

for prices, samples THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Conn.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free search of records. Patents advertised free. How to Obtain a Patent. What to Invent. List of inventions wanted. $1,000,000 offered. FREE

Main Offices, VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C. 1429 Chestnut St., Phila.

Some day, if she did not discover the illusion herself, those servants who loved her as blood kin would tell her of their carefully planned ruse. Tonight she took up her knitting beside the silver-framed picture of Uncle Jerry on the table, blissfully unconscious that even the unbalanced door had been doctored to a degree of verisimilitude that would have deceived sharper eyes than hers.

It was at ten sharp the next morning that the chief clerk of Vice-President Marston, of the Cheltenham Bank, handed the latter the telephone with the information that some one wished to speak to him from the Trigg home. Uncle Jerry had dominated the affairs of this bank during his lifetime and the widow retained control through her attorneys.

"This is Martin speaking," said a voice on the wire. Martin was one of the many secretaries who hovered about the old lady.

"Hello, Charlie! How are you? From this distance I should say you have a frog in your throat," said the genial banker.

"That's not worrying me half so much as other people's troubles," said the husky voice, with a cough. "The old lady wants those bronze medallions that are in the big strongbox, and there is nothing to do but to bring the whole box up here to the house."

"Humph! Well, in your case, I should advise calling out the Seventy-first Regiment for a bodyguard," said the jocose banker.

"Thanks! I am going to pass the buck to you. The old lady wants you to bring it up yourself. Ha-ha!"

And so it was that the banker found himself, half an hour later, sitting in a closed automobile, with two big bank guards and an imposing-looking steel box, and bound, not unhappily at that—because the dangers of the city streets did not daunt him—for "Uncle Jerry Trigg's house," as he had instructed the driver. As the car came to a stop at the curb he sprang out and up the steps, waiting at the door, opened by the second man, for his two guards to bring in their precious burden.

"Mr. Martin, sir," said the man, "asked me to tell you that he was called out to the Sunnyside meeting and would not be able to see you, sir."

As Marston handed his hat and coat to the man he nodded casually to two young men who were passing through the hall to the rear of the first floor. The whisking of a white apron about the turn of the stairs indicated the presence of one of the Irish maids.

"This house smells good!" exclaimed the banker to himself, as though he had stumbled on a new source of happiness on this visit. He looked into the drawing room, but retreated immediately, his finger to his lips to enjoin silence on the two men who were depositing their burden. The old lady, her knitting fallen to the floor, was asleep in her chair. The cat sat purring before the fire; the rag doll, of all the room, seemed the only thing alive, and it sat staring accusingly at him with its big eyes.

As he took in the scene something in him welled up and overflowed. It was the memory of just such a scene long, long ago when he was a boy, and the recollection came on him with a rush of warmth and tenderness. He tiptoed to a chair and sat down quietly, signaling to his men to place their burden in the doorway and withdraw as quietly as possible.

Now the old lady stirred herself uneasily, sighed, and opened her eyes. For a moment she did not see him, but smiled at the old cat stretching itself in the extravagant manner of a languorous feline before the warm glow of the fire. Everything in the room seemed to rouse itself with her. Her eyes came with a start to the figure of Marston, who rose and came forward.

"Don't move!" he cried, smiling and reaching out his hands to implore her to remain seated; but she rose to her feet and pushed the cane ahead of her. She permitted him to help her to her seat again, and she sat holding his hard hand between her two withered hands and looking out the window. It was a silence he dared not break, though it made him uncomfortable. It was broken at last by the approach of the second man bearing tea things. At eleven every day Mrs. Jeremiah Trigg had her tea, and her cat was given a bit of cheese to nibble. Mrs. Trigg, in talking about cats, used to say that she ascribed the faithfulness of her cats to their eleven-o'clock cheese.

Marston had come with his expectations made up for a brisk chat with the old lady; but it turned out to be rather a trying situation for him. She cried softly throughout the time they sat before the tray—crying softly, as old women cry when they spin the thread of memories that are dearest to them. He made one or two ineffectual attempts to say something; but his efforts ended so lamely that he gave it up, and it was with great relief that he heard the approaching footsteps of the servant.

"Madam is—madam is in one of her moods—thinking—today. You understand, sir," said the second man in his ear.

Marston looked up and the man averted his eyes quickly. Marston nodded his head. He rose and drew off to a corner with the man.

"I understand," he said. "If the world only knew Uncle Jerry as we remember him!"

The man nodded vigorously and seemed about to cry.

"Will she sign for this or will one of the secretaries come?" asked the bank official, indicating the box.

"I think she will, as they are the bronze medallions she wishes and she wants to find them herself. I will see, sir."

The man stepped to the side of the old lady and whispered to her. She looked up and nodded vigorously, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, you understand, Thomas, don't you?" she said. "Ah, I shall be so happy when we are together again! There—there! Why should we torture you young people?" And she dragged her eyes back from the fire, and, with trembling hand, wrote her signature.

Marston made his adieux as quickly as possible. The man opened the door for him and, seeing two men in conversation with the bank guards, who stood at the curb waiting orders, drew back hurriedly and said:

"Are they friends of yours, sir? We must be very careful, as so many people are ready to take advantage of the old lady."

"You don't need to worry about them," said Marston, laughing; for he recognized in the two men Worden, the managing head of the Bankers' Protective Association for the Metropolitan district, and young Moberly Grimsy. The man inside was still peering through the interstices of the ground-glass carving of the door as Marston went down the steps.

"What are you two doing in this neck of the woods? I thought you were on your vacation, Grimsy, with that young devil Godah!"

"This house is pinched," said Worden, starting up the steps with a laugh, as he ran his arm through the banker's and turned him back. "I have been waiting for you to come out, to have a good look at your face when the ceiling comes down on your head." So saying he touched the bell. He looked through the glass of the door impudently. "Run, you terrier!" he chuckled; and he raised his heavy cane and shattered the glass of the door. "Tell Captain McCarthy he had better bring up his men and throw them across on both sides. The whole town will be here in another five minutes!" he said, turning and addressing a man in the street who was off at a sharp run.

The astonished Marston saw a patrol wagon round the corner emptying itself in a jiffy. People in the street had already begun to gather in front of the house, attracted by the sound of the broken glass and the sudden appearance of the policemen in force.

Worden had run his hand inside the door and slipped the lock. Marston, shivering, followed him, with young Grimsy close at his heels. The parlor was empty, save for the cat and the rag doll. The old lady was gone; the steel box was gone; and the second man was nowhere in sight.

The banker stared about him.

Worden and Grimsy looked at him soberly for a moment, but the strain was too much for them and they broke into shouts of mirth. The color gradually returned to his face and his knees again showed signs of behaving themselves under this kind of attack. If that box was gone and gone beyond recovery—whatever might be the explanation of this weird situation—Marston concluded that the superintendent of the Bankers' Protective Association would be laughing on the other side of his mouth.

"For the love of the holies, don't stand there grinning at me as though I were a lunatic! Tell me—what does it all mean?" cried the banker.

"Come with us," said Worden, showing no desire for haste or inclination for any

"Wherever I roam
On my globe-trotting rambles
There's no place like home,
And no soup like *Campbell's*."

The
song that reached her heart

In fact it reaches all our hearts—especially when they are accompanied by hungry appetites and the near approach of the dinner hour.

Then is the time we most keenly appreciate the satisfying song of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

With its inviting fragrance and natural color, its tasty zest which appeals to the most critical, and its wholesome nourishing after-effect there is indeed no other soup like it.

For a bisque or "Cream-of-tomato" prepare it with milk or cream as indicated on the label. You'll find this no trouble at all. And you'll say you never tasted anything more tempting.

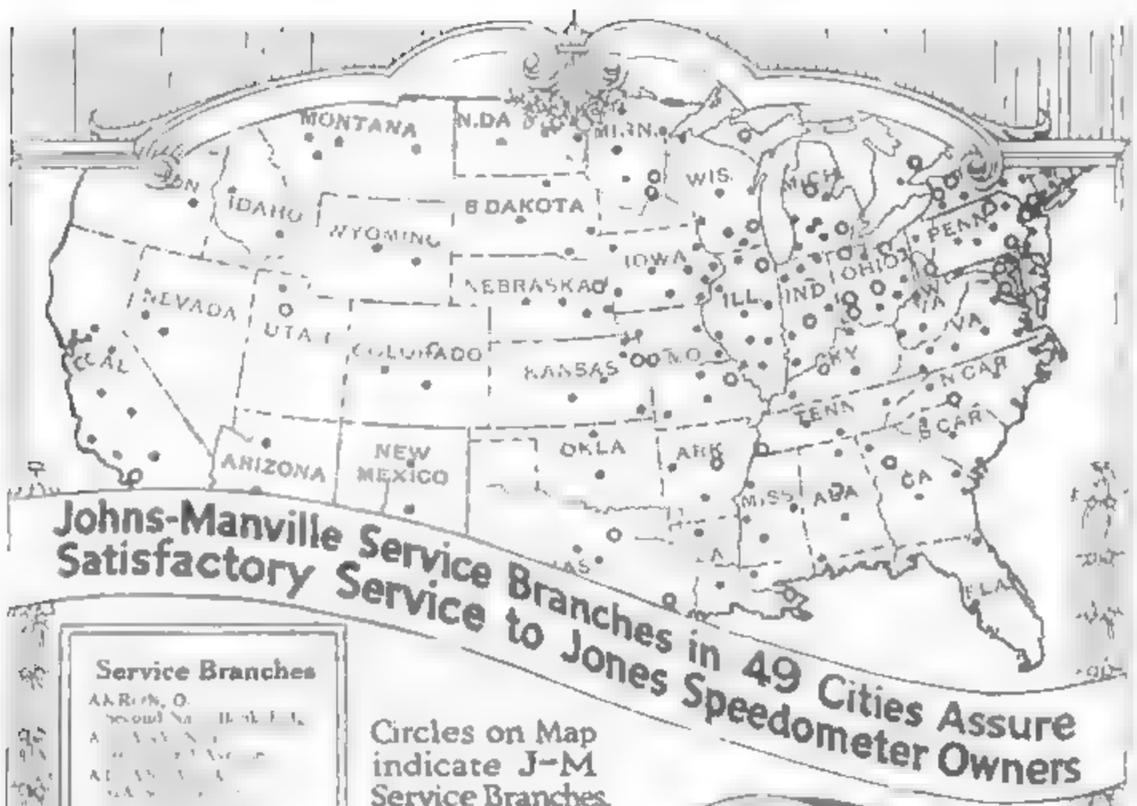
Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

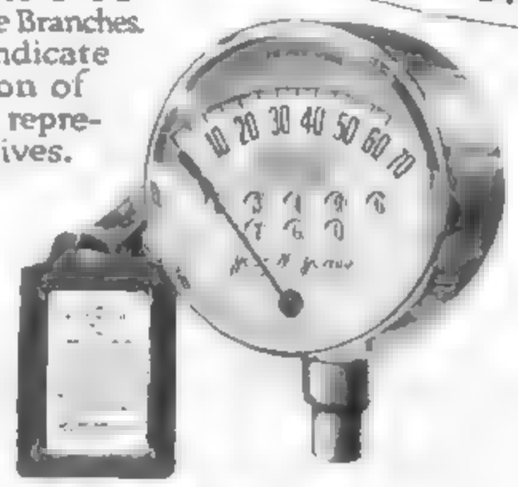
Campbell's Soups

Look for the red-and-white label



Johns-Manville Service Branches in 49 Cities Assure Satisfactory Service to Jones Speedometer Owners

Circles on Map indicate J-M Service Branches. Dots indicate location of direct representatives.



Right in Principle and Backed by the Right Kind of Service and Guarantee

The H. W. Johns-Manville Company stands back of the Jones Speedometer with forty-nine established Service Branches, equipped to make repairs and replacements as efficiently as the factory, and with 589 direct representatives located all over the country.

Such unrivalled service is only made possible by the advantage which the H. W. Johns-Manville Company enjoys in being able to distribute the great cost of maintaining this service over the entire line of J-M accessories. No single article could sustain the enormous expense of a service of this character.

Jones Speedometer

Centrifugal Principle

Centrifugal force, applied in the Jones Speedometer, is as unalterable as the law of gravitation. The official charts of comparative tests conducted by the Columbia University to determine the effects of changes in temperature on different speedometers show the Jones to be consistently reliable, while instruments of the magnetic type show a gross variation of from 20% to 35% at varying car speeds. Similar tests by the Royal Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, the Army and Navy Journal and the Armour Institute positively establish the superiority of the Jones Speedometer.

To the efficiency of the Jones Speedometer is now added the surety of Johns-Manville Service. Should your car meet with an accident or should a change in the size of your tires make adjustment necessary, you will always find Johns-Manville Service conveniently at hand.

Note the Guarantee Tag that accompanies each Jones Speedometer. It guarantees the instrument against defects in material and workmanship indefinitely, *without time limit*. It lists the many J-M Service Branches. It means that the Jones owner *must* be satisfied. Specify the Jones Speedometer on the car you buy. Write nearest Branch for booklet.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.
Madison Ave. and 41st St., New York

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT

Manufacturers and Marketers of Brake Lining, Spark Plugs, Electric Lamps, Speedometers, Horns, Fire Extinguishers, Dry Batteries, Vaporizers, Auto Locks, Fuses, Tapes, etc.

other task than relieving the curiosity of his friend. He took Marston by the arm and the three marched upstairs. The bedroom floor above the parlor was empty—bare-floored. So was the third floor and the servants' quarters above. So was the basement floor. With the exception of the parlor floor the house was stripped to the very walls.

"But—Mrs. Trigg! Where has she gone?" cried Marston when he had convinced himself.

"I don't know, I am sure," said Worden. "Mrs. Trigg hasn't been in this house in twenty hours to my knowledge!"

"Hasn't been in the house, you idiot! Then whom, pray, have I been taking tea with in this room—not ten minutes ago?"

"Marston," said Worden, "you have been entertained for the last quarter of an hour or so by a stock company composed of some of the most distinguished actors and actresses out of jail. Mrs. Trigg was moved out of this house yesterday and the furniture of this room was shifted to her new home just above Fifty-second Street before she returned from her drive. With the connivance of a rascally second butler the cleverest gang of thieves this side of the River Jordan rigged up the rooms again for your especial entertainment this morning. And I suspect," he said, glancing slyly at young Grimsy, "that if it had not been for Grimsy here, and his friend Godahl, you would now be poorer by the several hundred thousand dollars' worth of bonds that steel box contained.

"Come!" he cried with a laugh, as he snapped his fingers in Marston's ears—for that person was standing transfixed like one in a trance—"I'll take you behind the scenes if you want to see the rest of the show."

The three went to the garden in the rear of the house. In one corner, handcuffed, snarling and defiant, stood the second butler, the key of the combination. In another corner were three women—two of them girls made up for the parts of the two Irish maids, and the third the old woman who had entertained Marston with tea and tears so effectively. The girls were in a state of collapse; but the woman, amazing in her makeup for the part even now when she had lost her countenance, stared boldly at them. In the basement were the two young men who had masqueraded as secretaries.

"I congratulate you, madam," said Marston, now quite himself again. "Your talents are worthy of better things—believe me!"

"You needn't inform her as to her talents," said Worden. "That woman is Mary Mannerley. We used to think she was the greatest emotional actress that ever lived, back in the seventies. Lord! Until I found she was in this game I thought she was dead and buried. The rascals dragged her out of an old folks' home for the part."

Marston shook his head, bewildered.

"You ought to see the bunch we just nailed downtown at the restaurant," cried Worden: "There was John D., and Andy Carnegie, and —— Gad! Tom, when I first laid eyes on the bunch an hour ago I swear I couldn't tell at first whether I had stumbled into a meeting of the directors of the Steel Trust or Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks!"

"Would you be surprised," said Godahl, taking the arm of a man in the crowd that surged about the police lines, "would you be surprised if I should ask you to accompany me?"

The man he addressed was less than five feet tall, though he had the head and shoulders of a giant. The massive head turned slowly and regarded the speaker. Godahl's manner was, to all appearances, friendly. He was smiling and his tone was casual, so that none of the crowd, eager to seize on a morsel of excitement outside, turned to look in his direction. The small man regarded Godahl steadily under his gray brows. "What a grand old warlock it is!" thought Godahl.

"I should not be surprised," said the man in clear, bell-like tones. "If you will indicate the way I shall be pleased to follow. Or will you permit me to precede you?"

Godahl turned and shouldered his way out of the crowd; and on the outskirts he was joined by the man with the ludicrous body and the Jovian head. They strode along side by side. Clearly, thought Godahl, David Hartmann considered himself under arrest. The old man had been absent when the police raided the meeting place downtown, and as a member of the crowd had watched the fiasco of his great plan here in front of the mansion that his great brain had furnished and peopled with play-actors and properties. He had again escaped them.

"I am sorry to have spoiled your scene," said Godahl as they swung along together. "I have been watching you for three years, Hartmann. Ha-ha! That was beautiful when you gave that chorus-girl dinner to Senator Newstead in Chicago."

A year before the whole country had been convulsed at the circumstantial tale of a gay dinner in the public dining room of the Auditorium at which Senator Newstead, candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, was the apparent host. The pious old senator bitterly denounced the calumny; but there were plenty of witnesses to swear that it was really he, and he was snowed under at the polls.

"I could stand for that and bless you for it, Hartmann," went on Godahl; "and the Blackburn case, and the Hamilton affair; but when you come to tamper with the comfort and happiness of a woman who has paid the penalty of martyrdom simply for being good and doing good, I step in and say No! I didn't know you had shifted to New York until my redheaded friend fell in on your rehearsal the other night."

"The redheaded boy—yes," said David Hartmann to himself though aloud, and carving his words with that devilish trick of enunciation he alone possessed. "Yes, I thought so. My man," he added, indicating Godahl though he did not deign to turn his head in the direction of the young man, "I do not believe I care to discuss the matter with you. I am presuming that you have authority to ask me to accompany you."

"No," said Godahl with the consciousness of a bitter taste in his mouth. "I am taking you to the Grand Central Station to see you aboard any train you may elect to choose. See—we are here now. I have money. It is yours. Even now the police of the country are seeking you. Your mates will squeal—that's absolute. I am ready to aid you in any way I can—not because of today, but because of ——"

Godahl ran his fingers through the air in front of him impatiently.

"You are not of the police, then—or with authority to detain me?"

Passers-by turned their heads to catch the nuances of that voice, though the words were low. Godahl shook his head.

"No?" said the voice.

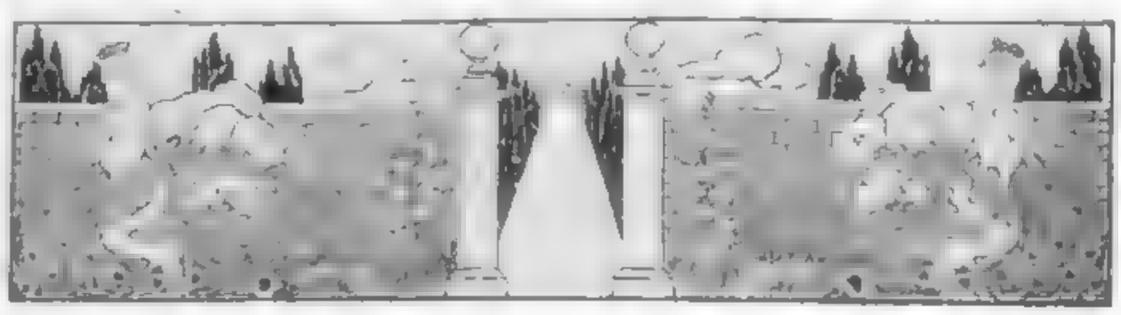
"No," said Godahl.

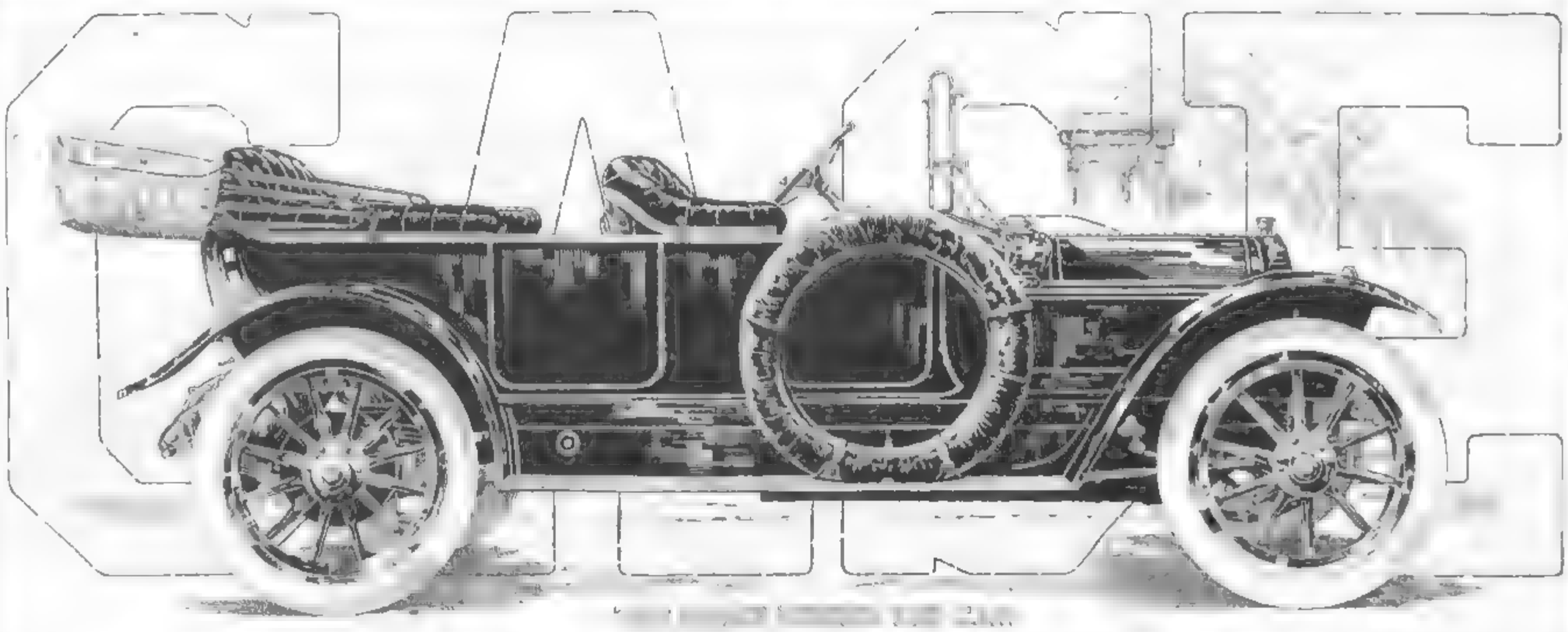
David Hartmann came to a stop and raised his hand—that hand which Moberly Grimsy said seemed to float in the air. He waved it at a policeman who stood on the corner. The policeman came to his side and bent over.

"You do not know me, my man," he said. "I am David Hartmann. That means nothing to you. The police seek me. I am wanted for robbery. I might tear my soul to shreds in hopeless flight; but I am marked. See—my ridiculous little legs! My friend," he said, turning to Godahl and taking him by the hand, "I do not know who you may be, but I thank you. If I did not so love this bitter life I might have the courage to die; but I have not the courage."

That voice, ringing like a knell, sang in his ears as Godahl hurried across town.

"What would a few hundred thousand dollars in good bonds more or less have meant to the old lady anyway?" he cried suddenly to himself as he stopped and called a hansom. "Nothing! Bah!"





The CASE Way of Motor Making

There's no business where competition is more keen than in motor car making.

What maker can give the most for the money?

We think *we* can. We think we have the more *experienced designers* and *engineers;* the more *economical factory;* the more *inexpensive selling.* Please read the facts. Then we believe you'll agree.

Seventy-Two Years

We build, each season, thousands of automobiles.

But many years ago—before the automobile was invented—we were making motor-driven machines.

We were learning to judge and buy raw materials; learning to design, learning to build machinery without waste of *time, material* or *power;* learning the folly of haste; learning the wisdom of making each machine, regardless of cost, a masterpiece of its type.

We were fortified with this priceless experience when we began motor car making. An experience spanning *seventy-two* years.

Judge for yourself what it meant.

The Case Factories

This company is capitalized at 40 million dollars. The Case factories, at Racine, cover some 65 acres. The total floor space is 2,843,000 sq. ft. We've ample room to build, therefore, without haste or waste.

In these factories we've placed every tool, every machine, every device that aids in the making of an automobile. First cost was to us no consideration, for we entered the motor car field to stay.

Your children and your children's *children* will know the Case automobile. Three generations have already endorsed Case methods and Case machinery.

Selling Cost

Part of the price of any automobile goes to pay for distribution and sale.

The less that expense, the more value the maker can put in your car.

When the first allotment of Case Cars was built, nine thousand established Case dealers were waiting. They already had their stores and shops established. They already knew Case *quality.* And they were content to handle Case Automobiles on the same reasonable profit as other Case products. We also had 65 branch houses and over 500 traveling representatives. These were further economies.

Do you know any other car that's marketed this way?

Complete

Complete in minor, as well as major, details is this Case "40."

You can't think of anything desirable in a "40" that's not in this car. All the latest structural features. And an equipment more *complete* than one gets on the costliest.

Here's Our Equipment

Westinghouse Electric Starting and Lighting Equipment.
Bosch Magneto (2-Point Dual System).
Warner Auto-Meter.
8-Day Clock—Rim Wind.
2-Tone Electric Vibrator Horn.
Firestone Universal Quick-Detachable Demountable Rims.
Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires (37 x 4½).
Extra Tire on Rim. Two Extra Inner Tubes.
Tire Cover. Weed Tire Chains.
Rayfield Carburetor, water and air heated, dash adjustment.
Genuine Pantasote Top and Dust Hood. Side Curtains folded in top, easily adjusted from seats
Rain Vision Ventilating Windshield.
Electric Head Lights.
Side Lights, combination oil and electric.
Electric Tail Light.
Electric Dash Lamp.
Work Light on Long Wire.
Robe Rail, Foot Rest, and the usual tools, Tire Repair Kit, Jack, etc.
Mayo Impulse Tire Pump.
Wheel Base 124 inches.
T-Head Motor (4½ x 5¼).
40-Horsepower.
Price $2,300 *(including all the above equipment).*

See For Yourself

See the "Case" Car at any leading show.

Or see it at our local dealer's.

Note if you ever cast eyes upon an automobile more beautiful.

As to *hidden values,* the things you can't see, no matter what car you buy, you have to trust the maker. Do you know another concern as experienced as Case?

Send for Catalog describing the Case "40" (illustrated above) at $2,300; Case "35" at $1,850; the Case "25" at $1,250. No motorist can afford to invest $1,000 or more until he has seen this book.

See the Case at the Leading Automobile Shows

J. I. CASE T. M. COMPANY, 508 Liberty Street, RACINE, WISCONSIN, U. S. A.

Case Cars are sold through 79 Branch Houses and over 9,000 Dealers in United States, Canada, South America and Europe

The Sign of Mechanical Excellence the World Over

CASE

The Car With the Famous Engine

The Sign of Mechanical Excellence the World Over

196

Owners of _____ talking machines

(Whatever make you happen to own)

Columbia Note the Notes

You know what you pay for records:

Will you pay a quarter for this one?

Columbia Note the Notes

Yes, Mr. Owner of whatever make of machine, this record *will* fit it. We have made up this sample record to sell at 25 cents because there are still so many people who own talking machines who do not know that disc records are interchangeable, and that the quality of *Columbia* records is guaranteed—tone, reproduction, and durability. The front of this record is a tenor solo ("Good Night Little Girl, Good Night"), and the reverse carries a novel musical experiment that will give you a chance to see how keen your musical ear is.

Take 25 cents to the nearest dealer and get the record. If you have the slightest bother, send the 25 cents in stamps direct and we will deliver the record by parcel post.

CUT IT OFF!

Enclose 25c (stamps will do) and send it to Columbia Graphophone Company, Box 427, Woolworth Bldg., New York

Name

Address

I own a _____ machine.

Send me your sample record and tell me the name of the nearest dealer who can supply me with Columbia Records.

What You Can Buy for $4.55 From Any Columbia Dealer

65 cents is the Columbia price for standard 10-inch double-disc records. Our new 400-page catalog lists records as high as $7.50 each. But any one of the 8500 Columbia dealers can outfit you with a most attractive and enjoyable group of records for very little money. For instance, for $4.55 you can get

14 Selections (7 double-disc records)

To include: 2 true-tempo tangos recorded in Buenos Aires with the real tango "tang" in them,

A plaintive plantation lullaby,
A descriptive orchestra selection,
A patriotic tenor solo,
2 of the newest popular song hits,
A jolly negro laughing song,
An exquisite trio by violin, flute and harp,
An old-time war song by male quartette,
A smashing banjo solo,
A beautiful classic orchestra selection,
And two stirring marches by full military band.

To Merchants in Any Line who want to realize on a business already built up and active in your territory, with a broad profit margin in it, and that will feed your present business: Write for particulars direct to

GEO. W. LYLE, General Manager

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, Box 427, Woolworth Bldg., New York

Toronto: 365-367 Sorauren Ave. Prices in Canada plus duty

THE GOLDFISH

(Continued from Page 17)

knowledge of the great scientific truths of evolutionary progress. Contrasted with these truths it is trifling. But once she has given her sons that knowledge she deems indispensable; has taught them the principles in which she finds a satisfactory substitute for dogmatic religion; has plotted their chart of life and given them their compass—then, it seems to me, she cannot deny that the provisions for their voyage become of considerable importance.

I am not attempting to write a treatise on education; but, when all is said, I am inclined to the belief that my unfortunate present condition, whatever my material success may have been, is due to a fundamental lack in education—first, in philosophy in its broadest sense; second, in mental discipline; and last, in actual acquirement.

It is in this last field that my own deficiencies and those of my class are most glaringly apparent. A wide fund of information may be less important than a knowledge of general principles, but it is none the less valuable; and all of us ought to be furnished with the kind of education that will enable us to understand the world of men as well as the world of Nature.

It is, of course, essential for us to realize that the physical characteristics of a continent have more influence on the history of nations than mere wars or battles, however far-reaching the foreign policies of their rulers; but, in addition to an appreciation of this and similar underlying propositions governing the development of civilization, the educated man who desires to study the problems of his own time and country, to follow the progress of science and philosophy, and to enjoy music, literature and art, must have a certain elementary equipment of mere facts. Of course he may not take any interest in such things. He may prefer to spend his time pondering on the eternal verities, but he will hardly make a hit with his contemporaries or be of much practical assistance to them. He would be like one who should say: "Inasmuch as I know the value of books in general, why should I take the trouble to learn to read?"

The oriental attitude of mind that enabled the Shah of Persia calmly to decline the invitation of the Prince of Wales to attend the Derby, on the ground that he knew one horse could run faster than another, is foreign to that of Western civilization. The Battle of Waterloo is a fly-speck in importance contrasted with the problem of future existence; but the man who never heard of Napoleon would make a dull companion. If we did not have enough sympathy for mankind to study its history, should we be worth saving?

The Measure of a Man

"The proper study of mankind"—after that of his place in the general scheme of things—"is man." But unless we make a beginning our enthusiasm is bound to flag. We shall fall into the state, in which most of us are, where our enjoyment in life consists principally in our three or more meals a day and the clothes we and our friends have on. We live in direct proportion to the keenness of our interest in life; and the wider and broader this interest is, the richer and happier we are. "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." A man is as big as his sympathies, as small as his selfishness. The yokel thinks only of his dinner and his snooze under the hedge, but the man of education rejoices in every new production of the human mind.

Advantageous intercourse between civilized human beings requires a working knowledge of the elementary facts of history, of the achievements in art, music and letters, and of the underlying principles of science and philosophy. When people go to quarreling over the importance of a particular phase of knowledge or education they are apt to forget that, after all, it is a purely relative matter, and that no one can reasonably belittle the value of any sort of knowledge. But furious arguments arise over the question as to how history should be taught, and "whether a boy's head should be crammed full of dates." Nobody in his senses would want a boy's head crammed full of dates any more than he would wish his stomach stuffed with bananas; but both the head and the stomach need some nourishment—better dates than nothing.

An accurate memory for the dates of historical events is of great assistance in the correlation of general information. If a knowledge of a certain event is of any value whatsoever, the greater and more detailed our knowledge the better—including perhaps, but not necessarily, that of its date. The question is not essentially whether the dates are of value, but how much emphasis should be placed on them to the exclusion of other facts of history.

It is, to be sure, almost useless to know the date of the accession of Louis XI unless one knows something about the man himself and his times. Nevertheless the bare date is worth having. "There is no use trying to remember dates," is a familiar cry. There is about as much sense in such a statement as in the announcement: "There is no use trying to remember who wrote Henry Esmond, who composed the Fifth Symphony, or who painted the Last Supper." There is a lot of use in trying to remember anything. The people who argue to the contrary are too lazy to try.

The Excuses of the Lazy

I suppose it may be conceded, for the sake of argument, that every American, educated or not, should know the date of the Declaration of Independence, and have some sort of acquaintance with the character and deeds of Washington. If we add to this the dates of the discovery of America and the first English settlement; the inauguration of the first president; the Louisiana Purchase; the Naval War with England; the War with Mexico; the Missouri Compromise, and the firing on Fort Sumter, we cannot be accused of pedantry. It certainly could not do any one of us harm to know these dates or a little about the events themselves. It is simply necessary for us, as Americans, to decide how important in our general scheme of knowledge the fundamental facts of American history are.

This is equally true, only in a lesser degree, in regard to the history of foreign nations. Any accurate knowledge is worth while. It is harder, in the long run, to remember a date slightly wrong than with accuracy. The dateless man, who is as vague as I am about the League of Cambray or about James II, will assert that the trouble incident to remembering a date in history is a pure waste of time. He will allege that a general idea—a very favorite phrase—is all that is necessary. In the case of such a person you can safely gamble that his so-called general idea is no idea at all. Pin him down and he will not be able to tell you within five hundred years the dates of some of the cardinal events of European history—the invasion of Europe by the Huns, for instance. Was it before or after Christ? He might just as well try to tell you that it is quite enough to know that our Civil War occurred some time in the nineteenth century.

Of course ultimately such people will all concede that it is not undesirable for an educated man to know at least in what centuries great historical events in different countries occurred. But surely, if the information is to be of any practical value, one should have some inkling as to whether the French Revolution took place at the beginning or at the end of the eighteenth century.

I have personally no hesitation in advancing the claim that there are a few elementary principles and basic facts in all departments of human knowledge which every person who expects to derive any advantage from intelligent society should not only once learn but should forever remember. Not to know them is practically the same thing as being without ordinary means of communication. One may not find it necessary to remember the binomial theorem or the algebraic formula for the contents of a circle, but he should at least have a formal acquaintance with Julius Cæsar, Hannibal, Charlemagne, Martin Luther, Francis I, Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV and Napoleon I—and a dozen or so others. An educated man must speak the language of educated men.

I do not think it too much to demand that in history he should have in mind, at least approximately, one important date in each century in the chronicles of France, England, Italy and Germany. That is not much, but it is a good start. And shall we

News Photographs Wanted

The PUBLIC LEDGER is in the market for timely photographs depicting interesting news events having more than local importance, occurring in any part of the world, but more especially in the Eastern States. For these the highest market prices will be paid if accepted.

Note that the photographs *must* record *news*. There is no demand for scenery or posed pictures of any kind.

Photographs must be accompanied by sufficient text to be intelligible, with specific data of the event itself and of the individuals and scenes shown in the photograph. Photographs must be clear contact prints, unmounted. Do not send negatives or films.

Mail by special delivery at earliest possible moment after the picture is taken. News value depreciates with every hour that elapses after the event. Enclose sufficient postage to insure return. Address, Sunday Editor, Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U. S. A.

PUBLIC LEDGER

Independence Square
Philadelphia

Public Ledger Company
Cyrus H. K. Curtis, Pres.

Sandwich Witches

PILLOW-CASE parties, masquerade parties, indoor or outdoor picnics and "partynics"—all kinds of good fun parties—are a good deal more fun when the Big Taste of Underwood Deviled Ham is part of the party. Send for the famous Little Red Devil Recipes for picnics and "partynics." Delicious Underwood Deviled Ham dishes by the dozen—sandwiches, soufflés, rarebits, croquettes, salads, *hors-d'œuvres*, etc., etc. Just send your grocer's name, mentioning if he keeps Underwood, and we'll mail you a copy free. Or send 15c and grocer's name for small can of Underwood to try. Economical. Makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

Find out *now* if your grocer sells Underwood Deviled Ham.

William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

Little Red Devil Recipe No. 48—Delicious Deviled Ham Soufflé

Mix a cream sauce of one pint milk, thickened with one tablespoonful flour, butter size of egg. Add one large size can of Underwood Deviled Ham. Stir thoroughly and cool. Then add whites of four eggs beaten stiff, and bake 30 minutes in a hot oven. Serve at once.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded With The Devil But Fit For The Gods"

Put Yourself in His Place

THIS MAN inside the fire lines is watching his property burn. What does it mean to him? What would it mean to you if you were in his place? Would you be face to face with disaster or would you watch the smouldering remnants of your property with your mind occupied with plans for business rehabilitation, because somewhere in the ruins is the safe containing the indestructible financial soul of your business—your fire insurance policy in the Hartford?

If your property burns, you can plan with absolute certainty, because for more than a hundred years the

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

has been furnishing just this kind of business protection and has never failed to make good an honest loss.

Since its organization it has paid over 165 Millions for claims on property of its policyholders. This is larger indemnity than has been paid by any other American Company.

When Next You Insure

Insist on the Hartford

Are *You* Making $100 a Week?

Some of Our Representatives Are

WE will gladly furnish their names and addresses to those interested. We still have some open territories. Your community may be among them. This is an unusual chance for bright, industrious men and women.

THE WATERBURY

SANITARY CLOSET

ALL METAL-CHEMICAL

is an article that fills a long-felt need in millions of American homes—a sanitary indoor closet combined with a safe and sane system of sewage disposal. The price is within the reach of nearly every family. Practically no installation cost; no plumbing, no connection with cesspool or other sewerage system required; guaranteed odorless and sanitary. Every home which is not modern is a prospect. Furthermore we have created a widespread demand by our extensive advertising in leading magazines and farm papers.

Territories given to first desirable applicants. Sales experience is not really necessary. We want ambitious, red-blooded people of good character,—energetic, industrious, determined. We furnish you with complete instructions, co-operate in every possible way and turn over to you the prospective business in your community secured direct from our advertising. Tell us something about yourself when you write.

Write For Free Book

if you are interested in securing a sanitary indoor closet for your own use.

(Size of this model, with [illegible] $19.50

The Waterman-Waterbury Company

1123-37 Jackson Street, N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.

say ten dates in American history? He should, in addition, have a rough working knowledge of the chief personages who lived in these centuries and were famous in war, diplomacy, art, religion and literature. His one little date will at least give him some notion of the relation the events in one country bore to those in another.

I boldly assert that in one hour you can learn by heart all the essential dates in American history. I assume that you once knew, and perhaps still know, something about the events themselves with which they are connected. Ten minutes a day for the rest of the week and you will have them at your fingers' ends. It is no trick at all. It is as easy as learning the names of the more important parts of the mechanism of your motor. There is nothing impossible or difficult, or even tedious, about it; but it seems Herculean because you have never taken the trouble to try to remember anything. It is the same attitude that renders it almost physically painful for one of us to read over the scenario of an opera or a column biography of its composer before hearing a performance at the Metropolitan. Yet fifteen minutes or half an hour invested in this way pays five hundred per cent.

And the main thing, after you have learned anything, is not to forget it. Knowledge forgotten is no knowledge at all. That is the trouble with the elective system as usually administered in our universities. At the end of the college year the student tosses aside his Elements of Geology and forgets everything between its covers. What he has learned should be made the basis for other and more detailed knowledge. The instructor should go on building a superstructure on the foundation he has laid, and at the end of his course the aspirant for a diploma should be required to pass an examination on his entire college work. Had I been compelled to do that, I should probably be able to tell now—what I do not know—whether Melanchthon was a painter, a warrior, a diplomat or a dramatic poet.

I have instanced the study of dates because they are apt to be the storm center of discussions concerning education. It is fashionable to scoff at them in a superior manner. We all of us loathe them; yet they are as indispensable—a certain number of them—as the bones of a body. They make up the skeleton of history. They are the orderly pegs on which we can hang later acquired information. If the pegs are not there the information will fall to the ground.

For example, our entire conception of the Reformation, or any intellectual or religious movement, might easily turn on whether it preceded or followed the discovery of printing; and our mental picture of any great battle, as well as our opinion of the strategy of the opposing armies, would depend on whether or not gunpowder had been invented at the time. Hence the importance of a knowledge of the dates of the invention of printing and of gunpowder in Europe.

What History Really Is

When I use the word "history" I do not mean merely battles and kings—I mean literature, art, manners, religion and philosophy; priests, preachers, popes, astronomers, travelers, thinkers and their achievements. And what I have said about history is equally true in all the other departments of knowledge. It is ridiculous to allege that there is no minimum of education, to say nothing of culture, which should be required of every intelligent human being if he is to be but a journeyman in society.

In an unconvincing defense of our own ignorance we loudly insist that an accurate detailed knowledge of any subject is mere pedantry, a hindrance to clear thinking, a superfluity. We do not say so, to be sure, with respect to knowledge in general; but that is our attitude in regard to any particular subject that may be brought up. Yet to deny the value of special information is tantamount to an assertion of the desirability of general ignorance. It is only the politician who can afford to say: "Wide knowledge is a fatal handicap to forcible expression."

The result is that we are content to live a hand-to-mouth mental existence on a haphazard diet of newspapers and the lightest novels. We are too lazy to take the trouble either to discipline our minds or to acquire, as adults, an elementary knowledge of fact that will enable us to read intelligently even rather superficial books on important questions vitally affecting our own social, physical, intellectual or moral existences.

If somebody refers to Huss or Wyclif ten to one we do not know of whom he is talking; the same thing is apt to be true about the draft of the furnace or the ball and cock of the tank in the bathroom. Inertia and ignorance are the handmaidens of futility. Heaven forbid that we should let anybody discover this aridity of our minds!

My wife admits privately that she has forgotten all the French she ever knew—could not even order a meal from a *carte du jour;* yet she is a never-failing source of revenue to the counts and marquises who yearly rush over to New York to replenish their bank accounts by giving parlor lectures in their native tongue on the Thirteenth Century or Madame Lebrun. No one would ever guess that she understands no more than one word out of twenty and that she has no idea whether Talleyrand lived in the fifteenth or the eighteenth century, or whether Calvin was a Frenchman or a Scotchman.

I do not know these things myself and I am ashamed of my ignorance; yet I cannot afford to confess it, except anonymously. All of us do not have either the same mental capacity to start with or the same educational opportunities; but everybody can acquire a certain amount of definite information on which he can lean and which will enable him to fare farther along the road of education. One might almost depict knowledge as a series of concentric circles divided rather arbitrarily into segments representing its different departments. The radius of every man's private circle must necessarily be limited; but within it he should be as confident as of his own name and of the diameter of the earth.

Figures of One Dimension

Thus, as we grow in years, our circle of knowledge will expand. If I ever had such a circle it fell to pieces long, long ago. Today, no matter what sort of books I read, the references in them are generally without significance to me. I have forgotten—if I ever knew it—the vocabulary of the educated man; and those of us who remember it find but few to talk to.

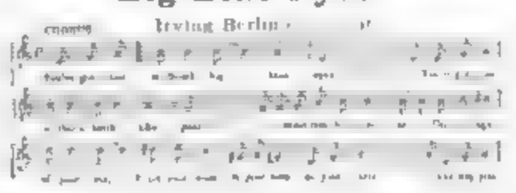
Yet this is not true of some of the older countries. In Germany, for instance, a knowledge of natural philosophy, languages and history is insisted on. To the German schoolboy, George Washington is almost as familiar a character as Columbus; but how many American children know anything of Bismarck? The ordinary educated foreigner speaks at least two languages and usually three, is fairly well grounded in science, and is perfectly familiar with ancient and modern history. The American college graduate seems like a child beside him so far as these things are concerned.

Our clever people are content merely with being clever. They will talk Tolstoi or Turgenieff with you, but they are quite vague about Catharine II or Peter the Great. They are up on D'Annunzio, but not on Garibaldi or Cavour. Our ladies wear a false front of culture, but they are quite bald underneath.

Being educated, however, does not consist, by any means, in knowing who fought and won certain battles or who wrote the Novum Organum. It lies rather in a knowledge of life based on the experience of mankind. We cannot be ignorant of this experience and at the same time profit by it except indirectly. Hence our study of history. But a study of history in the abstract is valueless. It must be concrete, real and living to have any significance for us. The schoolboy who learns by rote the pages of his ancient history thinks of the Greeks as outline figures of one dimension, clad in helmets and tunics, and brandishing little swords. That is like thinking of Jeanne d'Arc as a suit of armor or of Theodore Roosevelt as a pair of spectacles.

If the boy is to gain anything by his acquaintance with the Greeks he must know what they ate and drank, how they amused themselves, what they talked about, and what they believed as to the nature and origin of the universe and the probability of a future life. I hold that it is as important to know how the Romans told time as that Nero fiddled while his capital was burning. Knowledge should begin at home. It should be practical and useful.

The Declaration of Independence was not merely a date, however important that date may be. It was composed and written by real men, who were taking dangerous chances in affixing their signatures. William the Silent was once just as alive as P. T. Barnum, and a great deal more worth while.

"You've Got Your Mother's Big Blue Eyes"

Along Broadway they're singing this song, by the author of Alexander's Ragtime Band and a bunch of other hits. Stars like Belle Baker, Nora Bayes, Laura Guerite, Charles and Mollie King and hundreds of other headliners are singing it. You hear it nearly everywhere

The song tells a beautiful story and the music is up to Berlin's standard It's easy to play and sing. Get it at your dealer's and sing it to-night. . . . **Price 10c**

"In Love's Garden, Just You and I"

A love song that thrills you—one that you and she will sing together over and over again. The beautiful melody will haunt you It is being sung by the leading stars in vaudeville, at the movies and at the cabarets. Get it at your dealer's. . . **Price 10c**

Other song successes

Dixie When I Lost You

Dance Music!

Dance music that sets your feet swinging, your body swaying. You can't keep still. Wherever you go you hear it

American Tango 18th Street Rag **10c each** Too Much Mustard, Lingering Fingers Mashe

You've Got Your Mother's Big Blue Eyes

In Love's Garden Just You and I

Stores; also at Department and Music stores Or sent by us direct for 12c in stamps

Waterson, Berlin & Snyder Co.
(Where the song hits originate)
112 West 38th Street, New York City

The Tip That Never Comes Off

It is covered by part of the lace itself.

No metal to pull off—
No enamel to wear off—
No composition to soften.

Boston Tip PATENTED

SHOE LACES

wear longer because a third stronger. Guaranteed color-fast and weather-proof.

Be a pair at your dealer's—if he hasn't them, send to us.

Boston Spiral Tagging Co.
Providence, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED

Cash and weekly to home and traveling salesmen sales at sight. Free trees pay exp 1846. Write quick for contract and

Stark Bros. Dansville, N. Y. North Girard, Pa. R. R. 34, Louisiana Mo.

MOUNT VERNON Attractively illustrated and unique descriptive Size 10 x 6, cover in 5 colors, exact shape of mansion 25c coin or stamps. M. L. Dinwiddie, Alexandria, Virginia

MONEY-MAKING FARMS, 13 STATES, $10 to $50 an acre, live stock, tools and crops often included to settle quickly. Big Illustrated Catalogue No. 36, free. E. A. STROUT FARM AGENCY, Station 21, 4 W. 40th Street, New York

It is fatal to regard historical personages as lay figures and not as human beings

The same lack of definiteness exists with respect to the ordinary processes of our daily lives. I have not the remotest idea of how to make a cup of coffee or disconnect the gas or water mains in my own house. If my sliding door sticks I send for the carpenter, and if water trickles in the tank I telephone for the plumber. I am a helpless infant in the stable and my motor is the creation of a Frankenstein that has me at its mercy. My wife may recall something of cookery—which she would not admit, of course, before the butler—but my daughters have never been inside a kitchen.

None of my family knows anything about housekeeping or the prices of foodstuffs or housefurnishings. My coal and wood are delivered and paid for without my inquiring as to the correctness of the bills, and I offer the same temptations to dishonest tradesmen that a drunken man does to pickpockets. Yet I complain of the high cost of living!

My family has never had the slightest training in practical affairs. If we were cast away on a fertile tropical island we should be forced to subsist on bananas and clams, and clothe ourselves with leaves, provided the foliage were ready made and came in regulation sizes.

These things are vastly more important from an educational point of view than a knowledge of the relationship of Mary Stuart to the Duke of Guise, however interesting that may be to a reader of French history of the sixteenth century. A knowledge of the composition of gunpowder is more valuable than of Guy Fawkes' Gunpowder Plot. If we know nothing about household economics we can hardly be expected to take an interest in the problems of the proletariat. If we are ignorant of the fundamental data of sociology and politics we can have no real opinions on questions affecting the welfare of the people.

The classic phrase, "The public be damned!" expresses our true feeling about the matter. We cannot become excited about the wrongs and hardships of the working class when we do not know and do not care how they live. One of my daughters—aged seven—once essayed a short story, of which the heroine was an orphan child in direst want. It began: "Corinne was starving. 'Alas! What shall we do for food?' she asked her French nurse as they entered the carriage for their afternoon drive in the park." I have no doubt that even today this same young lady supposes that there are porcelain baths in every tenement house.

Giving Children the Right Start

I myself have no explanation as to why I pay eighty dollars for a business suit and my bookkeeper seems to be equally well turned out for eighteen dollars and fifty cents. That is essentially why people have an honest and well-founded distrust of those enthusiastic society women who rush into charity and frantically engage in the elevation of the masses. The poor working girl is apt to know a good deal more about her own affairs than the Fifth Avenue matron with an annual income of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

If I were doing it all over again—and how I wish I could!—I should insist on my girls' being taught not only music and languages but cooking, sewing, household economy and stenography. They should at least be able to clothe and feed themselves and their children if somebody supplied them with the materials, and to earn a living if the time came when they had to do it. They have now no conception of the relative values of even material things, what the things are made of or how they are put together. For them hats, shoes, French novels and roast chicken can be picked off the trees.

This utter ignorance of actual life not only keeps us at a distance from the people of our own time but renders our ideas of history equally vague and abstract and personally unprofitable.

I believe it would be an excellent thing if, beginning with the age of about ten years, no child were allowed to eat anything until he was able to tell where it was produced, what it cost and how it was prepared.

Our children are taught about the famines of history when they cannot recognize a blade of wheat or tell the price of a loaf of bread, or how it is made. I would begin the education of my boy—him of the tango

The Criterion of Fashion 5¢

A few of the features of the February issue are:—

A Bridal Trousseau for $75

Seems impossible, but really it is not. Of course, you must make it yourself. The February issue tells you how to do it easily.

How Paul Poiret Would Dress Us

This famous French dressmaker changed his ideas about American women after his recent visit. On the boat going back he designed four new gowns based upon his observations. They are described in detail in this issue.

Evening Gowns That Can be Made at Home

French creations without any "freakishness" to mar their practicality are shown and described so clearly that any home seamstress can produce a stunning gown at a surprisingly moderate cost by merely following Criterion suggestions.

How to Duplicate Imported Lingerie

It isn't hard. It's a combination of the January White Goods Sales and some dainty embroidery. The result rivals the most expensive French make. The February Criterion explains.

The Right and Wrong Way to Dress Your Boy

An article on how to select her children's clothes that no mother can afford not to read.

Eight Pages of Fashions in Color

An unusually complete showing of the smartest things for spring made with Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.

Get the February issue. It is a mine of information on that most absorbing of all questions—dress.

On sale at all newsstands and by the merchants who sell LADIES HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

The Criterion of Fashion
629A West 43rd St., New York

Our Get Acquainted Offer Six Months 25 Cents.

We are [illegible] We want you to give us [illegible] We will send the next six copies to you if you fill out this coupon and send 25 cents in stamps

Name
Address

Trial Box of "Steero" Cubes and New "Steero" Cook Book Mailed for 10c (stamps or coin)

You Never Tried "Steero"?

Let Me Offer You Some

You'll find "Steero" delicious. It is bouillon as fine and rich and tasty as you could wish—a rare combination of beef and vegetable flavors, completely seasoned. You make it with "Steero" Cubes. "A Cube Makes a Cup." Simply add boiling water.

Now that you know how easily "Steero" Cubes make perfect bouillon, think how frequently and conveniently you can enjoy it.

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Made by **American Kitchen Products Co.**, New York

We send enough "Steero" Cubes for four cups of "Steero" Bouillon. Prove the convenience of "Steero" Cubes and how quickly "Steero" Bouillon can be made. Just drop a "Steero" Cube into a cup; add boiling water.

"Steero" Bouillon Cubes are sold by druggists, grocers and delicatessen dealers, in boxes of 12, 50 and 100 Cubes. Ask for "Steero" Bouillon at soda fountains, etc. The word "Steero" is on the wrapper of every genuine "Steero" Cube—look for it.

"Steero" Cubes will do more than make bouillon. They will "snap up" other dishes—add zest and flavor to them. They are a great help in cooking for making old dishes taste new.

The new "Steero" Cook Book, written by an authority on cooking, contains 150 valuable recipes.

Don't fail to send 10 cents for the "Steero" Cook Book and the four Sample Cubes to

Schieffelin & Co.
235 William St. · New York
Distributors of "Steero" Bouillon Cubes

SUCCESS SHORTHAND TAUGHT BY MAIL

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. CATALOG FREE. SUCCESS SCHOOL, 21 Schiller Bldg., Chicago

Poultry Flats Don't keep hens, make them keep you. Read by all poultry keepers. Poultry Flats 124 pages, 50c. Stamps or coin brings it.
INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL
Easy Way Indianapolis, Indiana

$35.00 a Week—Not Interested?

A YEAR ago, during this present month, five of our subscription representatives each earned over $450.00 in profits; six earned over $60.00 a week; a large number earned over $50.00; hundreds earned $25.00 a week and upwards. We shall be glad to appoint you as our subscription representative in your locality, and make it possible for you to earn equal money this month and next, whether you are a young man or young woman. If you have aggressiveness and energy, and want this opportunity, write at once. Address AGENCY DIVISION, BOX 211, THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

The Guaranteed Flour

OCCIDENT

Costs A Little More
Than Others — Worth It

OCCIDENT

Russell—Miller Milling Co.—Minneapolis U.S.A.

and balkline billiards with a study of himself, in the broad use of the term, before I allowed him to study about other people or the history of nations.

I would seat him in a chair by the fire and begin with his feet. I would inquire what he knew about his shoes—what they were made of, where the substance came from, the cost of its production, the duty on leather, the process of manufacture, the method of transportation of goods, freight rates, retailing, wages, repairs, how shoes were polished—this would begin, if desired, a new line of inquiry as to the composition of said polish, cost, and so on—comparative durability of hand and machine work, introduction of machines into England and its effect on industrial conditions.

I would instruct every boy in a practical knowledge of the house in which he lives, give him a familiarity with simple tools and a knowledge of how to make small repairs and to tinker with the plumbing. I would teach him all those things I now do not know myself.

My Attempt to Get Back

By the time we were through we should be in a position to understand the various editorials in the morning papers which now we do not read. Far more than that, my son would be brought to a realization that everything in the world is full of interest for the man who has the knowledge to appreciate its significance. "A primrose by a river's brim" should be no more suggestive, even to a lake poet, than a Persian rug or a rubber shoe. Instead of the rug he will have a vision of the patient Afghan in his mountain village working for years with unremitting industry; instead of the shoe he will see King Leopold and hear the lamentations of the Congo.

My ignorance of everything beyond my own private bank account and stomach is due to the fact that I have selfishly and foolishly regarded these two departments as the most important features of my existence. I now find that my financial and gastronomical satisfaction has been purchased at the cost of an infinite delight in other things. I am mentally out of condition. It is too much of an effort for me to look up the meanings of words with which I am unfamiliar or the location of places that I have not heard of.

During the Russo-Japanese War I made no attempt to follow the campaign; and—I confess it with humiliation—it was only after the Spanish War was over that I discovered Ponce was not in Cuba. Of course this is unpardonable, whether a man has had any education or not; and it only shows the pass to which many—if they told the actual truth—would be discovered to have fallen.

Apart from this brake on the wheel of my intelligence, however, I suffer an even greater impediment by reason of the fact that, never having acquired a thorough groundwork of elementary knowledge, I find I cannot read with either pleasure or profit. Most adult essays, treatises or histories presuppose some such foundation. A book on art will compare different schools without informing me either what those schools are or stand for; and my knowledge of history, even of that of my own country, is so limited that a modern historical work leaves me hopelessly dazed.

Recently I have begun to buy primers—such as are used in the elementary schools—in order to acquire the information that should have been mine at twenty years of age. And I have resolved that in my daily reading of the newspapers I shall endeavor to look up on the map and remember the various places concerning which I read in any news item of importance, and to assimilate the facts themselves. It is my intention also to study, at least half an hour each day, some elementary treatise on science, politics, art, letters or history. In this way I hope to regain some of my interest in the activities of mankind.

I have, I am afraid, lost all my taste for good literature and poetry; in fact I have read no poetry for fifteen or twenty years. But I shall give another half hour daily to classic literature, and endeavor to bring myself to a willingness publicly to admit that I have not absorbed the latest best sellers.

If I cannot do this I realize now that it will go hard with me in the years that are drawing nigh. I shall, indeed, then lament that "I have no pleasure in them."

It is the common practice of business men to say that when they reach a certain age they are going to quit work and enjoy themselves. How this enjoyment is proposed to be attained varies in each individual case. One man intends to travel or live abroad—usually, he believes, in Paris. Another is going into ranching or farming. Still another expects to give himself up to art, music and books. We all have visions of the time when we shall no longer have to toil every day and can indulge in those pleasures that are now beyond our reach.

Unfortunately the experience of mankind demonstrates the inevitability of the law of Nature which prescribes that after a certain age it is practically impossible to change our habits, either of work or of play, without physical and mental misery.

One cannot acquire an interest by mere volition. It is a matter of training and of years. The pleasures of today will eventually prove to be the pleasures of our old age—provided they continue to be pleasures at all, which is more than doubtful.

As we lose the capacity for hard work we shall find that we need something to take its place—something more substantial and less unsatisfactory than sitting in the club window or taking in the Broadway shows. But, at least, the seeds of these interests must be sowed now if we expect to gather a harvest this side of the grave.

What is more natural than to believe that in our declining years we shall avail ourselves of the world's choicest literature and pass at least a substantial portion of our days in the delightful companionship of the wisest and wittiest of mankind? That would seem to be one of the happiest uses to which good books could be put; but the hope is vain. The man who does not read at fifty will take no pleasure in books at seventy.

My club is full of dozens of melancholy examples of men who have forgotten how to read. They have spent their entire lives perfecting the purely mechanical aspects of their existences. The mind has practically ceased to exist, so far as they are concerned.

Men Who Never Read

They have built marvelous mansions, where every comfort is instantly furnished by contrivances as complicated and accurate as the machinery of a modern warship. The doors and windows open and close, the lights are turned on and off, and the elevator stops—all automatically. If the temperature of a room rises above a certain degree the heating apparatus shuts itself off; if it drops too low something else happens to put it right again. The servants are swift, silent and decorous. The food is perfection. Their motors glide noiselessly to and fro. Their establishments run like fine watches.

They have had to make money to achieve this mechanical perfection; they have had no time for anything else during their active years. And, now that those years are over, they have nothing to do. Their minds are almost as undeveloped as those of professional pugilists. Dinners and drinks, backgammon and billiards, the lightest opera, the trashiest novels, the most sensational melodrama are the most elevating of their leisure's activities. Read? Hunt? Farm? Not much! They sit behind the plate-glass windows and bet on whether more limousines will go north than south during the next ten minutes.

If you should ask one of them whether he had read some book that was exciting discussion among educated people at the moment, he would probably look at you blankly and, after remarking that he had never cared for economics or history—as the case might be—inquire whether you preferred a "Blossom" or a "Tornado" cocktail. Poor vacuous old cocks! They might be having a green and hearty old age, surrounded by a group of the choicest spirits of all time.

Upstairs in the library there are easy chairs within arm's reach of the best fellows who ever lived—adventurers, story tellers, novelists, explorers, historians, rhymers, fighters, essayists, vagabonds and general liars—immortals, all of them.

You can take your pick and if he bores you send him packing without a word of apology. They are good friends to grow old with—friends who in hours of weariness, of depression or of gladness may be summoned at will by those of us who belong to the Brotherhood of Educated Men—of which, alas! I and my associates are no longer members.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles giving the Confessions of a Successful Man. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

Like a Visit to the Vineyard

Like a trip through the famous vineyards of Chautauqua County, New York: like selecting the giant Concord grapes with your own hands; like sipping their sweet, fresh juice with your own lips – that is

RED WING the GRAPE JUICE

with the Better Flavor

From Grape to Glass
Unchanged
Unadulterated
Unfermented

All Dealers Appreciate RED WING Quality and will supply any request for it

Manufactured by
Pacific Coast Products Co., Inc.

$1.00 DOWN

Play Billiards at Home

Billiards and Pool are expensive games if played in a public poolroom, but almost anyone can afford to have at home a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

You can play on it while you are paying for it. The prices are from $15 up, on easy terms of $1 or more down (depending on size and style selected), and a small amount each month. Sizes range up to 4½x9 feet (standard). Complete playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., free.

No special room is needed. The Burrowes Table can be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or folding stand, and quickly set aside when not in use. Burrowes Tables are

Used by Experts

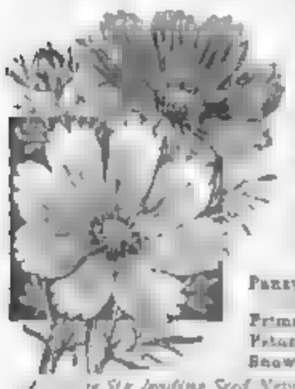
for home practice. The most delicate shots, calling for skill of the highest type, can be executed with the utmost accuracy.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will [illegible]

E. T. BURROWES CO., 815 Center Street, Portland, Me.

CHILDS' GIANT SUMMER COSMOS



is positively the most superb and [illegible]

10 cts. per pkt.

Oregon Pink [illegible]

Pansy, [illegible]

Primrose, New Giant White,

Petunia [illegible]

Snowball Tomato, [illegible]

[illegible] Six Leading Seed Novelties for only 10 cts., together with [illegible] Culture Catalogue, Floral Hints, etc.

Our Big Catalogue of Flowers and Veg. Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and [illegible] sent free to all who apply. We are the largest growers [illegible] Tuberous Rooted Begonias, Lilies, Iris, etc., and our stocks are among the best and cheapest.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, Floral Park, N. Y.

Roses, Plants, Seeds,

Bulbs, Vines, Shrubs, etc. [illegible] Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. 60 years of fair dealing. Hundreds of carloads of Fruit and Ornamental Trees. 1,200 acres, 60 in hardy roses—none better grown. 40 greenhouses of Palms, Ferns, Begonias, Geraniums, etc. Immense stock of Superb Cannas, the queen of bedding plants. Large assortment of hardy Perennial Plants, which last for years.

192-Page Catalog FREE. Send for it Today.

The Storrs & Harrison Co., Box 288, Painesville, Ohio

FLOWERING SHRUBS—Low Prices—Freight Paid

FREE BOOK SAVES MONEY

RICH LAND NURSERIES
Box 204 Rochester, N. Y.

130-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid — Both for $10

[illegible] per tank—best construction. Write for Free Catalog

Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 184, Racine, Wis.

POULTRY 47 leading varieties Pure Bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, also Holstein Cattle—prize winners. Oldest poultry farm in northwest. Stock, eggs and incubators at low prices. Send 4 cents for catalogue.

LARKIN & HERZBERG, Box 80 Mankato, Minn.

MUDPUDDLES

(Continued from Page 10)

"Like as not she won't appreciate what you've done," yawned Marie.

"Oh, won't she!" Mabel scornfully exclaimed.

The next morning every one, even Marie, looked up interestedly when Mrs. Jeffers entered. She was half an hour late, but as chirpy as ever; and she got briskly to work, threading her needle with the usual impatient elbowing aside of Rosy, who stood between her and the light.

"Of course she wouldn't tell us right away," Stella observed, somewhat disappointedly.

The apprentices hung about Mrs. Jeffers like reporters at a fire. Maybe in a few days —— But she did not tell in a few days or in many days. The only change in her was a certain thoughtfulness; there were many times when she would break off in a chirpy remark, a handful of beads would patter to the floor and she would stare intently into space.

The Grady trimming room paid a surreptitious visit to Mabel's laundress, who lived two doors west and five flights down from the three small rooms inhabited by Mrs. Jeffers. The laundress, a stout lady of suds, grease and volubility, allayed its suspicion. No; Mr. Jeffers had not come back. No one had seen him since the evening Mrs. Jeffers had found his clothes gone, his pipe vanished, and a snippy note. Mrs. Jeffers had put on her hat to go tell the police. And then she had taken off her hat with a queer look in her eyes. And that had been all. Reassured, the trimming room went back to its own concerns.

"Don't you think she is chirpier?" Mabel asked Marie one afternoon.

"Can't say that I've noticed," shortly answered Marie, who was not in a good humor, nor had been for several days—owing possibly to the candidly expressed opinion of the thin-lipped, thick-pursed gentleman that mauve satin of the shade she was wearing made her older.

Marie could have told him that she had tested all the other shades of mauve and most other colors—but she did not. He was not the kind you tell your troubles to.

"I know one thing," Marie added crossly; "a newsboy could make niftier ornaments than I've got from her lately." And in disgust she slammed a warped and clumsy butterfly under the table.

"Do you know," uncomfortably observed Stella, "I've noticed too ——"

"Have you?" snapped Miss Colky from behind her. "So have I. That Joplin, Missouri, order was sent back—and old Grady phoned up that I needn't put any more forty-cents-a-dozen bangles on the expensive hats. And," bitterly, "I'm going to tell her right now."

"Eh?" said Mrs. Jeffers absently. "Oh, I know—I know; but I—I can't work when ——"

To the amazement and discomfort of the room, Mrs. Jeffers laid her head down on a clutter of wire and beads and began to cry—not loudly, but with low, moaning sobs that it seemed were all her frail throat could produce. She refused to tell why.

Mrs. Jeffers simply cried on—weakly, dispiritedly, as though there were nothing left to do—all the long afternoon, until the sun had gone down behind the tall gray buildings across the way and arclights flashed yellowly out instead. Then she rose silently and went home. The Grady trimming room exchanged frightened glances and was very still.

"How do I know?" stormily said Marie that night when Roger Sitkins, overtaking her on the way to the car, asked casually how Mrs. Jeffers was getting along.

Marie's bad humor was worse. Even if you do not care particularly for other people and their troubles, it is dispiriting and hard on the nerves to listen for several hours to a low moanlike sobbing—especially when your nerves and spirits are already fretted by the impuissance of mauve or any other color to bring back youth.

A faint gleam of surprise appeared in Roger's eyes. There had been a time when he had heard that storminess of tone frequently and affectionately—when he was late at an appointment or wore the wrong scarf. And the immediate curiosity of his glance down at her was overlaid with an uncertain eagerness. Marie squelched both curiosity and possible eagerness.

"She's getting along as well as most people," she said coldly.

Her tone implied that if most people were not getting along better it was their own fault. And before Roger could tell her something he was manifestly anxious to tell she got into a taxicab that the thick-pursed gentleman had sent for her.

Mrs. Jeffers did not come to work the next day. The Grady trimming room, having looked forward uncomfortably to her entrance, was dismayed and exasperated. Why had she not come?

"Don't bother me!" snapped Mabel, when the apprentices wondered.

"I'm sure we tried to benefit her!" Stella declared huffily.

"I've got to have some new *cabochons*," wailed Miss Colky. "And she knows it!"

When three days passed without her the Grady trimming room, including Marie, went out to investigate. Miss Colky said somebody had to go, because she had to have some ornaments; otherwise old Grady and several salesmen were apt to wipe the trimming room off the map.

They were relieved to find her sitting quietly in a chair in the front one of the three poor rooms she called home—not crying, they noted gladly at the first glance. Presently the gladness shrank away before an uncomfortable impression that her old eyes had cried themselves dry. In reply to careful, uneasy questions she told them drearily that Mr. Jeffers had disappeared and she could not find him. And she was afraid—a dry sob rattled from her throat—that something had happened to him.

"Oh, I don't think so!" said Miss Colky quickly. "Maybe he—he realized that he was a drag on you—and went away."

The heavy-veined hands in the old lap seemed to clench.

"That's what I'm afraid of," she whispered frightenedly; and, without warning, the sleazy curtain of pride was ripped down. "You see, he was terrible sensitive. And he wasn't cut out for a salesman; I guess—leastwise he said so—that he was too old. And I wouldn't hear to him being a janitor as he wanted to be. I couldn't bear to have folks say I was a janitor's wife."

"Never mind!" soothed Marie. "We'll find him."

"Where?" Mrs. Jeffers said morosely. "I've looked. I've advertised in all the papers."

"You have!"—weakly from Mabel.

"And the money we had saved to buy a little farm when we got too old to work I gave to a detective agency."

"You didn't!" gasped Stella.

"And they can't find him. And the firm he was salesman for don't know anything about him. I went there every morning before I came to work; and I've walked the streets every night, hoping to meet him."

"Dear me!" gasped Miss Colky.

"And I've been to the morgue and the hospitals—about twenty hospitals."

"Please stop!" begged Stella.

Mrs. Jeffers ceased and sat in melancholy silence. They looked at each other, with growing wrath. After a man had gashed her cheek open ——

Marie guessed that Mrs. Jeffers had not had any supper. Mabel, glad of the chance to expend her bubbling exasperation in action, sprang up and went into the pantry.

"Be careful!" called Mrs. Jeffers. "You'll ——" She called too late. Mabel had struck her cheek against the outjutting sharp shelf; and Mrs. Jeffers, while she hospitably got some courtplaster, moaned: "It was my gash that led to Jasper's going away, I'm most sure." They looked at her uneasily. "He'd been intending to saw off that corner of the shelf; and he felt so bad 'cause he hadn't had time."

"Maybe," said Miss Colky desperately, "you'd feel better working. Come back."

"You see," mournfully explained Mrs. Jeffers, "I can't make pretty designs by myself—that was Jasper. He used to think out designs evenings. It was awfully interesting to watch him. I thought" chokingly—"he understood all the time that he was doing more of the work than me. Some nights we'd sit up so late imagining new color combinations that I'd be red-eyed and sleepy the next day. I used to pretty near cry some days, wondering what I'd do if Jasper should die before me. And now ——"

The Grady trimming room had nothing to say then or for many days; but it hunted diligently for Jasper Jeffers. It went in a body to the soap-and-starch firm,

25¢ 50¢

Be particular, insist upon

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

YOU'RE entitled to the greatest value for your money, and PARIS is the Garter that has gained a world-wide reputation, on the "value" basis.

Hickory Hose Supporters

For boys and girls

The stockings are protected by the rubber cushion loop and the rubber button and cannot tear.

A. STEIN & CO., Chicago

15¢ TO 25¢

Now Ready! Write Today!

ISBELL'S SEED CATALOG

Be sure to get the ISBELL Catalog before you buy any seeds. ISBELL'S Northern Seeds GROW. They've got the VITALITY.

Get Special Offers

On Isbell's Famous Northern Grown Seeds

We grow them ourselves with utmost care. Send for big new color-illustrated catalog packed with money-saving offers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Send a Postal. Get the ISBELL CATALOG. Tells all about Seeds. How to Plant and Cultivate for best results. It's packed with good things. Write today. (2)

S. M. ISBELL & CO., Growers, 809 Pearl St., Jackson, Mich.

STRAWBERRIES

Summer and Fall Bearing

Headquarters for Strawberries and Small Fruit Plants of all kinds. Raspberries, Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, Fruit Trees, Roses, Shrubs, [illegible] Hatching, Crates, Baskets Catalog

L. J. FARMER, Box 476, Pulaski, N. Y.

112-PAGE POULTRY BOOK FREE

If you are thinking of buying an incubator or brooder you should send for our big 1914 catalog at once. De[illegible]

PRAIRIE STATE Incubators and Brooders

Also contains about 60 pages of valuable poultry [illegible] and breed, treat diseases. [illegible]

Prairie State Incubator Co. 115 Main St. Homer City, Pa.

All About Poultry Keeping; Its Profits. Fanciers, Farmers [illegible] Beginners should get the FREE POULTRY BOOK and Catalogue written by ROBERT [illegible] experience in all branches of poultry [illegible]

How to Make Money with Hens, Show Birds, Eggs and Market Fowl, [illegible] Start Right, [illegible] Pictures of 30 Poultry Houses, describes America's Largest Line of Incubators and Brooders. Write today for this Free Book. Address Nearest Office

Robert Essex Incubator Co. 105 Henry St., Buffalo, N. Y. 87 Barclay St., New York City

50 BEST PAYING VARIETIES Pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and [illegible]

W. A. WEBER Box 909, Mankato, Minn.

Money Making Poultry Our specialty [illegible] varieties pure-bred [illegible] ens, turkeys, ducks and geese. Prize winners [illegible] and eggs. Lowest prices oldest farm, 25th year [illegible] log FREE. H. M. JONES CO., Box 98, Des Moines, Ia.

At the Horse Show

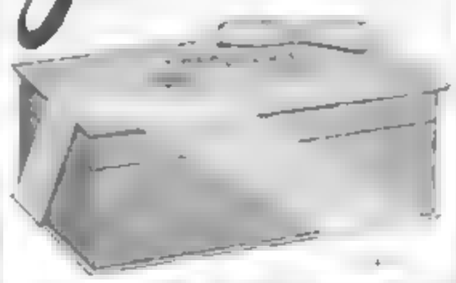
To the winner belongs the popularity. Johnston's Chocolates have won and kept their popularity through their high quality standard. Among *discriminating* people there is no choice but Johnston's—

The Appreciated Chocolates

T-R-I-A-D Chocolates
Chocolates Extraordinary
Swiss Style Milk-Chocolate Creams
Quintette Chocolates
Malted Milk-Chocolate Creams
Chocolate Brazil Nut in Cream
Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets

Quality *always* wins—*always* endures. If years of candy-making experience and the desire to create an article of unsurpassed quality mean anything, *then* Johnston's have won more than popularity only—they have earned their title of America's finest Chocolates. 50c or $1.00 packages. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can. Sent postpaid on receipt of price

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE



WOULD YOU GIVE $20 TO HEAR?

That's the price of the Acousticon's little sister

Don't be Deaf

The Auris

And you don't have to pay until you hear. Some one member of the Acousticon family will fit your ears. Absolutely free trial in your own home. Write today.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC COMPANY
The originators, the oldest and the largest manufacturers in the world of
Instruments for the Deaf
Suite 1306, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City

"RANGER" BICYCLES

LOWEST PRICES We sell the highest grade bicycles at exceedingly low prices. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S. without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or tires from anyone at any price until you get our catalog and our unheard of prices and marvelous offer. Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries, half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

TIRES

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. H-55 CHICAGO

which had no idea where its poorest city salesman had gone—and cared less. Mabel, however, being most determined, wearied the firm into promising that he should have his position back when he was located.

The poolroom was next visited, that being the place Officer Haney had told Stella, who told the others, where the old man was in the habit of loitering. In the course of the visit it transpired that Jasper Jeffers loitered there for the sole purpose of sweeping it out when the regular sweeper failed to show up. The genial red-scarfed proprietor blithely could not imagine where the fat old gent had hiked to, and was not much concerned.

"He was an obliging old chap, though," he added idly, "and awful devoted to his wife. I could hardly ever get him to take a glass of beer." Several indignant glances discomfited Stella. Oh, exaggerative Officer Haney! "Did you say"—curiously "that you folks hired him to get out?" The folks hastily and silently walked out. On the curbing they consulted. When a high wall of go-no-farther-because-you-don't-know-where-to-go hems you in you might as well go back to work. So they did; and on the way they told Stella—who resented it—what they thought of Officer Haney.

Afterward they searched many places the hospitals; the many yellow columns of the Morning Yellogram; the personal column; the streets; the breadlines. One of the apprentices, who had an aunt in the Salvation Army, appealed there for aid in tracing him. Marie, remembering the thick purse, one evening mentioned the matter to the thin-lipped gentleman. He was obviously bored; so she changed the subject to George Cohan.

And each day, when nothing happened, gloom welled up in the Grady trimming room like sewer gas in an ancient basement. Miss Colky was as depressed as wet pepper. The apprentices, scared, moved about on soft tiptoe. Every one was miserably conscious that old Mrs. Jeffers was sitting at home, not crying—just sitting.

"I'm glad I didn't concoct the scheme," said Stella pointedly.

"I'm glad I didn't carry tales that started the thing," pointedly said Mabel. "Did you read in the Yellogram about an old unknown man found dead on the railroad tracks?"

"Be quiet!" cried Miss Colky. "And try to get some work out."

Marie mentioned the matter that evening to Roger Sitkins—and not because the conversation was dragging. She waited for him to overtake her on the way to the car. Having forgotten to rub any flesh tint on before coming downstairs she looked very old; but she did not seem to care.

"I'm afraid she'll die if she doesn't find him!" she said sadly. "Once she gave me a pair of gloves," she added.

"I wish you'd told me before," said Roger eagerly. "You see the old man is staying with me—and he's stood it about as long as he can."

"Roger Sitkins, you are the stupidest man I ever saw!" stormed Marie. "And you never told ——"

Roger flushed. Once, long before, Marie had told him he was stupid—too stupid.

"He didn't know whether she cared," he explained. "And he came to me because he couldn't bear to go away where he couldn't hear of her. I tried to nose round; but you never let on how she felt. I'll go right away and get him. And—I know I am stupid," he added humbly. "I always was."

Marie caught his arm.

"I'm going too. And Roger, you know I never mean what I say." Marie's voice was as old as her eyes.

"Not even ——" begun Roger uncertainly; and under the uncertainty trembled an eager note.

"You're not thin-lipped," said Marie irrelevantly.

"Say!" bellowed old Peter Grady several days later. "There's all kinds of complaints about our ornaments. The customers say they're not up to grade. They're sending 'em back."

"They needn't," said Miss Colky grimly. "They won't get any better."

"What!" said Peter Grady belligerently. "Is that old lady Jeffers—that her name?—falling off in her ideas? Send her down to me."

"Mrs. Jeffers," said Miss Colky dryly, "isn't working here any more. She is at the La Mode House, across the street. She—she got offended because some of the girls tried to do her a favor."

Are they coming to some commonplace breakfast? Or are they coming down to this—

Greet Them Tomorrow

With Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

Because these are the only cereal foods which have every food granule exploded.

Because in this way—Prof. Anderson's way—whole grains are made wholly digestible.

Because these grains are crisp and porous—eight times normal size. And the taste is like toasted nuts.

There are no other breakfasts like these. And no other suppers like Puffed Grains in milk.

Serve them because they are scientific foods. Or serve them for sheer enjoyment.

Puffed Wheat-10¢
Puffed Rice-15¢

Except in Extreme West

These grains—in huge guns—are revolved for one hour in a heat of 550 degrees. Thus every granule is toasted. Then each grain is steam exploded. Inside of each grain there occur a hundred million explosions.

Thus come these airy bubbles with thin toasted walls.

Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit, or serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. You will serve them for a thousand meals when you find them out.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(1918)

STAG SMOKING TOBACCO

"The best loved tobacco ever smoked in America."

Stag's popularity isn't a fad. The qualities that make it great today will make it even greater tomorrow and next year.

It has everything that smokers look for, but it has also those wonderful NEW qualities that have become so famous—its refreshing effect, its delicious, *natural* fragrance that comes straight from the growing leaf, and its entire freedom from "bite" *without any artificial process.*

If you haven't smoked your first pipeful of Stag, Cheer Up! you've got something coming to you.

CONVENIENT PACKAGES: The Handy Half-Size 5-Cent Tin, the Full-Size 10-Cent Tin, the Pound and Half-Pound Tin Humidors, and the Pound Glass Humidor.

No Bite,
No Sting,
No Bag,
No String.

The Measure of Your Boy

Is the circumference of his ambitions, not the number of his years.

A GENTLEMAN engaged a bright-faced boy in conversation. The youngster spoke with happy frankness until he heard the question, "How old are you?" Then, hanging his head shamefacedly, he blurted out: "I ain't but twelve, but my pants are marked sixteen."

Here is one of the secrets of boy training: A boy looks up to and imitates an age above his own. Beyond everything else your boy wishes to be what you want him to be—a MAN.

If your boy is unwilling or slow to do something you would have him accomplish, your course should be to build an air castle that will catch his eye and fill his imagination to the exclusion of any alternative action; to win his convinced participation in your plans for his activities.

How you may direct your boy's desires toward activities of your selection is fully explained in our booklet, "What Shall I Do With My Boy?" a copy of which will be sent to you upon request. Your inquiries should be addressed to

Sales Division, Box 212

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHAT HAPPENED TO CÉCILE

Continued from Page 4

the absorption of which was explained when, on filling away on the starboard tack, her insignia, formerly straight on end, became apparent. She was a big, heavy, ketch-rigged vessel—almost a yawl—black of paint and none too immaculate of hull and rig. She was not dirty—she was merely practical. She suggested, in fact, the British country gentlewoman of physically strenuous activities, who had put on her weather-worn tweeds for a romp down the brook with the otter hounds and, the sacred hour of tea arriving, had dropped in just as she was, regardless of and indifferent to the fact that the water was still dripping from her short skirt.

From her mizzenpeak a small British yacht ensign, slightly frayed, fluttered in the free American air. From her maintopmast truck flew the pennant of that most exclusive of yacht clubs—the Royal Yacht Squadron, whereof the home is at Cowes. To add to the excitement now awakened in the fleet there was the United States Revenue flag on the signal hoist, thus proclaiming the newcomer to have arrived from a foreign port.

That which awakened the most profound emotion, however, was the stirring proclamation which stood out straight and stiff from the mizzentruck and which bore upon a white field the awe-inspiring legend:

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

II

THE foreign visitor tacked across the channel, dipping her ensign to an outward-bound destroyer, then put about and stood back on a course that would fetch her well into the cove. The harbor master and other officials of the port had already put off to meet her and politely assign her a berth, where she presently rounded up, let go her anchor and fired a gun, which salute was promptly answered from the flagship of the yachting fleet. Her weatherworn sails were smartly lowered and the bulky vessel reposed upon the dimpling waters with a squat and solid expression, compared to which a hen spread out upon a setting of eggs would have looked frivolous and unbalanced.

She had made her berth directly abeam and close aboard the Eglantine, whose people, like all of the rest of the fleet, were observing her with the greatest interest. The British yacht was a vessel of about a hundred tons, heavily built, with bluff bows and high, solid bulwarks. Over the top of these were seen the heads and shoulders of the hands as they went quietly and methodically about their work, and it was remarked that most of them were elderly and bearded; but the eyes of the Eglantines were curiously examining two female figures on the quarterdeck—one tall, broad-shouldered and apparently of middle age; the other young and of a slender, graceful figure. Both wore white sweaters and white duck hats similar to those served out to sailors. The older woman was talking to a port official, while the younger, leaning against the rail, examined the fleet through a glass. The Eglantines, being the nearest, were the first to come under her scrutiny, and to their great surprise she suddenly laid down her binocular and waved her hand.

"Well, of all things!" cried Cécile, waving back excitedly. "That's Dorothy Millar! Of course! That boat must be the old Foxhound. She belongs to Lord Charteris; and the other woman is probably his sister, Lady Audrey."

"Oh, snip!" said Applebo complainingly. "In that case this fleet had better take measures for police protection. She's the gory militant. I saw a picture of her being escorted to the jug. She had butchered Barnstable to make a suffragette holiday."

"Who is Dorothy Millar?" Edna asked.

"A social grafter!" replied Hermione.

"She's nothing of the sort!" Cécile retorted. "She's one of the cleverest and most fascinating girls I know. You must have heard of her, Eddie—she gave lectures in her studio last winter on New Thought. They were awfully interesting. She's done lots of things!"

"And people!" supplied Hermione.

"If only she will do Lady Audrey we may find it in our hearts to forgive her," Applebo observed. "Do you see anything of their keeper?"

"They must have come straight across from England," said Cécile, disregarding her brother-in-law's flippancy.

"Broke jail and did a getaway in that hydroplane!" Hermione observed. "How terribly romantic!"

Applebo blinked at the foreign guest.

"One might go round the world in yonder vat," said he, "always provided that one lived long enough. I presume the hands grew those gray whiskers on the run across." He turned at the sound of shrill pipings from the half-clad Christian, who was beginning to think himself neglected. "I shall tub my child in Newport Harbor," said he. "Perhaps when Lady Audrey sees our helpless first-born she may paint the suffragette passover on the sides of our 'appy floating 'ome! Peel off thy breeks!" this last in Danish to the wriggling Christian.

"The water's too dirty with all this mob in here," Hermione objected.

"Not with this tide," Applebo answered. "It is sweeping in fresh and pure from the broad Atlantic to wreathe the home of the late Grace Darling with a circlet of swill."

"Can't we ask them for dinner?" Cécile suggested.

"Ask them for peace!" said Applebo. "However, if they would care to share our frugal meal I will tell the cook to beat it to the shore and buy some. He can get some limejuice at the same time. They must have scurvy after ——"

"Close thy freeing port!" said Hermione, who had picked up a little classic seagoing Scandinavian. "I'm going down to shift into clean whites. You old maids had better do the same."

This advice seemed sound to the virgins in question, less because their clothes required it than because the apostles of Higher Thought should always be immaculate, especially when callers threaten. Also, they had spent the morning in a dusty Newport livery car, the chauffeur of which had at times negligently laid his cleaning rags on the cushions.

Left to himself and his babe—for the crew of three were hard at work converting beans and beef into bone and muscle, in accordance with the suggestion offered by the red pennant on the signal hoist of the flagship, which informed the fleet that it was time for sailormen to eat—Applebo stripped his son as naked as he had been the night he made this port of sin and shame; then slipped him into his swimming harness. Thus equipped, Christian suggested a small pink god of love.

Applebo picked him up, carried him to the stern overhang and there lowered him into the lapping water. In doing so he did not observe that a boat had put off from the Foxhound and was turning to head in for the landing on the New York Yacht Club station—a course that would bring it as close under the stern of the Eglantine as prudence would permit. Applebo took but languid interest in the Foxhound and those aboard her. It was his nature to take but languid interest in anything that did not immediately or contiguously contain himself.

In such matters his absorption was of an intensity that few people guessed, so subtly was it masked. A cat drowsing before a stove, with its inner senses directed toward the possibilities of a mousehole under the cupboard, was a picture of strained vigilance as compared to Applebo's outward attitude toward the concentrated centers of his affections. In this order ranked first his wife, then his baby, then his boat, with honorable mention to the Finn, to whom he had cleaved despite periodical spasms of drunken debauchery on the part of this soul-tortured personality.

Applebo himself never drank anything stronger than tea. Two terrific lessons had sufficed to prove to him that for natures like his strong drink was brewed in hell and infused of all her furies. Sometimes he lay awake in the night wondering how he had better go about it to make Christian loathe drink.

At the present moment Christian loathed nothing that he could see, smell, hear, taste or touch. He liked to chew oakum; but most of all he loved the contact of water on his skin. It is to be feared that Christian was in danger of being spoiled, because he had never had a nurse, except the Finn and occasional seafaring volunteers. Hermione and Applebo had done all of the nursing—Hermione from her bountiful breast, and Applebo at intervals with the aid of a bottle curiously shaped and requiring surgical cleanliness as to nipple and all. On a

Winona

A very artistic and deservedly popular style—It is a new

ARROW COLLAR

With the notch in place of the bothersome buttonhole 2 for 25 cts.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Makers of ARROW SHIRTS

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

AT Hotel La Salle the traveler finds an excellent cuisine, splendid service, unfailing courtesy and quiet luxury, combined with a peculiarly American spirit of genuine hospitality and home-like comfort.

¶ Highly developed efficiency makes it possible to offer these features at rates which are surprisingly low in comparison with those asked by other hotels appealing to the same discriminating patronage.

Rates

	Per Day
One Person	
Room with detached bath	$2 to $3
Room with private bath	$3 to $5
Two Persons	
Room with detached bath	$3 to $5
Room with private bath	$5 to $8

The only hotel in Chicago maintaining floor clerks and individual service on every floor.

Ernest J. Stevens, Vice-Pres. & Mgr.

La Salle at Madison Street

Just as effective as putting sand on the track

Diamond Vitalized Rubber Squeegee Tread Tires

When the rail is wet or covered with oil, ice and sleet, a little sand on the track gives the wheel the necessary traction.

That's how Diamond Squeegee Treads work—they provide the traction that prevents the skid—meaning safety.

NOW is the time to buy at the reduced prices quoted below:

Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Squeegee Tread Prices	Size	Smooth Tread Prices	Squeegee Tread Prices
30 x 3	$11.70	$12.65	34 x 4½	$33.00	$35.00
30 x 3½	15.75	17.00	35 x 4½	34.00	36.05
32 x 3½	16.75	18.10	36 x 4½	35.00	37.10
33 x 4	23.55	25.25	37 x 5	41.95	44.45
34 x 4	24.35	26.05	38 x 5½	54.00	57.30

Ask for Diamond Tires

BEST FOR AUTOMOBILES BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Picture-Hanging Simplified

Moore Push-Pins

Glass heads, needle points. For small pictures, calendars, draperies. Two sizes. By dozen 10c

Moore Push-less Hangers

The Hanger with a twist. Made of brass with tool-tempered steel nail at angle at which nail enters wall. Place ordinary screw eye in back of

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 13 Berkley St Philadelphia Pa.

The Cheapest Way to Get a Good Stove

Pay Cash or Take Your Time—30 Days' FREE Trial—Save $5 to $40

Write for Catalog No. 152

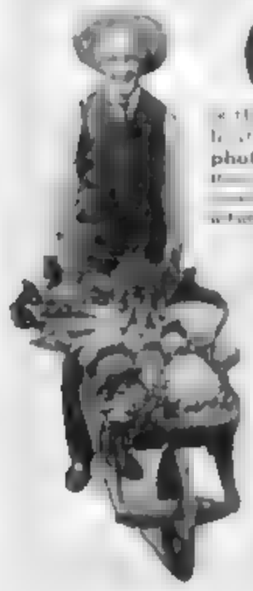
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO. Kalamazoo, Mich.

We make a full line of Stoves, Ranges, Gas Stoves and Furnaces

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

PATENTS That Protect and Pay
Send Sketch or Model for Search.
BOOKS, ADVICE and SEARCHES FREE
Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

FLORIDA LAND OF SUNSHINE and virgin opportunities. Homeseekers, tourists, investors, write for free booklet. CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Box 706, St. Augustine, Fla



EVERYTHING for the GARDEN

our 1914 catalogue—the most beautiful and complete horticultural publ... a book of 204 pages, 14 colored plates and over 800 photo engravings

Every Empty Envelope Counts As Cash

To everyone who will state where this advertisement was seen and who encloses Ten Cents we will mail the catalogue

And Also Send Free of Charge

Our Famous 50c "HENDERSON" COLLECTION OF SEEDS

containing one package each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, White Tipped Scarlet Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Mammoth Butterfly Pansies and Giant Spencer Sweet Peas, in a coupon envelope, which, when emptied and ret... cent cash payment on any order amounting to $1.00 and upward. With the Henderson Collection ... with the Henderson Garden Plans.

PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

bad night across the Pollock Rip, with fog and muck, and the lights bleary as the eyes of a drunken man, the Finn had heard Applebo's humming bass.

"Come up, thou, and take the wheel! This mudhead is l... and it is time for me to feed Christian."

Appreciating all this, it is easy to see that Applebo's interest in the Foxhound was not even so much as perfunctory. He had heard of Lady Audrey Charteris as a titled disturber of the peace, whereas he had never met Miss Dorothy Millar, nor wanted to, though at the same time offering no objection to such a slight misfortune. He knew that Hermione disliked her, but he did not always agree with Hermione in regard to men, women and the things between. He cared about as much as one can conceive it impossible to care at all.

Christian took the water gently and began to swim—not skillfully, but like a pup, strokes downward and a little to the side, giving equilibrium and speed. He spun ahead like a small toy boat. Applebo gave him line, for he was hitched like a kite and could be towed back against the tide-set without riding under.

Paddling his best to keep near the boat, Christian had still made a good bit of tideway, Applebo watching him with intense approbation, when there came the swash of waters close aboard, and Applebo looked round peevishly to see a bulky gig, manned by four sailors, all of whom wore gray whiskers of the type known as galways, and the boat steered by a big-boned, rangy female person, with iron gray hair, a handsome though weatherbeaten face, and a costume that was not flattering to Newport. There was also a young woman, who was well dressed.

"Sheer off!" said Applebo angrily. "What are you trying to do?"

"Oars!" came a crisp voice; then quickly "Starn all!" The order was promptly executed. The gig backed away. "Oars!" came a curt command. "Hold water!" And the gig became stationary.

Applebo was briefly conscious of the broad-shouldered, angular woman with a handsome, weatherbeaten face, who was leaning forward, the yokelines gripped in each hand, staring up at him.

"Get astern!" growled Applebo. "Don't you see the baby?"

"Baby?" She squinted up at Applebo with prominent, nearsighted eyes. Evidently she had not discovered Christian—or, if so, had taken his yellow mop for a bunch of tow blown off the deck. Thus Applebo's curt words and tense, stooping position puzzled and interested her. She picked up her lorgnette and stared. "Baby, did you say? Mercy!" This exclamation was evoked by a splashing and spluttering under the stern of the Eglantine. "What's the man doing?"

"Fishing, madam," Applebo answered, and drew the naked and wriggling Christian from the waves.

The prominent eyes of the titled English woman bulged from her head.

"God bless my soul!" she cried. "It's a baby, as I live!"

"Yes," answered Applebo more pleasantly, now that his son was in no danger of being ridden under. "They are not so hard to catch along this part of the coast—if one uses the right sort of bait!"

Lady Audrey flung herself back against the stern transom, with a sudden roar of laughter. She struck her thigh several resounding slaps.

"Well, upon my word!" she cried jovially. "Did I ever see the like! What a duck of a child! Can he swim?"

"Oh, yes," replied Applebo, dropping Christian among the pillows and looking down greatly mollified. "He could swim before he began to walk."

The younger woman, who had looked a little scandalized at Applebo's cool chaff of her distinguished hostess, now lent her voice to the conversation. The oars were motionless and the gig drifting slowly out from under the yacht's stern.

"You must be Mr. Applebo," said she in a limpid voice. "Your sister-in-law, Cécile Bell, is a dear friend of mine."

"Ah, yes," said Applebo. "You, I hope, are Miss Dorothy Millar."

Lady Audrey gathered up the yokelines.

"You'd better give that jolly little nipper a good rub," said she to Applebo; then, to her grizzled boat's crew: "Give way together!"

The oars took the water with strong precision and the gig surged ahead. Applebo inclined his head in response to Lady Audrey's curt nod. Miss Millar looked back.

"Tell Cécile I'm dying to see her," she called in her clear, limpid voice. "I'll send her a line." And the rest was lost in the thrash of the oars.

Applebo picked up Christian, slipped off his harness and proceeded to polish him with a pillow. "Rather nice old bird!" he mused, thinking of Lady Audrey. When he judged Christian to be sufficiently dry for all practical purposes, he dressed him and took him below to be fed. He was telling Hermione of the incident when the Finn came down with a note for Cécile, which he said had been left by the Foxhound's boat on its return to the yacht. Cécile, who had finished dressing, broke it open and glanced through it.

"It's from Dorothy Millar, asking us for tea aboard the Foxhound this afternoon. She says: 'Lady Audrey has sworn she will not have a man aboard the yacht, barring the crew; but she is willing to stretch a point and ask Mr. Applebo to come—if he will bring the baby. Since her row with the authorities, Lady Audrey has turned manhater.'"

"Maneater—from the look of her!" mumbled Applebo, who was cloying his too healthy appetite with macaroons, of which delicacy he was inordinately fond. "She can have neither Christian nor myself. We are going fishing in the dingey."

"I'm going with you," said Hermione. "One might think from the note of this Millar baggage that she was issuing a royal invitation! She can go to ——"

"Hermione!" cautioned Cécile. "All right then; you three can go and slime up yourselves and the boat, and Edna and I will go over there for tea. Lady Audrey and Dorothy are alone aboard. I imagine Lord Charteris packed his sister off to keep her out of jail."

"I'd hate to be the party detailed to give her forced feeding!" said Applebo, yawning. "I'll bet he'd get bitten and die of rabies in 'orrid hagony."

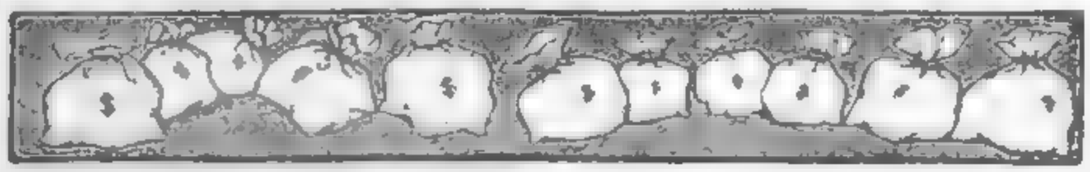
"Tell the cook to look alive with luncheon," ordered Hermione—"and stop stuffing yourself with those sickish macaroons!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Meter Possibilities

FROM the central electric station of a city it is now possible to regulate clocks in houses that use electric light; to start and stop machinery in distant places; to turn on or off a few lights at one place—or do many other side tasks, all without interfering in the slightest degree with the regular lighting currents going over the wires. A little extra wave of current sent over the wires—not enough to make any difference in the lights—is detected by a simple instrument in the house or the factory; and this instrument then does the extra task. Its first use will be to make it possible for a central station to supply electricity to all its customers at two rates—a low one for most hours and a higher one for the very busy hours of early evening.

The house meters on this system will be set so that they charge up electricity at the rate for the early evening hours. As soon, however, as the rush load of the evening has been passed, and the company can afford to give cheaper rates, the extra little wave of electricity will be started over the wires. This will be detected by the new instrument, which will then slow up the meter. Until dusk the next day the extra wave will continue and the meters will run slow. It will be possible to have several kinds of detectors on each line, so that by using the right extra wave from the central station one detector can be made to operate while the others pay no attention to it. This opens the way for a great variety of uses for the system, as the engineers have pointed out.



Cadillac
Standard of the World

The Cadillac two-speed direct drive axle is accepted as the most progressive motor car development of the year

Press comment abroad and at home makes that perfectly clear

It presages the trend of motor car engineering

From "The Autocar" (London)

WHEN the Cadillac system of combining ignition, lighting, and engine starting in one electrical system was introduced two years ago, it was very properly regarded as a bold step, and it was certainly the most interesting innovation which had been made for a long time, while experience has shown it to be as successful as it was held. To-day the Cadillac designers have made another innovation, which, personally, we regard as even a greater improvement than the very important one of two years ago.

After once experiencing the delight of two direct and noiseless drives one feels that it is difficult to outline an ideal car which does not contain this feature, and we feel fairly safe in asserting that the Cadillac successful reintroduction of an old idea will be followed by other makers.

It is the all-absorbing topic in American and European trade and engineering circles, and the second award of the Dewar Trophy to the Cadillac has accentuated the intense interest.

And these native and foreign engineers and editors are merely saying in technical terms what the first Cadillac owner you meet will tell you in much simpler language.

The owner of a new Cadillac—and more than 7500 of the new cars are now in operation—will tell you in blunt, plain English, that he has never ridden in a car which compared with it.

He may not argue the merits of the two-speed direct drive principle.

He will simply say:

"Get in and ride with me and you will agree that you never experienced a sensation so much like floating through space."

And if you do ride, you will agree with him.

There have always been Cadillac owners, thousands of them, who would not concede for a moment that more money could buy a better car.

But there are thousands who go much further now.

They will not admit that any car is comparable in its riding qualities to this new Cadillac.

And there are other things as well which they will not admit.

Above all, they will not admit that there is a car which is comparable in those dominant characteristics which earned for the Cadillac the second award of the honor most sought by European makers—the Dewar Trophy.

That award stamped the Cadillac as possessing in the highest degree those qualities which make most for all around practicability, for day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out constancy, satisfaction and service in the hands of the every-day user.

From "The Motor" (London)

WE have always held the Cadillac in the highest esteem, and admired it as a criterional example of high-grade American construction. The charm of the dual drive to the rear axle is compelling and entrancing, and as one merely touches the little lever at the side and, on depressing and allowing the clutch to rise, finds a higher direct drive available, wonderment is aroused as to the undoubtedly simple manner in which so great an advantage has been brought about.

The luxury of driving a touring car at 20 or 25 miles an hour with a direct drive and final gear ratio of 2.6 to 1 is quite a new fascination.

From "Motor Age" (Chicago)

ADOPTION of the two-speed rear axle by one of the larger makers of motor cars for the coming season may be taken as a criterion of the efforts that are general throughout the industry toward easier maintenance. In this case, the ease of maintenance attained is indirect, but none the less present. The effect of doubling the number of speeds obtained in the gearset is believed to make for longer life of the motor since it need not be worked on a hard pull or made to turn over so rapidly at high car speeds. In other words, the increased flexibility of the power plant is expected to result in its greater useful life.

From "Horseless Age" (N.Y.)

IT seems at least possible that the two-speed axle may confer upon the four-cylinder car sufficient flexibility and accelerative ability, without recourse to noisy geared speeds, to satisfy the public demand for these qualities, and, if this should prove to be the case, the demand for six-cylinder cars, with their somewhat more costly, more bulky, more complicated and less economical motors, might be materially reduced. It can hardly be doubted that the advent of the double-direct drive is one of the most important happenings of recent years in the automobile industry.

From "The Automobile" (N.Y.)

In these days of innovations and quick transitions it is questionable if the two-speed axle, now that it has been announced by the Cadillac company, will not be taken up with avidity; true it will not come with a landslide like the self-starter, but in the form of a sure and certain movement.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

It would cost me ten cigars to deceive you

And remember that a good many thousand suspicious men answer my advertisements. Few of these men really believe when they write that I can sell them at $5.00 a hundred a cigar that will satisfy their educated tastes.

I dare them and they accept the dare.

A cigar can be put to no harder test than my Panatela undergoes the first time you smoke it on suspicion.

But—over 80% of the men who have smoked ten of my Panatelas have become permanent customers.

Now this you will admit: It isn't in nature to keep on smoking a brand of cigars you don't like; the first ten perhaps—but no more.

Can you believe that I would year after year make my offer unless I *know* my Panatela will please you?

My Shivers' Panatela is hand made by skilled adult men cigarmakers in the cleanest factory I know of. It is made of Cuban grown Havana tobacco with a genuine Sumatra wrapper. It sells for $5.00 per hundred or $2.50 for 50.

I do not sell through dealers but do business directly with you.

MY OFFER is: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

My Club Special is identical with my Panatela except that it is shorter and fatter and has a larger burning surface. Sold on same terms as the Panatela.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Send Us Your
Old Carpets
We Dye Them and Weave
Velvety Rugs

Beautiful new rugs in plain, fancy or Oriental patterns—*any color* you want, *any size*—totally different and far superior to other rugs woven from old carpets.

Rugs, $1.00 and Up

Reversible, seamless, soft, bright, durable rugs, guaranteed to wear 10 years. *Money back if not satisfied.* Every order completed in three days.

YOU SAVE 1-2

Your old carpets are worth money, no matter how badly worn.

FREE—Write for book of designs in color, our liberal freight payment offer and full information.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. 1 40 Lafin St., Chicago, Ill.

Stillwell California HOMES
FOR ANY CLIMATE

Possess individuality, comfort and beauty. Practical. Saves steps. Inexpensive to build. Easy to sell.

3 Bungalow Books for $1 POST PAID

"REPRESENTATIVE CALIFORNIA HOMES"
50 ideal homes, $1600 to $6000—Price 50c
"WEST COAST BUNGALOWS"
50 inexpensive homes, $300 to $2000—Price 50c
"LITTLE BUNGALOWS"
25 perfect little homes, $300 to $1400—Price 25c
Each fully Illustrated; elevations, floor plans, costs, etc.
SEND TODAY. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.
E. W. STILLWELL & CO., Architects
4140 Henne Building, Los Angeles

For Interesting and Valuable Information about
PATENTS WANTED
and *bought* by Manufacturers, send 6 cents postage for large Illustrated paper *Visible Results* and Terms Book. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. T, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

THE LAME DUCK

Views of an Innocent Bystander

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR JIM: This morning, with the shrieks of the Hetch-Hetchyites and the Hetch-Hetchophobes still ringing in our ears, I desire to call your attention to three reasonably well-established conclusions, as follows:

A—The person who outprogressives the Honorable Woodrow Wilson must needs not only get up early in the morning but cannot go to bed at all.

B—The economy of the economical Democratic majority in Congress is all in its aggregated eye.

C—For persons who are supposed to be democrats with a small d, as well as Democrats with a large D, the social scufflers in this Administration are raising a row over rank and precedence, and all such piffle, that is as amusing as it is amazing.

Let it be set down permanently that the Honorable Woodrow Wilson is keen in his cognizance of several things, two of which are these:

First: No person in the country appreciates more fully than he the power of publicity and personal attainment that goes with his position. He knows how great and useful a thing it is to be president of this country: great in its far-reaching, *ex-cathedra* effects, and useful in establishing the identity of the occupant of the place with any matter with which he wishes to become identified.

Second: Mr. Wilson can see as far into the future as any person of my acquaintance, and he has a vivid appreciation that his cue is to be concerned with tomorrow, and to let today assume a secondary position in the general scheme.

I am moved to these remarks by a paragraph in his message to Congress. About halfway along in that address to the listening senators and representatives—which, by the way, was received with cheers by the statesmen, and not with sneers, as was his first essay in talking to them face to face—you may remember that Mr. Wilson glided gracefully into about three hundred words of commendation of a system of presidential primaries, and sketchily outlined a plan whereby the people, and not the national conventions, should nominate the men for whom they desired to vote as candidates for that high office. It was not a detailed plan. It was merely an outlined suggestion for a law that would bring this desirable reform about nationally.

Well, the whole outfit buzzed and bumbled and brayed. You'd think, to hear them yowl and yammer against it and hip-hurrah and hosanna for it, that for the first time in the history of this republic a man had called the attention of the lawmakers and the populace to presidential primaries.

The Wilson Primary Plan

Apparently they were all struck of a heap about it; and they rushed into print, supporting or condemning, and we had ample opportunities to read short interviews with most of the intellectual giants on the Hill giving their own ideas, but mostly coinciding with the President, who had called the matter to their attention.

The scheme immediately became Wilson doctrine—the Wilson plan—and his became the glory and on him will fall the blame, if so be there should be any. It was simply another exemplification of the enormous power of the presidency, the expert utilization of the publicity engine that goes with the job; for, mark you, Jim, able and ardent statesmen have been advocating presidential primaries for years. Reformers have gone about shouting this doctrine, have urged it in speeches and in writings, on the stump and in debate, and have identified themselves with it as best they could.

More than that, several states have made some sort of effort at bringing this reform about, so far as state laws could do it. It is a subject that is old and agitated.

That makes no difference, however. At the precise moment when Mr. Wilson, making his address to Congress, enunciated that doctrine all the other statesmen who have had ideas on the subject, and who have promulgated those ideas, went on the dump. They were wiped out. They counted for nothing. The policy became a Wilson policy. It was grabbed off by our astute President; and, whatever is the outcome, it will be his policy hereafter. He put the W. W. brand on it. All other brands are hereafter false. It is his by virtue of his place.

You see how it works; and, by the same token, so does he. Everything a president says or proposes is important. It is news. It becomes official.

Take those phrases adopted by Mr. Roosevelt—"Licked to a frazzle," "Molly-coddle," "The strenuous life," and so on. They were in common usage years before he was born; but when he used them they became important—not through any value of their own, but because of the user. The newspapers played them up and dealt with them as if they were entirely new additions to the vernacular. It is the publicity that goes with the place that brings this about.

Hence when Mr. Wilson said his little say about presidential primaries—and he said nothing new or startling—he was at once hailed as a great discoverer of a great reform—when the fact is he was merely following other men who had the same ideas before he left off teaching school. But that made no difference. Before that time presidential primaries were merely local, personal ideas of local individuals. Here came the head of the nation and advocated the plan; and instantly all over the country—in every newspaper—the plan was set down as his and it became the Wilson plan.

How Publicity Does It

It is the publicity that does it, Jim. No man who has an idea like this can get much attention for it except in the limited localities where he puts it forth. He isn't big enough. But when a president—any president—puts out a definite statement, that statement gathers importance—not from the personality of the president himself, but from the place the president occupies. It is a big job in many ways—a big job.

If you are of the opinion that Mr. Wilson has not accurately sensed this phase of his position, go to some quiet place and divest yourself of that delusion. He knows all about it. And, in addition to that, there never has been a minute when it has not been his firm intention to remain at the head of the progressive procession in this country. I do not mean in a Bull Moose sense, of course, but as a sanely radical Democrat—a Democrat who is determined to lead in advocacy of the fullest extension of popular government, and so on.

No member of his party can beat him to the advocacy of a popular measure in the sense of a needed reform; and it is his plan to hold not only his own radicals but to give all other radicals a legitimate reason for joining him.

And this brings me to the consideration of my second proposition, which is that the only time a political party in this country can be economical is when it is in the minority. The minority is always economical, because it has no chance to be anything else.

We hear the watchdogs of the Treasury howling and baying and otherwise watchdogging when the majority is participating in its well-known saturnalia of extravagance each year in the matter of appropriations; but they bay from the minority's side. As soon as a minority gets to be a majority it discovers that, though economy is fine buncombe for the purpose of decrying the majority, it is even more bogus as an ideal to be accomplished.

For sixteen years the Democrats were constantly upbraiding the Republicans for gross waste and profligacy in appropriations. And two years ago, when the Democrats secured control of the House, they shed many tears and declaimed many yards of denunciation because Mr. Taft's Republican executive heads were so wasteful and so extravagant. It was not only a shame but it was a crime. The Democrats were the boys who would retrench, once they got the thing into their economical and unrestricted hands.

The whole governmental boiling became Democratic on March fourth last. And what is the result? What, I repeat, is the result? The result is that the estimates submitted by the Democratic heads of Democratic departments to a Democratic House and a Democratic Senate, and under a Democratic President, are thirty-four million dollars—a neat sum—in excess of the appropriations made for the last fiscal year when the extravagant Republicans prepared the estimates—the extravagant Republicans who had been running the country on the rocks by their criminal waste of the money of the people.

When Johnnie Fitzgerald, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, received all the estimates he handed them over to Jim Courts, the clerk, and said:

"Jim, tot these up for me."

Jim totted them up.

"How much?" asked Fitzgerald.

"It amounts to $1,108,681,777.02," Courts replied.

"W-h-a-t!" yelled Fitzgerald. "Tot 'em again."

Courts made another addition and the result was verified. There it stood—thirty-four million dollars and two cents more than the wasteful Republicans had secured, for the year that ends June thirtieth next, when pruned by a hostile and economical Democratic House of Representatives; and the Republican minority, led by Jim Mann, stood in a semicircle and rendered that touching ballad: "Econo-mee! Econo-mee! Now wherefore hast thou flown?"

You may remember I wrote you a time ago about the revolt of the wives of the representatives who met and unanimously and indignantly resolved they would not endure the slight—not to say affront—put on them by the Cabinet ladies, who had determined not to return the calls of the representative ladies.

Well, that was a thrilling social question; and it resulted in a capitulation by the Cabinet ladies, who announced there had been a misunderstanding, and that they would return the calls of the wives of representatives, and had no idea—oh, mercy, no!—of not paying this social attention to the aggrieved protestants.

The Social Rank of Senators

The Cabinet ladies died hard. They wanted to put out an anonymous notice that they had given in; but the victorious House ladies would have none of that evasion. So Mrs. Bryan was forced to issue an official notice, as the leader of the Cabinet ladies—Mr. Bryan being secretary of state—and soothe the up-in-arms representative ladies. And thus was another precedent kept firm on its social base.

But that isn't all. Just before Mrs. Bryan issued her conciliatory statement Senator Bacon, of Georgia, came marching to the front with a statement demanding that the rank and precedence of the senator should be observed. The senator had noticed, he said—as had others—that frequently at dinners and other social affairs there had been a disregard of the rank of the Senate and the senators—that is to say, hostesses had placed Cabinet men and women in positions at table, or elsewhere, where they preceded senators and their wives.

So Senator Bacon pointed out that, as the Senate confirmed the Cabinet members, and as the Cabinet members were creatures of the Senate, the "creature cannot be greater than its creator"; and hereafter all senators and their wives must be accorded proper recognition and be allowed to sit at table ahead of Cabinet persons and such truck, or, by heck! senators and their wives will not go to dinners, much as it pains them to give up the good food.

The Senate was for this, for the statement of Senator Bacon met with the approval of his colleagues, and was put into the Congressional Record and made the official sentiment of the Senate. And, having placed this important matter in its proper light before the people and settled the rank of the Senate, we passed on to the consideration of the currency bill—but wait expectantly for the views of the Supreme Court and the near-Cabinet set and the Social Circle of Lady Clerks—and so on.

Yours, BILL.

What Must Happen Before This Happens?

Before two people look into each other's eyes like this, they must have looked long and often at each other's faces.

And how few faces stand a close inspection in these days when dust, soot and indoor life make complexions sallow, cloudy and unattractive!

A fine, clear, wholesome complexion is possible if you use faithfully

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

For Him — To Get the Most Look Your Best

A clear, clean, athletic skin has opened the door to Success for many a man, for who doesn't prefer people with clear, clean, wholesome complexions?

Pompeian cleanses the pores completely clean. That makes skin-health possible. A Pompeian massage is so invigorating that it stirs the sluggish blood to action. Thus a fine athletic glow takes the place of sallowness.

In short, for a fine, clear, attractive skin, use Pompeian and remember this—to get the most you must look your best. Try Pompeian. Sold by all dealers, or a trial jar sent by us for 6c. Clip the coupon now.

For Her — Don't Worry About Looks—Use Pompeian

"Women who use Pompeian don't worry how they look. They know." Thus wrote a user of Pompeian. Do you get the spirit of users of Pompeian? They feel none of the self-pity which robs so many women of their confidence and happiness. Pompeian users are happy, confident and successful.

A Pompeian massage produces a slight, gentle friction on the skin. This friction causes an increased circulation in the blood vessels and makes your skin take a new lease on life. A clear, fresh, healthy complexion must follow.

No ordinary cream can thus frictionize—rub in and rub out so completely—as does Pompeian Massage Cream. Hence the peculiar and individual value in this rolling massage cream. Don't worry—use Pompeian. Sold by all dealers, or a trial jar sent by us for 6c. Clip the coupon now.

Get Trial Jar

Cut off, sign and send

THE POMPEIAN MFG. CO.
49 Prospect Street, Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 6c (stamps or coins) for trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

WASHBURN—CROSBY CO'S

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Creamy White—Brings to The Bread a Rich Golden Bloom